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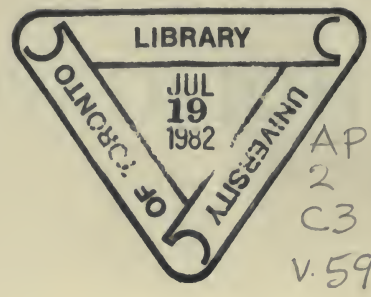

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THE

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THE CHURCH *vs.* THE DOCTRINAIRES IN SOCIAL ECONOMY.

BY REV. M. O'RIORDAN, PH.D., D.D., D.C.L.

GENERALLY a feeling obtains amongst those who depend mainly on newspapers and popular magazines for their knowledge of social questions that until our modern "social reformers" arose little was done to keep society together, and that even less was done to maintain the rights of the poor and the weak against the encroachments of the rich and the mighty. The purpose of the present article is to place that popular feeling amongst other popular errors.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD LABOR GUILDS.

Amongst the opening sentences of the Encyclical of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on the Condition of Labor are these:

"In this letter the responsibility of the Apostolic office urges us to treat the question expressly and at length, in order

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that there may be no mistake as to the principles which truth and justice dictate for its settlement. The discussion is not easy, nor is it free from danger. It is not easy to define the relative rights and the mutual duties of the wealthy and of the poor, of capital and of labor. And the danger lies in this, that crafty agitators constantly make use of these disputes to pervert men's judgments and to stir up the people to sedition.

"The misery of the poor needs alleviation. But all agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The old workmen's guilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Public institutions and the laws have repudiated the ancient religion. Hence, by degrees it has come to pass that working-men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the church, is nevertheless under a different form, but with the same guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping men. And to this must be added the custom of working by contract and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a very small number of rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL NOT AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

We all remember the manifestation, threatening and terrible, in connection with the London Dock strike a few years ago, of the state of things which those words of the Holy Father expose. That manifestation, running over Europe like a contagion, stirred all classes into action. Everywhere congresses and commissions were held for the purpose of putting back the social upheaval that was threatening, and to prescribe a cure for the evils it laid bare. But that uprising, which wrung from the crowned heads of Europe a sudden consideration of the lot of the working-man, was not the motive which first turned the attention of Leo XIII. to the question it involves. I have in my possession a collection of pastoral letters written by him many years ago whilst he was yet Archbishop of Perugia, and amongst them are several pronouncements on the same subject equally explicit and strong. What he wrote years ago as archbishop to his flock, he teaches in his recent Encyclical with apostolic

authority to the Christian world. It would be outside the scope I have set before me to quote any of the many congratulations which he received from every quarter. Let it be enough to observe that they came from such opposite quarters as the German emperor and Henry George. In that Encyclical the Holy Father has laid down principles founded on the natural law and on the teaching of the Gospel which, if men be wise and follow, will, in their prudent application according to varying circumstances and relations, set aside the grim strife which exists between the classes and the masses, as far at least as human passion will allow.

SPECIOUS OBJECTIONS TO THE ENCYCLICAL.

There have been critics indeed who complained that the teaching contained in the Encyclical was too general, that it did not come down to detail. But principles are of their nature general. It is but pedantic ignorance that could confound a principle with its application. The application can be brought into play only as cases arise; and these are accidental, varied, and numberless within the limit of human possibilities. Again, the Holy Father may be, very likely is, a bad authority on the value of work or the price of horses. But the law of justice, sanctioned by nature and God, which underlies all dealings in every department of life between man and man is quite another thing; and of that law he is the divinely commissioned guardian and teacher. Nobody would entrust the building of an imposing edifice which he wishes to adorn with architectural beauty to a common mason or bricklayer. These set to work from the design and under the direction of an architect. The architect can draft a design and show how to build, though he himself has never used a trowel.

THE WORKERS UNITING.

On every side, from royal commissions down to magazine writers and professional philanthropists, a remedy is sought for the social contrast and the social war which the Holy Father set forth in the opening paragraphs of his Encyclical. Meanwhile, the working-men rest hopefully on the strength of the unions they have formed. By association they hope to beat down all opposition and to obtain their rights, whilst the capitalists band themselves together to defend their interests from what they hold to be unreasonable claims. There is no doubt that the poor have been hardly used and often poorly paid.

Having been till recently without political influence, they were unable to press their claims by constitutional action with any considerable effect. It is also but too true that many employers have had in their regard only one end in view, namely, to get from them the utmost work for the smallest wages. Many employers had come to consider the working-man as a mere lever by which to raise wealth, as a wheel in the machinery of production which when used up served no better purpose than to be cast aside and replaced by another. Persons of all shades of opinion offer their sympathy to the working-man, and expect his gratitude and his confidence in return. The political economist shows him by arithmetic how he can improve his condition; but when the working-man wants to realize the results he finds that the promised improvement somehow cannot live out of paper. The statesman reminds him of the political power he has given him; nevertheless, he still finds himself no better than a Gabeonite. The avowed socialist reminds him that he is numerically greater, and in brute force more powerful, than the employer, and suggests that his forbearance is greatly responsible for his grievances. Or he says to him: "Your labor is your own. The capitalist cannot do without it. Let all working-men form an international association, and wherever oppression is felt let the men refuse to work, and they will be supported in the meantime by their international brethren. Thus only can you bring capitalists to their senses, and secure the just wages of your toil. Your only hope is in combination."

THE SOCIALIST ENEMY.

Just so: the only hope of the working-man is in association. The grievances for which he seeks redress are for the most part to be traced to a want of association. But it is not the socialist who first proposed association to him as the secret of maintaining or of obtaining justice. On the contrary, it was he banned and wrenched from him a century ago that weapon of redress which he recommends to him to-day. Outspoken honesty is the virtue for which these "working-men's friends" claim to be canonized by the people. If it were their characteristic virtue they would tell the people that working-men's associations existed before our time; and, to tell the whole truth, they should inform them that those associations were crushed out of existence by those who hatched the principles and first flourished the shibboleths by which they now seek to mislead the people.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND GUILDS.

In his Encyclical "Humanum genus" Leo XIII. said: "There is an institution wisely founded by our ancestors, but given up in the course of time, which could serve for the present day as a model and a form of something similar—we mean the colleges or corporations of arts and trades, established under the guidance of religion, for the protection of temporal interests and morals. We should like very much to see these associations rise up again everywhere for the good of the people, under the auspices and patronage of the bishops, and adapted to the circumstances of the present time." He alludes to the old guilds and working-men's associations which, under the patronage of the church, had flourished for many centuries, until they came, together with many another time-honored tradition, under the ban of the French revolutionists just a century ago. So closely did the people cling to these associations that their suppression proved very difficult. But when those heralds of liberty had succeeded in wading to power through the blood of the people, they both abolished these associations and interdicted any attempt at their revival. That was in 1791. One by one they withered at the touch of that tyranny which was labelled "liberty," in the other countries of Europe.

DESTRUCTION WITHOUT SUBSTITUTION.

In these associations the people had their stay and their hope. Union is strength, and they were proof against all oppression. But when their associations were proscribed they became isolated and single-handed. Moreover, each person was left to his own counsels, without the restraint of associates, and many were inevitably led away by the seductions of those who had compassed their ruin. Left without association to protect them, and without religion to console them, they were driven by desperation into deeds of violence. Prevention is better than cure. But, deprived of the power to combine, they were unable to prevent oppression, and, as in every struggle of the weak against the strong, their attempts at a cure were only ineffectual outbursts of fury.

"L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI."

And on what grounds did the revolutionists of a century ago proscribe these associations? That the state, forsooth, is the only lawful association. They laid it down as a fundamen-

tal principle that only two elements should exist in a country, namely, the government and the individual. But much common sense is not needed to see that subordinate societies for subordinate ends may be not only compatible with, but even conducive to, the common weal. It is instructive to recollect here that they themselves thought fit to combine and to come between the state and the individual. Their purpose was to subject all the natural rights of citizens to the state, and therefore to the ruling power, and therefore to themselves. It was the final aim of such men then; it is the final aim of their disciples to-day. Their "liberty" meant license for themselves to do what they willed, and license to revile and crush any one who should dare to take the liberty to differ from them. The guilds, it is true, had fallen much from their original usefulness. They had their defects, owing to changes which they had undergone in the course of time and to the altered circumstances of industry. But to wipe them out was not the remedy; and, as we shall see, the cure proved to be much worse than the disease.

THE CANKER IN THE BLOSSOM.

Now, in that very corner-stone of pretended liberty laid by the so-called emancipators of labor were concealed the germs of tyranny; and in due time they budded and bore fruit. To deny to individuals the right of association is to rob them of a right which nature gives them; unless, of course, the aim of an association were the overthrow of the state itself. If a man has a right to follow out any honest purpose, he has a right also to call others to help him. If men, taken severally, have a right to promote a certain object, when taken collectively they surely do not lose it. But those who banned the working-men's associations a century ago would not have it so, and in that they showed more despotism than the despotism which they pretended to take away. It is the disposition of absolutists to bring the individual directly under the thumb of the ruling power, and the "liberty" of socialism has in practice always arrived from an opposite direction at the same point. Very soon after the dissolution of their guilds the working-men learned to their cost how that is. Their emancipation meant freeing them from the yoke of their brothers in toil, to transfer their subjection to the tyranny of their pretended liberators. When the guilds were gone, each found himself alone and powerless.

CHAOS COME AGAIN.

The old guilds brought employer and employed under the rules of one organization. Members of the same association, they understood each other better. Their respective interests were harmonized and became in a way mutual. But when labor was emancipated, and the guilds were gone, the interests of the employer and the employed were divided and became opposed. The beginning and the end of socialism is selfishness. In the sense in which it is usually understood it hides a delusion under a fair name. Whatever does not tend to bind the elements of society together by moving all classes with a common purpose has no right to the name. It either does that or it means mischief. As the late Cardinal Manning once put it in his own pithy way: "Socialism is to society what rationalism is to reasoning. It denotes an abuse, an excess, a deordination in human society, as rationalism denotes a misuse and an abuse of reason." It moves employers and employed to guard, each his own, with a grasping avarice which takes no account of how the other fares. The tie, moral and permanent, which had existed between them was broken, and they henceforth stood towards each other in the relation of the ordinary seller and buyer. Their transactions were ruled solely by the fluctuations of supply and demand. The employer paid the employed so much wages for so much work, and their mutual relations ended there. The capitalist wanted to increase his wealth, and to that end he used all available instruments, amongst the rest machinery and workmen; for it is not too much to say that in the thoughts of some capitalists the character of the workman has never risen much higher. They ceased to know him in his character of father, son, or brother, who has duties in his family as well as in the workshop or in the factory. Moreover, in order to increase profits by lessening wages, boys, girls, and mothers have been employed without discrimination or caution—employed at night-work or day-work as occasion comes, and mixed together without propriety or prudence. Thus, after the dissolution of the old guilds the interests of employer and employed became divided and opposed; and the opposition was made more fierce by lessened benevolence on one side and by greater weakness on the other.

"FREEDOM OF CONTRACT" ESTABLISHED.

But the struggle between capital and labor was not the only result of the dissolution of the guilds that told against

the working-man. He had henceforth to defend himself unaided against the employer who had been his friend, but who now became his taskmaster. And that was not all, nor the worst. The so-called emancipation of labor dissolved their guilds, and they were free. But so was the employer. He could give work when he pleased, withhold it when he pleased, and let it to the lowest bidder. For, the working-men who before were associates now became competitors with divided interests, and were pitted against one another. The disadvantage to the working-man as against the capitalist was doubled; for they were pitted against the capitalist while the latter was relieved, and they were weakened by being pitted against one another. The working-man was made to feel his weakness all the more when great syndicates of capitalists came to be formed, whilst he was still kept single-handed and weak. What has been called the emancipation of labor was, therefore, a two-edged sword. It cut both ways, but deeper and keener on the side of the working-man than on that of the employer. The latter, of course, claimed as much freedom to manage his capital as was given to the workman to utilize his strength or skill. He felt bound to look exclusively to how he could best make his capital fructify, regardless of how the workman fared.

AN INCORPOREAL AUTHORITY.

The lot of the working-man becomes peculiarly hard if he has to depend for work and wages on a company of speculators. The shareholders know nothing about him, and they don't want to know. They have their eye on the income, and they do not care to see the sweat and wasted energy that makes it. They deal with him through a manager or overseer. He is paid for doing his duty, and he does his duty best when he gets most work done at the least cost. The employer eventually suffers in this also, but the workman suffers most; and the public suffer, for they are deprived of a production which should come if capital and labor were made to work more in harmony. When we think of our great industries, our machinery and our millionaires, and feel inclined to grow proud of our progress, it would be a wholesome tonic to reflect on the widespread misery that prevails, and ask ourselves whence it has come. It is not simply by the aggregate of capital that the prosperity of a nation should be measured. Without capital a country could not, of course, be prosperous; but an equitable distribution of the means of subsistence is also necessary. One is not enough without the other. For, if national wealth meant the absolute

aggregate of capital, we should call a country wealthy in which one man is a Crœsus and millions starve. A nation means the people—rulers and subjects; and national wealth implies a fair distribution of the means of living which the country affords; so that whilst the rich secure their profits, the poor, in the words of the encyclical, have "a reasonable and frugal comfort." Yet that is precisely the state of things which does not generally exist. Quite otherwise. More than that, it is in the great centres of industry that we find the greatest contrasts between unwieldy wealth and direst misery.

"WEALTH ACCUMULATES AND MEN DECAY."

We should go back to pagan Rome in the days of its decline to find a parallel to the contrast of wealth and poverty, of luxury and starvation, which exists in what we call our most prosperous countries. Yet we hear on every side self-flattery, unmeasured and unceasing, about our progress. Our fathers, as it is our habit to view them, were but a mixture of yielding fools and selfish obscurantists, on whom we look back with pity and wonder how they managed to live at all. Now, progress and poverty ought to be in inverse ratio; so that in our present advanced state of civilization there ought to be hardly any poverty at all—at any rate, hardly any wretchedness at all. Yet, the fact is quite the other way—an abnormal state of things which calls for an explanation from those who are in the habit of glorifying the present to the obloquy of the past, and for which those who have to bear the reality are year by year more vehemently demanding an explanation and a remedy. There is no such thing as national progress. If it is not for all, it is but a phantom.

WEAK POINTS IN TRADES-UNIONISM.

That this state of things has sprung in a great measure from the applied theories of doctrinaires, we may take as certain. Working-men saw this from the beginning. Hence it was by repeated proscriptions that the corporate associations were crushed out in France, in spite of the determination of the people to retain them; and after they were dissolved, the struggle to revive them was renewed from time to time till trades-unions were recognized by law in 1884. In England trades-unionism has been partially recognized since 1824, but not fully till 1871. Although trades-unions have been productive of much good, they have in their nature several weak points: (*a*) Where friendly relations exist between masters and men,

the introduction of trades-unions may easily bring discord. (*b*) Being mere voluntary associations, their effect is precarious; they can apply no legal compulsion to carry out their decisions, and there is the risk of resorting to illegal compulsion, whilst their usual weapon—the strike—rarely, if ever, does permanent good, and in every case does harm all round. It, of course, injures the employer by bringing his business to a deadlock. It injures those who strike by suspending their only means of subsistence. Moreover, a member must join in the strike even though he personally have no reason to complain; and so, in many cases, families have to endure great privation. They injure the public, as in the case of railway strikes. They oppose the public interest also by tempting foreign competition, as in the case of factory strikes. In all cases the working-man suffers most, and secures no lasting benefit. (*c*) Trades-unions can be applied with great difficulty to those who need them most—namely, unskilled laborers. Hence not a few economists of name prefer the old guild system, duly modified, as calculated to secure more lasting results by simpler methods; and it is worth observing that the resolutions proposed at the international conference of working-men held in Paris a few years ago substantially embodied the constitutions of the old corporate associations which had been proscribed just a century before. It is a severe criticism on our advancing wisdom.

THE PANACEAS.

To set these things right is the practical problem of the day; and various remedies are proposed. Some would take the present order of things to pieces, and make an experiment on a new social basis. Others would leave things as they are, but would modify the existing system. Of the former, some would nationalize land; and some would nationalize land and wages. The latter propose various gradations of state interference. Then, again, there are the individualists—those, namely, who would let things run their course, and individuals fight their way as best they can.

With these I have nothing to do now. I merely mention them. They are means to an end; and the end is the preservation of society through the maintenance of the home and family life. The family, not the individual, is the social unit. To knit a nation together without securing the sanctity of family life is like building a house on a quagmire. From this springs at once the necessity of regulating the nature and conditions of work for women and children, and the hours of labor

for men. If a mother is away all day long, if a father can never come home unless to sleep, how can the idea of family life be brought out in the home? It is this the Holy Father had in his mind when he wrote: "The remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort—sufficient to maintain himself, his wife and children." Beyond this we come to matters in detail which must be dealt with according to their diversity. The cast-iron maxims of economists, set down like algebraic formulæ, will never settle it. These maxims are true and right within limits, but they are neither true, nor right, nor real when they are let run wild.

INTERDEPENDENCE OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Capitalist and laborer are not isolated beings. They are members of society, and must act as such. The capitalist owns his capital, but his ownership is not absolute. He must not keep it like a miser, irrespective of his fellow-man. Notwithstanding his ownership, he should use it so that it might indirectly benefit others also. And what I say of capital is true of labor. We are drawn irresistibly back to the meaning of society. Moreover, what the natural law demands as a duty, self-interest urges as a necessity. If employers should conspire to starve workmen by low wages, a body discontented and dangerous would arise. If workmen should demand exorbitant wages, they would eventually bring employment to a stand-still, and as a consequence starve themselves. And should their accumulated high wages turn them into capitalists, would not the old difficulty return, with the terms inverted? It may be asked, Why should not employer and employed treat with each other as merchant and customer, the former buying the labor or skill of the latter? The cases are not quite parallel. One is a contract not necessary for social existence; the other is. There was a time when each household made its own bread, killed its own meat, and brewed its own beer; there never was a time when the productiveness of the earth was brought forth without hired workmen.

THE REMEDY FROM WITHIN.

But, "what is the good," says Littré, "of regulating the production and distribution of riches, without regulating beforehand the mind and the heart of those who are to produce and use these riches?"

There have always been, and there shall ever be, these three elements in human life—riches and poverty, human suffer-

ing, and human passions. To try to solve the social problem without taking these as postulates is like constructing a system of philosophy without assumptions, or a geometry without axioms. The equality of socialists is a chimera, or rather a trap which is set by knaves, and fools are caught in. The natural and moral differences in men would create inequality as fast as we should try to level it away. Men have different genius, fitness, health, and strength. Some are clever, level-headed, and healthy; some are quite otherwise. Again, some are honest, industrious, and thrifty; some are schemers, idle, and wasteful. These differences lie in the very nature of man, and necessarily beget either social differences or unsocial savagery. But human liberty will work its way. It will beget different facts in different men, and from these will spring different rights and advantages. To level down men, therefore, to an artificial equality would be human slavery. There is, indeed, an equality in human society: it is that the rights of each, such as they happen to be, must be respected as equally sacred. This inequality is a wise design of Providence. Society needs different occupations and offices, and these are the outcome of private fortune.

NECESSITY FOR INEQUALITY.

If all were rich, none would work; if all were poor, none would have time to think. Again, human suffering is a law of human nature. If man had never sinned, he would still have worked, but it would give him pleasure. In his fallen state he must work, and it grieves him. In the beginning it was a duty; it is now an expiation. We must take into account also the passions of men. We are never satisfied. If we have not, we seek to have; and when we have, we wish for more. Owing to these three elements, some think that rich and poor are born enemies. But no. They are fitted by nature to work in harmony. The one needs the other. The rich needs the poor man's work; the poor needs the rich man's capital. It is as in the human body. Some parts are higher and some are lower; but each is necessary for the others, and for the health and beauty of all. The head does not oppress the body which carries it. It guides the body; and the body helps the head with nourishment, which pays it back again with knowledge as to how to provide it. So capital and labor need each other. There are two factors of wealth—the forces of nature, and the skill of man. The rich control the one, the poor control the other; and they both join for a common purpose. Therefore nature unites them in harmony—a *concordia discors*. It is only selfish-

ness and immoral principles would seek to divorce or divide them.

IN CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CURE.

Yet, while human passion will have play, there will be a tendency to discord and strife, and it is not in human power left to itself to check it. Hence we find a social question at intervals through all human history. The strife between rich and poor existed under paganism, but paganism could not compose it. Paganism was itself the apotheosis of human passions, and it could not therefore settle a quarrel arising from them. But it found a means of securing peace: it eliminated one of the contending parties by making him a slave. The slave and the beast were before the law on equal grounds part of the goods or chattels of their owner. The strong hand created that condition of things; custom made it appear natural, and prescription made it sacred. It was really the only means within the reach of paganism to maintain peace. But there is no more convincing proof of the need of the supernatural acting in the world of nature. The source of social regeneration did not lie within human power; it should come from above. Christianity taught men to look at the present life as but one phase, and the beginning of human existence, which shall go on for ever beyond the grave. It made known the secrets of the invisible world and put a new meaning into the world which we see. It taught men to be conscious of their dignity in its true measure. It made them to know and to feel that they came from a common origin and were converging towards a common destiny. Thus it lowered the pride of the rich and the mighty, and raised the hope of the needy and the weak. It bound all in a bond of brotherhood with Christ—"the First-born among many brothers." Men then came under the influence of two supernatural and living motives—charity and truth. The seeds of Christian liberty were sown. It was soon made clear that society did not need the slave as a condition of its security. Men had learned a better way. The spirit of tyranny was cast out from the master, and the feeling of inferiority was lifted from the heart of the slave. There are those who disown the origin of all this, and yet in many things teach high and wise maxims. But these maxims are not their own. They are but the relics of Catholic truth run wild, which the innate goodness of the human heart keeps alive for awhile—like the wild oats in a garden where seeds are no longer sown.

COMING OF HIRAM JONES'S DAY.

By Walter Lecky.

THERE were but two holidays in Squidville; one was election day, when all the choppers were supposed to show their colors and vote for Pink or Punk, as their "convictions were in it," to use one of their characteristic phrases. The other was the Fourth of July, when the surrounding towns as far as Snipeville came in a body to celebrate that glorious day in front of Jim Weeks's hotel.

Election-day was mostly passed in arguing the respective differences of the two great political parties; or listening to the slippery wisdom of Weeks, who, belonging to neither party, was considered of both. Women were not allowed "to twang their muzzle," another Squidville saying, on such occasions. "A woman has no more right in politics than a crow in a corn-field," said Buttons to Charlie Parker, who had spent a winter in Oberlin College, and came back full of women's rights and tariff. Buttons was highly applauded for his forcible utterance; even Weeks, whose verdict was final, was heard to say that "a sprinkling of college made a man a fool," as any living body could see by the ranting of that Parker lad. Buttons was not much of a hand at ciphering out the papers, but "wherever he got his pickin's, he walked straight away from that Parker on the woman business." Poor Parker died soon after of lung trouble, and not a few of our folks said that it was Weeks's way of putting it that made him go off so soon.

The Fourth of July was a different kind of holiday. Jim Weeks donated his grove, and the picnic, under the auspices of the St. Jean-Baptiste Society, was an amiable affair for charity's sake. Every kind of conveyance was taken from its hiding-place and made tidy to do service on that day. Mothers for months had saved their pennies on butter and eggs to buy white waists and red skirts for their daughters. White straw hats with black bands, showy scarfs—mostly of a bright red color—and cheap, flashy jewelry, as breast-pins, rings, and watch-chains, had materially reduced the hard-earned winter's pay of the young men. What of that? It was Squidville's way; and here I remark, with

Cagy, that to set yourself up against the ways of your neighbors "shows that your roof needs shingling." Everybody was supposed to be happy on the Fourth. The old men for that day were young, and indulged in such harmless sports as running up greased poles, catching buttered pigs, or, tied in bags, running races. Women were free to gossip, cajole, coax. Man was the victim of her wiles that day, and the money gained by her arts, when the day's enjoyment was over, was lovingly given to Père Monnier, whose kindly smile was a great reward. It was the proud boast of Weeks that there was but one religion in Squidville that day, and that was love for Père Monnier, whose strong man-loving nature had conquered creeds and races. The Fourth was a rare day given up to music, drollery, horse-racing, and horse-trading. It came rather strange to the folks of Squidville to have another holiday added to their scanty list. Those who have stopped over a night at the Hunter's Paradise have had their ears, I reckon, filled with how came Hiram Jones's day.

William Buttons tells the story well, but I prefer Cagy's way of handling it. It was while on a professional visit to Mrs. Andrieux, last winter, that I stopped with my old friend Weeks, and heard Cagy tell the story after this fashion.

Rev. Harrison Gliggins, our pastor of well-nigh five-and-forty years standing, rich in the promises of his Maker, had passed the portals of the beyond, joined the many on the great camping-ground. Brother Gliggins was a member of the Appomattox Lodge of the G. A. R., and one of the charter members of Brimstone Lodge of I. O. O. F. The *Porcupine Pioneer* spoke of him as "a man of metallic physique, a sweet poet whose 'Bid Me Bloom Again' will last as long as the Adirondacks." To fill the place of such a man was no easy job. The congregation that he had built up and held by the spell of his voice, after his death had become disorganized. There were many causes at work to destroy the forty-five years' work of our dead brother. One of the strongest was Jim Weeks, urged by his daughter Mary, to introduce a bit of music into the church. Weeks's idea was to get a melodeon and let Mary play—be, as folks said, "a kind of an organer." A good many that had sat at the feet of Brother Gliggins for thirty years would not hear of any new patented thing like one of these melodeons squealing in church. "It would," said Sal Purdy, who had led the choir during the life of Brother Gliggins, "make a pandimion in the church"; and everybody knew what Gliggins used to say:

"Show me the pandimion and I'll show you Satan." Weeks's only daughter, Mary, a girl of eighteen, had spent a few months in New York City, and while there, under the distinguished teaching of Mademoiselle Grondier, had learned to play "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Mansions in the Sky." The proud father had purchased an organ for his daughter in Malone, and set it in the most conspicuous corner of his cozy parlor. The highest tribute he could pay a friend was an invitation to this parlor, where Mary, mindful of her accomplishments, threw back her long yellow curls, casting a glance at the open music-sheets, while she sang in her soft mountain voice her treasured and envied repertory. It was the ambition of Weeks's life to have those "same bits of melody swinging through the church, and Mary just showing them from the loft that people don't go to New York for nothing." Mary had lost her mother in infancy; her father remained unmarried for the sake of the child, who was, as he delighted to tell, "the dead spit of her mother." A kind lady, who was accustomed to board at her father's hotel every summer, took a deep interest in the pretty, motherless child. After many entreaties she persuaded Weeks to let Mary pass a few months every winter in New York City.

A few weeks of her second winter's visit had passed sight-seeing, and adding a new hymn to her slender repertory, when she received a letter from her father stating that "many of the folks were a-coming over to the hymns in church, since it had been explained to them that all the churches were a-running in the music line. Even Sal Purdy, since her last visit to Mr. Perkins of Snipeville, who boldly told her, without putting a finger in his mouth, that music was much made of in the Scriptures, was a-coming in; so you may hold yourself in readiness," wrote the proud father, "as soon as you come home, to be our organer."

A postscript added "that as yet they were without a minister, but from the many applications they hoped soon to have a man full of the Lord in their midst." Mary kissed the letter, crumpled it in her skirt-pocket, and dreamt that night of her far-off mountain hotel. The attractions of the great city, so strange on her first acquaintance, were becoming fascinating—she forgot Squidville with the coming of morning. Vacation time sped quickly. To this girl from the heart of the Adirondacks that vacation had been a fairy dream. When the time to return came, a strange, wild rebellion against her dismal country life was born in her soul.

"How happy you are, Miss Grondier," she said, not daring to look her teacher in the face, "to be able to live in this great city. I am miserable. I hate that horrid Squidville. It will be so dull. Just think that in ten minutes more my train will leave here; and who knows if I shall ever come back?"

"What a beautiful station this Grand Central is," said the astute teacher, leading her pupil to other thoughts.

"Yes, it is beautiful"; and Mary Weeks's eyes were filled

Our Depot is in the Woods.

with tears. "That's the reason I hate to leave it. Everything is beautiful in this city. To-morrow morning at eight I will get off this train"—Mary burst into wild laughter—"and goodness, Miss Grondier, our depot is about the size of that coal-box. Here, look what houses are around and what lights. Our depot is in the woods—nothing but woods, woods—and the only light at this time of night is Billy Buttons's lantern, and then the half of the time it is out."

"You will soon forget this city, child," said Miss Grondier, kissing her crying pupil.

"All aboard," said the colored porter, and the train moved out of the great city, bearing away a girlish heart.

Miss Grondier waved a handkerchief, shed a tear with some effort, and, hurrying through the depot to the street, entered a street-car homeward bound.

The train sped quickly on, past city and sleeping hamlet, entering the great forest, sounding the death-knell across lovely lakes to the wild deer that browsed among their reeds. Mary's sleep was calm and unbroken.

"Next station Ringville!" shouted the colored gentleman. Mary jumped from her cot, and in her eagerness to see the little coal-box station once more forgot the great city. The train stopped. Mary grasped her little travelling-bag and was soon on the platform in the embrace of her father.

"Mary, Mary!" shouted the frantic father, "you must never leave me again. I'm getting old. Everything is a kind of queer around the house since you left. My hotel has been a barrack for the last two months."

"That's the truest word in your life," said Buttons, grasping Mary's hand.

"I got a kind of new coat, Mary, to give you a welcome," said Cagy, cramping the wagon that was to bear away the first girl in Squidville.

"Come, Mary, jump in the wagon; I long to see you at the Hunter's Paradise. I left La Flamme's dogs to watch the premises; so I worry," said Weeks, helping his daughter to seat herself in the wagon.

"No fear," said Cagy, taking the reins.

"It's a go!" shouted Weeks, clapping his daughter's back, and away went the wagon.

Billy Buttons sauntered slowly after. His thoughts were busied on the fitness of Mrs. Poulet to be his wife, and the means of accomplishing such an arduous undertaking. He was in a jovial mood. His pipe was sending out a steady smoke, a sure sign of the inward peace of an Adirondack guide. "I'll just step in and see her," he was saying to himself, when a voice from behind shouted:

"I say, sir, is this the nearest road to Weeks's—James Weeks, sir? I mean Weeks of the Hunter's Paradise, sir."

The stranger was a short, stout, good-looking man, bearing on the forties. One hand clutched a worn-out satchel stuffed with papers; the other held his eye-glass, and was in constant use in the vain attempt of adjusting it to either eye.

"Keep right ahead—follow the wagon-track, sir, and you

cannot miss it," said Buttons. "It's the only frame house, sir, in these parts."

The stranger quickened his gait, and was soon by the side of Buttons, who eyed him suspiciously. "It's a fine healthy morning, sir," said the stranger.

"Healthy, sir—that's the word. It would almost put life in a dead man."

"Are you of these parts?"

"Yes, sir, of these very parts. I am known to everybody as William Buttons, the guide. What may be your name, sir?—if I am not a little out of my way in asking such a question."

"My name, sir," said the stranger, tugging on his satchel, "is better known in the great metropolis than in these parts. I am, sir, an evangelist, and my name, sir, is the Rev. Hiram Marcellus Jones. People call me the Sweeping Cyclone."

The smoke ceased in Buttons's pipe. He was not astonished —an Adirondack guide rarely is. Relieving the Cyclone of his scanty baggage, he asked him if, "for the sake of the nearness, would he not just cross a few fields?" The Cyclone willingly assented, and Buttons, with his mind on Poulet, save a few odd thoughts on his companion, led the way to the Hunter's Paradise.

Sunday was a lovely day. The trees were putting on their spring bonnets, and the long-lost warblers flitted in song from tree to tree, happy in their old surroundings. Here and there a few flowers cautiously peeped, reconnoitring for their hidden fellows. Although it was early in the morning, smoke crept from many a household that at this time on ordinary Sundays were accustomed to slumber. Something was agog—and that something was, as a paper posted in Weeks's hotel said, "the coming of Hiram Jones, the fertilizer of the vineyard of the Lord. Moody's only Christian rival." Hiram M. Jones, D.D., was to fill the pulpit. Weeks's organ had been carted to the church. Mary Weeks, "with new tunes," was to preside at the organ, "rendering melodies to the Lord." All these things and many more said the paper, "in," as Cagy remarked, the "finest words that ever dirtied a sheet." Weeks to his dying day claimed that Mary had not only "pasted up that notice, but had composed it out of her own skull." It may have been so, but country jealousy would have it otherwise. The little bell of Père Monnier's church sang sweetly over the hills: "It's just ten o'clock. Come all to Mass." In answer to the bell's song came the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the merry voices of old

and young in the Canadian *patois*. They had to be in time, for Père Monnier was strict as to his hours of service. Following on the heels of Père Monnier's flock came a motley throng in all kinds of wagons; the Squidville stage in the lead containing Weeks, his daughter Mary, Sal Purdy, and the Rev. Hiram Marcellus Jones. That the Cyclone in the space of a few days had converted so persistent a hater of the melodeon to a staunch supporter was, as she herself put it, "of powers other than earthly." The strange procession halted at the meeting-house—a small brick building—and entered. The exterior was severely simple, while the interior was of the homeliest description. The pews were roughly hewn—paint was too cheery for a building that was only used once a week, and then as a soul chastiser. There was an attempt at a pulpit—the *chef-d'œuvre* of a village genius. The attempt was fantastically crowned by a huge red cushion, the gift of Gliggins's second wife. Behind the pulpit was a sofa of faded hues, whereon the minister sat during the singing of the hymns. The service was over. In front of the door little knots of men and women gathered discussing the preacher and the music—things now inseparable. The centre of one of these groups was Weeks, bowing and smiling.

As Sal Purdy came within range of his voice he shouted, "Sal, what do you think of Jones?"

"Think, Jim Weeks? I ain't able to think—I am about 'curmuddled.' He's an angel, that man. And bless my soul, Jim Weeks, I wouldn't live without music. This day is surely a taste of what he called beyond 'the impirnin blue,'" was Sal's response.

"He's a jim-dandy; make no mistake about it, Sal," said Berry.

"He talks like a book. Didn't you see how he rolled his eyes, pounded the pulpit, knocked that darned cushion down?—and the whole business as unconcernedly as I would chop a log," said the usually sedate Ike Perkins.

"Well, Jim Weeks, I give in my gun," said Bill Whistler, one of the leaders of the no-music crusade. "That sermon was a corker! It was so powerful that old Middy Slack cried; and for him to cry it takes a No. 1 preacher."

Weeks was elated. To these curious remarks he had but one reply. "Boys, Jones 's the stuff. That sermon was onions to the eyes all round. Let us, on the strength of it, give him an unanimous call. All in favor shout ay; contrary, no."

There was not a dissenting voice. And it came to pass that the Rev. Hiram Marcellus Jones became pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Squidville. Being a bachelor, he preferred a room in Weeks's hotel to any log-cabin in Pleasant View.

Under his loving and devoted care the disorganized congregation became organized. Stray sheep entered the fold, and his power as a preacher became, as he loved to put it, "manifest for God's glory." He had many calls from the neighboring charges, and being of a travelling disposition, he generally accepted them.

It was noticed on these occasions that Mary Weeks was his

Our old board Shanty at Charley's Pond.

constant companion. "Her voice," said the Cyclone to a brother divine, "is a worthy instrument used by the Lord to prepare the way for my preaching."

The first year of his pastorship ended in glory. The coming year it was announced that Brother Jones, in order to carry out more satisfactorily his work in the ministry, would wed one of the "parish folks." This announcement, strange to say, caused little commotion in the usually talkative town. When it was later authoritatively stated that the maiden's name was Mary Weeks, people shook their heads in a knowing way, saying to each other, "I told you it was bound to be." That

marriage was the greatest event in the checkered career of Squidville. There came nine brother divines to wish Brother Jones "days of thankfulness in the Lord"; while delegations from all the surrounding settlements entered Squidville as a mark of appreciation of the "mighty revival that had come to pass, so to say, by his hands." So great was the throng of well-wishers that came to the marriage feast that the Hunter's Paradise for the first time in its history lacked accommodation.

"By crackey!" said Buttons, as he sat on the empty soap-box viewing the long line of strange faces that passed through the corridor that led to the hotel dining-room, "these long, thin-pointed, whiskered, shouting click will eat our friend James out of house and home."

"I am not thinking, William, of other people's crooked stomachs, this very minute; but of poor Mary. You know, William, that chickens of different ages don't go very good in the same coop," said Cagy, seating himself near his inseparable friend.

"There's a chunk of truth, Cagy, in that very saying; besides, an old plaster is a poor remedy for a young sore. But it's none of our business; so let us go home."

Cagy arose, and the two old guides, sorrowing, went down the road. The guests in the dining-room sat wondering at the heaped-up plates of half a dozen good things recklessly jostling each other. Brother Jones gave the word of command, and a hundred knives and forks made a quick attack on the plates. When about half-done—that is the way we calculate in these parts—Bill Whistler moved that they should name the day "Hiram Jones's, and keep it till Gabriel sounds the last roll-call." Bill was a Grand Army man, and his sentiments were felt to be in the right tune. It was passed; and after the plates were cleared, and Brother Perkins had spoken a few words of cheer, the happy couple left for Snipeville.

If Brother Jones was energetic in the days of his bachelorhood, he was doubly so after marriage. That year he founded in Squidville an Endeavor Society, a savings-bank for the choppers, and, in partnership with his father-in-law, started a shingle-mill—just, as he said, "to keep the boys in work." These doings for the good of Squidville made people bless the coming of Hiram Jones. Two men stood aloof from this chorus of praise—the two old guides who had loved and known Mary Weeks from her birth. It was their outspoken opinion that

she was unhappy; and they pointed to the fact that she "was sickly and pale, and not caring a bit for music." Squidville folk laughed at the clattering of two old fools. Two years had passed—years of prosperity for Hiram Jones. His parish had grown, his Endeavor Society had become a success. Spiritually he was well equipped. Materially, his bank had all the choppers' money; his shingle-mill was on "the ups," as Weeks said. Weeks showed his appreciation of this by putting all his cash into the business. Squidville on its part had been faithful to its promise. It was Hiram Jones's day, and from every house they were coming in their holiday attire to do honor to their benefactor. The place of meeting was in front of Jim Weeks's hotel.

The first-comers were a little astonished to find the hotel securely locked. No amount of rapping could rouse the inmates. As the day passed the crowd grew large and uneasy. Where is Brother Jones? was the only question that seemed to take life on the lips of that motley throng. There was no one to answer.

It was growing late, and many had come from afar and were anxious to return to their homes before the coming of the dark spring night. They gathered in groups, and warmly discussed whether it was best to go home, or to break the door and "see what it all means."

In the midst of these discussions a huge mastiff dog was seen bounding and barking up the road. A hundred voices as one shouted "Here comes Père Monnier—see his dog!" It was true: following close to the hound was the well-known form of Père Monnier coming their way.

"Let us follow his advice," said Whistler. "I'll warrant it's a good one."

The pastor of the French-Canadian church listened attentively to their stories. "Go," said he, addressing himself to the crowd, "and wait in the grove. I will knock at the door—Jim Weeks had always an open door for me. It was with him I lived when I first came amongst you." The crowd hurried to the grove, while Père Monnier struck the door with his cane. It was quickly opened to let him enter and as quickly shut.

Before him stood Weeks, pale and frightened, the tears running down his cheeks, his limbs quavering, and his voice hollow and broken. "O Père Monnier—Père Monnier—my old friend. I wish I were dead beside my girl—my dead Mary! Jones, the

scoundrel, killed her by inches! He left a week ago and took every dollar that I had. O Père Monnier, Père Monnier!"

"She has left a little girl," said the doctor from the head of the stairs. "Mr. Weeks has given it to Mrs. La Flamme—her they call Skinny Benoit—to try and raise. Come, Skinny, and see the père."

"We will have it baptized to-morrow, père, if you see fit," said Skinny; "and I'll be true to the mother's wish, and call its first name Jenny; but as for its second name, what can it be, père? Weeks won't have it Jones."

"Call it Sauvé," said Père Monnier, entering the dead woman's room.

"Ay, père, Jenny Sauvé *c'est beau nom* for a youngster," said Skinny.

"I'll explain all to the people," said the doctor, taking his hat.

Within lay the corpse of Mrs. Jones, Père Monnier and Jim Weeks bending over it; near to them Skinny Benoit, pressing to her bosom the new-born babe; without was a cursing, howling mob. Thus came Hiram Jones's day, to remain, as Bill Whistler said, "till Gabriel sounds the last roll-call."

THERE IS NOT A PUPIL WHO DOES NOT VENERATE IT.

A WESTERN EDUCATIONAL CENTRE.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

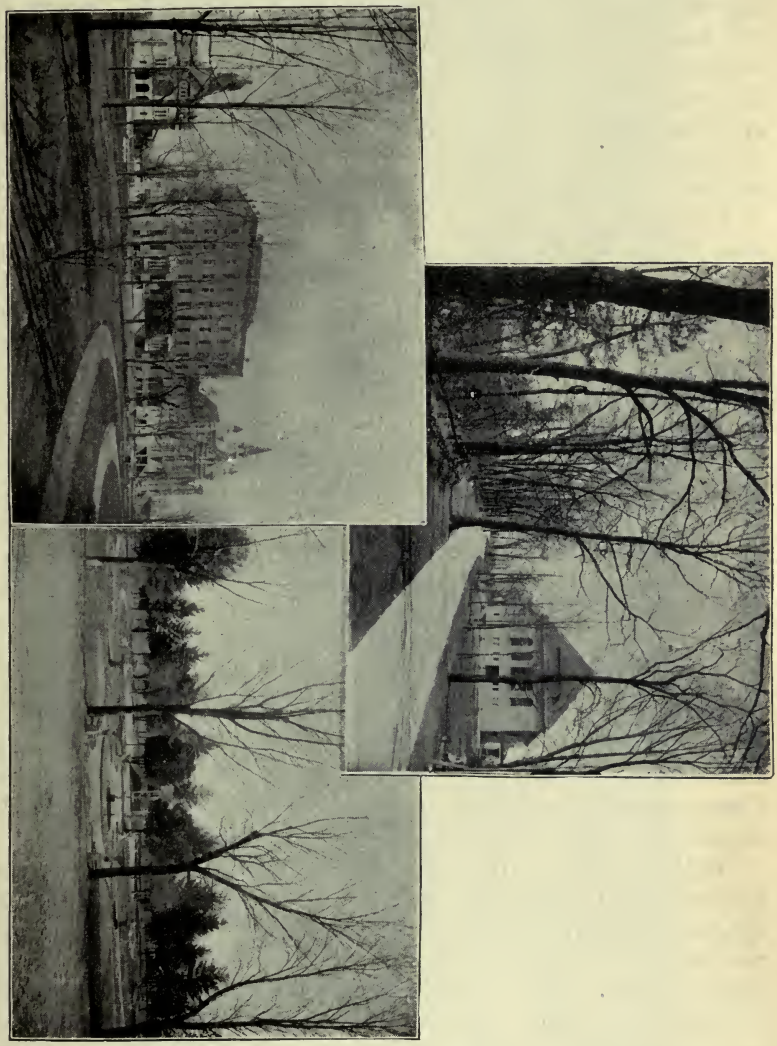
IF the parent bird instinctively chooses with such care the bough to which she will attach her nest, not only in regard to its availability, its safety from intrusion, but the beauty of its sylvan surroundings, well may a similar care be exercised in the choice of a site for a conventual home, where the cherished daughters of a religious order or congregation will be

initiated into the full spirit of their rule; and if, to the other duties of these religious, is added the educational one of gathering around them innocent children, enthusiastic girls just budding into womanhood, a still further motive is given for choosing a site which will be, in itself, an incentive to that love of the beautiful in nature which leads the mind to the Source of all beauty, and which, by the composure of its surroundings, its distance from the world and its contaminations, will so preserve the freshness of an innocent mind as to make knowledge loved for its own sake to the end of life.

For the fulfilment of this ideal of a convent school and its surroundings we have only to visit Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana. How well we remember our first visit to this charming spot! The long drive by moonlight from the public highway through an avenue of shade-trees, then turning into the winding road close on the edge of the thickly-wooded river-bank, with glimpses of the rapid stream far below and the fair country beyond, between the trees, to alight, in the shadow of blossoming locusts, lofty elms, and the flowering trumpet-vines, at the turf steps of the cottage, under the shelter of Saint Mary's Academy, thirty-three years ago! From that hour to this we have said, after visits to many lands, that never could a convent take the palm from Saint Mary's for its natural beauty, combined with all those attractions which come from the associations of girlhood; with such a chapel, too, as Loreto, and an education based upon the profoundest knowledge of the human mind and heart. For, although the aspect of Saint Mary's is now becoming more and more imposing by reason of the number and dignity of its buildings, every charm of these delightful precincts, every winding walk and point of outlook over the varied landscape, has been preserved, while the germ of all that makes the Saint Mary's of to-day was there when we made our first visit. And this germ? First of all an enthusiasm which accepted every improvement in the methods of education, with that love of perfection in their execution which influences the truly sincere educator as it does the faithful religious, and every sister intent upon the fulfilment of this ideal of excellence. It was impossible to escape the influence of this ideal, thrilling, pulsing through so many hearts, thirty-three years ago; and so it is to-day.

The far-seeing wisdom and energy with which the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in America, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, brought together the colonies planted at

Bertrand, Michigan, and Mishawaka, Indiana, to the present site of Saint Mary's Academy in 1855, with their buildings to be used as a novitiate and academy, belongs to the story of the



A Long Drive through an Avenue of Shade-Trees.

order, as an event which led to a development of resources quite undreamed of by the world around them. Mother Angela, *née* Gillespie, was at that time directress of the academy at Bertrand, and the transplanting of its foundations to its

present site, only one mile west of the already established University of Notre Dame, engaged every faculty of her mind and heart, which seemed, indeed, to have taken wings to themselves through the ardor of her anticipations; nor was she ever disappointed by the lagging steps of her community, inspired by the same generous enthusiasm. In 1857 Mother Angela was elected mother provincial, and the same year Father Moreau, the founder of the Order of the Holy Cross itself, visited America, especially Notre Dame and Saint Mary's; and we can say that this venerable founder entered fully into the ardent intentions of Mother Angela, even so far as to give, with his own hand, a programme of studies for this and the future academies of his order. Thus early the seal of consecration to the education of the young was set upon the noblest energies of his religious, and never has an advance been made in the work of a thoroughly Christian education which has not found Saint Mary's keeping step on the upward way; for the so-much-talked-of "higher education" of to-day was always in the mind and marked out on the chart of the future by Mother Angela. Never was there a more profound forecasting for the highest, most enduring interests of an educational institution, which would give the culture of Europe to a girl in America, than the academic course laid out by Mother Angela, and which continued in force, under all the external changes of administration; so that when, in 1882, Mother M. Augusta was elected mother superior, it was with all the glee of her first directress-ship that Mother Angela wrote to us: "History repeats itself: I am again directress of studies at Saint Mary's." The death of Mother Angela, March 4, 1887, made almost sacred this new consecration of the order to the educational interests of the Catholic women of America; and the work is being steadfastly carried out and improved upon year by year.

Without entering into the details of this course, which can be thoroughly understood by consulting a catalogue of the institution, we will say, that with Mother Angela education was not confined to a knowledge of books or the acquirement of any accomplishments, however numerous. Character was to be studied in this course of education, circumstances, probabilities, and especially was it deemed necessary to make noble women for the home, for the social circle; self-denying women, ready for every work of charity or of mercy, or for the public weal. Domestic virtues were inculcated, domestic accomplishments; and we particularly remember how fair a medal was always

For the fulfilment of this Ideal of a Convent we have to visit St. Mary's, Notre Dame.

in store for the one who excelled in plain needle-work. No girl educated at Saint Mary's need depend upon a sewing-

A Centre of Christian Art.

machine, and the right understanding of making household or family garments, as well as mending them, was carefully im-

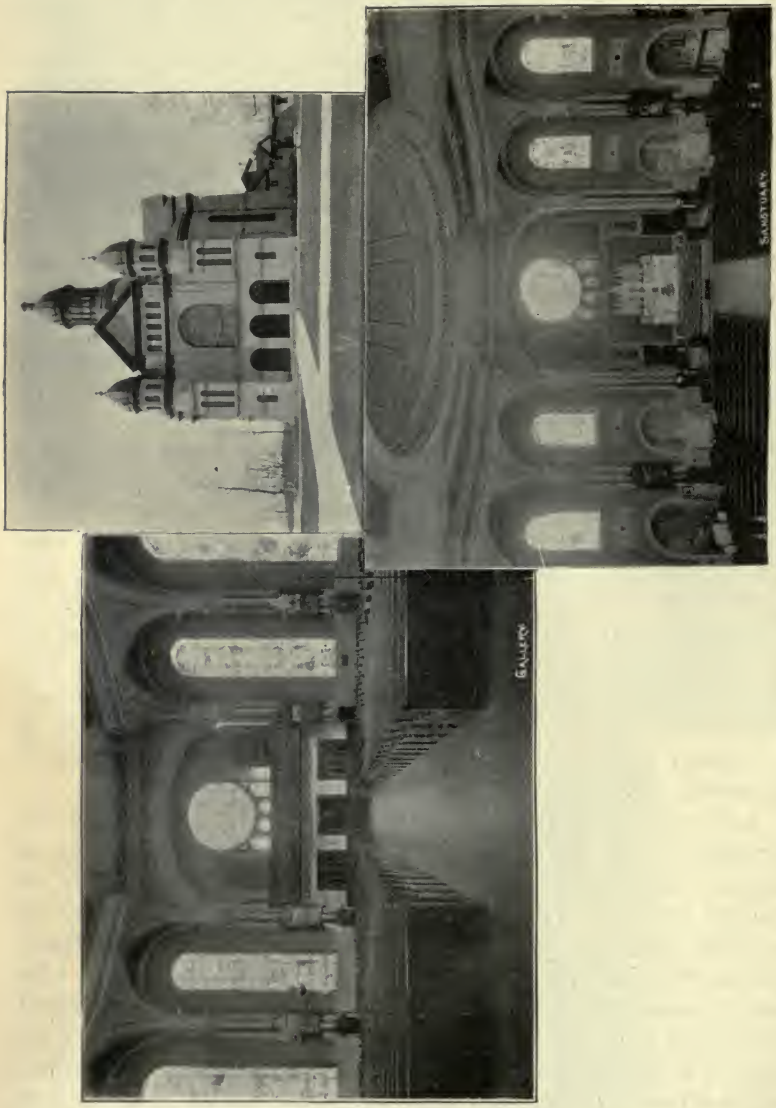
parted by those qualified to do so. The same with cooking; and the kitchen of Saint Mary's, from its first narrow limits to its present spacious area and perfect appointments, has educated many a good housekeeper to preside over her own home intelligently.

One of the traits of Saint Mary's, from the very earliest time, was the care taken to advance the teachers themselves. Professors of philosophy, natural sciences, moral and dogmatic theology, professors too of literature in all its departments, filled the time of the sisters from the mission schools and academy during the vacation, yielding only to the annual retreat and resumed at its close. The great advantage of this was at once manifest, for a corps of teachers came directly into the field equipped at all points, and a solidity of acquirements had been attained which made itself felt by every pupil.

From the first music was regarded as a *sine quâ non;* not in the sense of an accomplishment or social recreation, but as a study of profound harmonies, to be mastered not merely by the fingers, but by the intelligent comprehension of its sentiment and intention; and this department of instrumental music is still presided over by the same erudite musical genius who was attracted to the order in its earliest days; so that the music at Saint Mary's may be regarded as giving a standard for musical taste which no one will desire to outlive. Vocalization is asserting its claims more and more, and, favored by the spirit which animates all the music at Saint Mary's, is spreading over the land the love of vocal harmonies quite one side of the opera; fresh and inspiring, suited to the home, the social gathering, and parish devotions.

As to Saint Mary's Art School, we believe it is quite unsurpassed in the thoroughness of its training or the study of nature. There have been, still are, artists among the sisters who are giving forth, far and wide, among all their missions, the best principles of art in parochial as well as academic schools, while at Saint Mary's are monuments to those who have adorned wall and sanctuary and sacristy with works which will inspire devotion through the coming generations and meriting for it the name of "a centre of Christian Art." Its collection of Arundel pictures, of engravings from choice masters, and of art books, vie with the treasures of art museums. The influence of all this in forming a correct and exalted taste in art is not to be measured or weighed. It is an unconscious artistic education which Saint Mary's Academy is bestowing upon all

who are educated within her walls, and when the grand plan, which is now being agitated, of the decoration of school-rooms



The Dome of the beautiful Church can be seen at a great Distance.

is fairly at work, we shall find that Saint Mary's had mastered the idea before their plans were even started.

We cannot resist the temptation to conduct our readers to the spacious library of Saint Mary's, with its book-cases well filled

with standard works on history, general literature, and very choice and rare books upon the natural sciences—sciences which, we are happy to say, are not only mentioned in due order in the catalogue, but studied with enthusiasm. For several of these sciences no better hunting-grounds could be found than at and near Saint Mary's; while to the geological department wonderfully beautiful donations have been made by the houses of the order among and beyond the Rocky Mountains. The philosophical and chemical apparatus is receiving constant additions; and there is a freshness and vigor among the classes which tells its own story.

But while dwelling upon so broad and enlightened an educational procedure, we cannot forget the influence which has always given to Saint Mary's, and to all who have wrought or taught or studied there, a wonderful impulse towards the highest excellence; and this is, and has been from the first, the influence of the Very Rev. Father Sorin himself. It was not enough for the founder of Notre Dame that his university was "flourishing like a green bay-tree," calling to the youth of our great North-west to find knowledge under its shadow. Saint Mary's was never overlooked—never forgotten. Its perfection lay close to his heart, and his presence always acted as a stimulus, and also as a reward, for untiring effort on the part of teachers and pupils. Who among them will ever forget the "giving of the points" on Sunday evenings, at which Father General never failed to preside unless actually absent from Notre Dame, while all distinguished visitors who happened to be at the university accompanied him? And what little girl or young lady was ever indifferent to a word of praise from Father General for her record, her elocution for the evening, or her bow? During the years we have actually spent at Saint Mary's this was one of the things laid up in our memory as an evidence of an interest as sincere and faithful as could be given by a mortal man with so many interests supposed to be supreme. Then, what procession was ever complete without Father General?—and the processions at Saint Mary's—Rogation, Corpus Christi, the Feast of our Lady of the Sacred Heart—so unique in their beauty, so unrivalled in their picturesque surroundings! For whatever might be their grandeur at Notre Dame, there was a tranquillity peculiar to Saint Mary's, as the procession on Rogation Days passed under the blossoming boughs of the orchard on its way to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace in the freshness of the spring morning; or for Corpus

Christi, or Our Lady of the Sacred Heart just at the close of day, when the candles in the hands of sisters and pupils made a line of blessed light along the winding bank of the river St. Joseph, pausing at Our Lady of Mount Carmel; her arbor overhanging the edge of the wooded bank, and the "coo" of the mourning doves nested among the firs coming in like touches of pathos to the songs of praise; then, to turn into the garden walks to Trinity Arbor, overrun with the blossoming trumpet-vines, their flowers darting out like tongues of flame! No pupil at Saint Mary's can ever forget these processions; and no sister will ever forget how faithfully the beautiful ceremonial was always observed and forwarded by the beloved founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. In this way an æsthetic education, in its most exalted sense, has been given to every one so happy as to linger among these delightful groves and shaded ways.

To give an idea of the rapid strides made by the community at Saint Mary's we must speak of the buildings which enrich this domain. The first, most significantly, gives the key to its prosperity; for it was the exquisite chapel of Loreto, built in 1858—a veritable fac-simile of the Holy House in Italy. The exact measurements were obtained through the exertions of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, the only brother of Mother Angela. In 1859 our late Holy Father, Pius IX., granted to the chapel of Loreto at Saint Mary's all the indulgences enriching its holy prototype. The chapel stands on the edge of the bank, against which once washed, no doubt, the waves of the rapid river. A fertile meadow now lies between them; but the picturesque bank, with its firs and tulip and linden trees, and flowering shrubs like the white cornea, still makes a boundary which the path observes. Of the love and devotion hourly manifested to this little chapel it would be impossible to give an idea. Every procession in the early days had there its chief station; and there is not a pupil at Saint Mary's who does not venerate it —hold it sacred in her heart. On the door of the tabernacle of the altar has been painted, as Fra Angelico might have painted it, the story of the Holy House and its transit from Asia to Europe. Ex-votos without number tell the story also of swift answers to prayers; and its lamps bid fair to outwatch the hours by their number, as they do by their beauty.

The Church of our Lady of Loreto reminds one of the "Church of Saint Agnes within-the-walls" at Rome, of which Cardinal Wiseman gives his delightful impressions in his

Fabiola. The conception of this beautiful church is due, as the sisters declare, to Very Rev. Edward Sorin; and one can see how the noble edifices of the Old World, with which he was so familiar, filtered through his mind. The windows of stained glass are truly "storied panes" of marvellous beauty of design and coloring, from Le Mans, France; but the magnificent "Stations of the Cross" on the walls are from the hand of a sister who took her full course of drawing and painting in the studio of St. Mary's Academy; and, without leaving Saint Mary's or the near Notre Dame, actually executed all but the two last stations when death claimed her. This tells what Saint Mary's can do for a lofty soul under the habit —wearing the cap and veil and girded with the blue cincture of a Sister of the Holy Cross, her Seven Dolor beads at her side!

The dome of the beautiful church, which shelters that chapel which brings us so close to the mystery of the Incarnation, can be seen at a great distance—above even the groves of Saint Mary's. The marble altars, shrines, pious statues, are proofs of the love in which Saint Mary's is held by her pupils of years gone by; of their gratitude, too, for graces and favors which no worldly prosperity can insure.

But Saint Mary's has her colonies. Forty-four noble missions have been established under her fostering care, since Saint Mary's at Bertrand, in 1844, first opened its doors to boarders. Three magnificent hospitals recall to mind the loyal service of the Sisters of the Holy Cross during the Civil War; the record of which, sooner or later, must meet the public eye, however carefully it may now be guarded in the archives of the community. It would be impossible, even if in place, to name all the missions; but among them many stand like beacon-lights in the interests of that noblest of human enterprises, upon which rest so many benedictions and graces—a broad, fundamental Christian education. Parochial schools without number attest the zeal of the order for this fundamental progress; for it must be remembered that some of the grandest leaps made in the education of the masses are now being made in our parochial schools, so that the children of the poor may be said to be more fortunate than the children of the rich.

Courage, then, noble sisters! The "progressive woman" of our day has been defined as "the nun"; and this is literally true. Sisters have taken, all along the ages, the upward path, not only in piety, in works of mercy and of beneficence, but in

education. Let this be true to the letter, as these years of boastful civilization pass before our eyes like a gorgeous panorama. Remember, sisters of all the educational orders, whether in your cloisters or outside your grills, that you have a sacred duty to your generation—to your century. There can be no holding back of your grandest energies as religious women in this matter of education—education which is ambitious to lay hold, not of the material treasures of this world; not of the high places in the eye of the society-worshipper; which does not aim at the citadels of financial power; which grasps at no political sway in the councils of the nation, but which claims the minds, the hearts, the immortal souls of each generation as it comes forward into the arena of mortality, in order to develop its inmost resources, so that mind shall rule over matter, and thought, not capital, be the inherited treasure of Christian families—thought exalted by Faith, radiant with Hope, glowing with eternal Charity.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

By Helen M. Sweeney.

FOR months 121 had been deserted. But to-day the soft May wind was blowing through its open windows, carrying into the wide rooms strong whiffs of mignonette, white phlox, jonquils, and daffodils that crowded the window-boxes.

The curtains swayed to and fro in the fresh cool air, sounds of talk and light laughter floated out, carriages and cabs drove up, stopped and drove away, all the short afternoon, for Christine Bronson was "at home" to her dear five hundred.

It was a pretty room she was receiving in; its corners were cut off, one by a painted screen having behind it a large palm, another had a tent-like structure in it which Christine called her "cozy corner," but which was not specially inviting for the lounger among its silken cushions; a Steinway baby-grand reached out from another corner and above it hung a superb Bierstadt.

"What a beautiful Turkish rug, or is it Persian? One never knows just exactly where those lovely Eastern things come from," said Mrs. Lowen, using the privilege of a special friend to outstay nearly all the others.

"Excuse me, dear Mrs. Lowen," said Knox at her elbow, "that rug was made in Connecticut."

Knox was "on the *World*," a distinction he thought earned him the right to go everywhere, to know every one, and to set everything right in his little orbit.

"Nonsense!"

"Fact, I assure you. Christine told me so herself. There isn't a foreign product in the room but yourself."

"Silly! But, seriously, do you mean to tell me that this cup and saucer I am using is not real Belleek?"

"Made in Trenton. Here, I'll finish my tea, though it is my fifth cup, and show you. There!"

"But do you really mean to say that everything here is *American?*"

"I must confess it is."

"What's the sense of it? Why do people go to Europe if it is not to pick up just such pretty things?"

"Don't know, except they may have the bad taste to admire America. And really," he continued, airily lifting his cup, "this is not a bad showing. That water-color of horse and troopers over there is a Remington. Could any one on the other side paint such a distinctively Western scene as that? That "Young Mother," by Rosina Emmet Sherwood, is an expression of sentiment felt even in America and rendered by her as exquisitely as ever it can be. I am sure I would rather have those girls of Gibson's than Du Maurier's impossible women. Every shade of these dark, lovely woods in the floor is as rich and lustrous as those found on the southern or eastern continent, and—"

"Oh, enough, enough! Christine," she said petulantly as her young hostess approached them, "are you going in for sensationalism?"

"Explain, Mrs. Lowen. Oh, well! do you know I feel as though I were an impostor, or my country was? Every one takes these for foreign things, but I really did not bring anything."

"I don't see how you ever did it."

"Why, don't you like America, Mrs. Lowen?"

"Oh! it's so crude"—with what she thought was a discriminating air—"everything smells of the varnish."

"This don't," said Knox mischievously, running his fingers along the arm of his chair, which was of California red-wood, as deep, rich, and glowing as the heart of a half-smothered fire.

"Oh! there is no talking to you, Knox, you are so—"

"So impossible!"

"Yes. *Good*-by, dear. Had *such* a pleasant time. By the way, since you are going in for the unique rather than the antique, I'll send Alvin Dermott to you. Birds of a feather, you know—and *he's* no barn-yard fowl," with a malicious but musical little laugh.

"She means me," said Knox mournfully, as the door closed upon her; "she thinks I'm a goose!"

"Keep your genders right, Knox," laughed Christine. "But come, tell me—"

"First let me have a look at you"; and he laid his hands lightly on her shoulders, as one man would to another, and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"Well?"

"Well," he echoed, "you have and you haven't. I suppose I cannot say what I think?"

"Certainly not"; and she slipped from under his hands and

sat down. "Sit down. Don't talk of me; you know all about me. Tell me of yourself. But first, who is Alvin Dermott? All the afternoon I've been hearing that man's name, until I really think he *is* 'beloved by all.' Who is he?"

"H'm—m—m" meditated Knox, apostrophizing the big jar of daffodils in the fire-place. "She says, 'Tell me of yourself,' and then she leads off on s'm'other fellow!"

Christine laughed delightedly.

"You funny old Knox. It seems only yesterday I went away. What are five years? Nothing! What did I come back for? Nothing. What have I done? Nothing. Now you have it," laughingly, "*nihil, nihil, nihil!*"

He thought there was more in those five years than that, but wisely refrained from saying so.

"Who is Alvin Dermott?" he said; "a sculptor. He has Irish blood in him I believe, though he looks Spanish. I read the other day the two races were closely allied. He is in the city just a year. Was born in California, studied in Paris for a while, also in Munich. He is clever, is really very clever; but—"

"But?"

"Oh! he's too—well, he knows too well his power to please. There isn't a woman he meets but becomes interested in him, while he makes a boast of the fact that he is as hard and unimpressionable as the material he works in."

"I hope you did not get that from himself," said Christine scornfully.

"Yes. He does not mince matters. But then, he really is fascinating, and as handsome as—as—a Greek god," he finished rather lamely.

"That settles it! I shall hate the man. I always did think that threadbare, worn-out comparison was silly anyway. I doubt if those horribly regular-featured old individuals were attractive at close range."

"Why, Christine, every one likes him."

"Just the very reason I shall not."

"He is clever, and you adore clever people—or you used to."

"I'll judge of that myself, Knox dear."

He met her arch look and smiled.

Even women liked her. Her face was lit up by handsome gray eyes that led critics to overlook irregularities of contour. Her healthy fresh color induced her enthusiastic men friends to call her beautiful, when she was only good-looking. She was quick and impetuous, and often intense. She had a substratum

of sound common sense, though often ruled by the glamour of whatever subject occupied her at the moment. She dipped into poetry, music, and art. She fiercely resented being called an artist—her dressmaker was an "artist"—but abhorred the word amateur. She cultivated well-bred Bohemians, but they were forced, at least in her presence, to be conventional, sometimes restrainedly so. In a word, she wanted the freedom of Bohemia together with the plush cushions of Vanity Fair.

At first she determined to avoid meeting Dermott, but finally concluded that would be impossible in the circle in which they both moved.

A week later she did meet him at Mrs Lowen's, where he had been dining.

His critics were right: he certainly was handsome; but her unfriendly eyes saw what his admirers had failed to see, or at least to notice, that his chin was somewhat receding, covered though it was by the soft, curly young beard.

She interested him from the start by her irregular beauty, her softly determined way of gaining her point, her delightfully original method of stating worn-out subjects.

Rumor had been as busy with her attributes as with his, but he did not dislike the idea of meeting her. He wanted a new type, and he found it in her.

He was too clever by far to show her he was trying to interest her in himself, but was baffled continually by the cold, dead wall that confronted him when, for those first few weeks, he tried to pass the boundary of mere acquaintanceship.

She had never sent him a card for her Fridays, and he was determined to get one, and directly from her.

One night at the opera Knox was telling him that Christine owned an exquisite bust by Powers.

"I have told Dermott he should see that, Christine."

"Certainly he should," she said; but with no answering smile in her eyes for the light that was in his.

The next day he called; she was out. She had left word, however, that if he called the bust should be shown him. He resented the treatment, but availed himself of the privilege.

He looked around her lovely home and saw a thousand confirmations of the estimate he had formed of this woman's character. He sat in what he thought must be her favorite chair and pictured her sitting there, the lamplight glowing on her shapely head, and ruefully called up every man of their acquaintance, but himself, as having the right to sit opposite the sweet picture.

He had a small, well-thumbed volume of Lovelace in his pocket, and deliberately underscoring

"What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me,"

turned it face down on her table and left.

At a reception that evening she met him. He was standing near her hostess when she entered. She greeted Mrs. Mowbray, then turned to him with an exquisitely polite but chilly manner and said:

"This is yours I believe!"

"Oh—ah—y—yes!"

His coolness deserted him and, to his inward consuming rage, he felt himself blushing under the cold scrutiny of her eyes. He bowed over the shabby little book, and would have given worlds not to have left it on her table. Her manner was maddeningly indifferent.

They did not meet again that evening. As she was leaving he stepped forward and said:

"May I see you to your carriage?"

"Yes."

He handed her in, and held out his hand. She put hers into his outstretched palm.

"Chris—Miss Bronson, why can't we be friends?" He ignored her cool stare of astonishment, and went rapidly on: "You overlook me so persistently. I have tried to think it accident; it is not. You are kind and heavenly warm to every one else; you are reserve itself to me. Tell me what I have done. Have I hurt you? been rude to you? Have I done anything unbecoming a gentleman? Tell me, and if there is anything wrong with me I will right it; for you—"

"I'd thank you to let me have my hand, please. I do not understand you, Mr. Dermott. Good-night."

He stepped back. The electric light flashed into his face, showing it deadly white and set.

"Good-night, Miss Bronson."

As the carriage rolled homeward she said but one word, "So!" and tapped her fan thoughtfully on her knee.

At eleven the next morning his card was brought to her. She was at the piano as he came in, and merely rose to receive him, silent and wondering.

He looked very manly and honest this morning as he stepped toward her, his head well up, a grave, quiet look on his handsome face.

"I have come to ask you to forgive me for last night. I was not myself. It was not right for me to speak as I did to you."

"I have nothing to forgive"; but she could not help smiling a little at his audacity.

Instantly he took his cue. For an hour he talked well, wisely refraining from dangerous topics, and by every word riveting her newly-awakened interest. He told her much of his early home in beautiful Pasadena, spoke of his mother's early death, and his hard work to gain the place he held to-day in the art-world. He went farther and lifted a curtain he had never raised before. "When my father died," he said, "he left me with a small fortune, but a large legacy of expensive tastes. He was not—eh—what is commonly known as a drinking man, but—well, I might as well go on—I will never forget the first time I saw him insensible from liquor. Then I understood why my mother's hair was white at thirty-five, and why she died at forty. When I saw him dead in his coffin, an outcast from church and home and society, I vowed I would never touch the maddening stuff. Up to eighteen months ago I kept my word. But—you see I am brutally frank with you—I cannot keep it."

"Cannot?" she said, with all the innate scorn a strong nature has for a weak one.

"I cannot. By what am I surrounded? Is there a man or woman near me to hold out a helping hand? Are they not, rather, the very ones to put temptation in my way? You are the strongest nature I have come in contact with, and you will have none of me. I have no mother, no sister, no one."

He stopped and looked at her.

She hated the position she found herself in, hated him for a moment for putting her there; and yet the story touched her, as he intended it should.

She got up and moved forward the vase of violets on the table near her, pushed the rug over a little square on the floor, and at last met the eyes that had never left her face.

"Mr. Dermott, I cannot say now all that I would—all that you would have me say. I am always at home on Fridays; will you come?"

For answer he crushed her fingers to his lips, and with one long, steady look into her clear honest eyes, left her.

She sank into a chair. "What have I done? What have I done?" she breathed, and looked around her piteously. "My hand is on the plow now; I cannot go back."

She saw again the warmly-tinted, handsome face; the tender,

pathetic eyes; the strange compound of strength and weakness that went to make up his character. She felt an inward shrinking, yet withal a glow of—she did not name it.

Then he began a regular, persistent siege. Her manner was frank and cordial to him; but he felt, with a lover's instinct, he had not yet touched her heart. But she had begun to study him, and it is the first step that counts.

Try as she would, she could not reconcile the idea of vulgar drinking with his bright, graceful personality. He took wine at dinner—so did every man of her acquaintance, and many of the women. To some she knew that only total abstinence was temperance; but to others?

"It is not in the use, it is in the abuse of it," she reasoned with ready fallacy.

They frequently dined at the same houses, and always he felt that she was keeping a silent, cold surveillance on his conduct.

One day, early in September, Knox came to her and said:

"Dermott wants to give a tea in his rooms on Thursday. Will you go?"

She hesitated. "I—why, I—"

"Oh, come now! Remember you boasted that you brought nothing from Europe. Don't engraft prudery on Bohemia."

She went.

After she got there she found herself in a strange mood. She put on a happy, careless, prettily reckless air that was wonderfully becoming to her and bewildering to him. She was in her talk and movements as elusive as the shadow that fell from the half-curtained skylight.

At length she found herself comparatively alone with him, in one end of the big room, before a dark-green curtain that screened off an alcove. He gave one quick look around, then lifted the curtain and motioned for her to follow him.

The little space was almost filled by a veiled group. He whipped off the cloth, and she saw a slender, graceful girl, young, just budding into womanhood, shrinking from yet accepting the trophy the kneeling Cupid had just laid at her feet—a human heart.

"Need you ask who it is?" he murmured, with a world of meaning in his glance.

Her calm eyes left the cold marble and rested on his face, afire with passion. As if a spark from that passion ignited hers, she half-turned and stood drooping before him, her moist eyes hiding their happy secret beneath their white, fluttering lids.

The tide had been slow to rise, but once having risen swept all before it.

As for him, he was radiantly happy. As he said to her some days afterwards: "You are the first woman who has touched my heart. I had had no time for love; now I will never have time for anything else."

They were congratulated on every side.

"You are just what he needed," said Knox when he heard it; "now the balance is even."

Christine was too indolently happy to question his meaning, and was left to learn its application all too sadly.

Their engagement was not an absolutely calm one. As is often the case, she loved him better than before, while he—well, possession dulls the zest of having.

One evening they were to have gone together to a Press View at the Academy. She was ready, and waited and waited. At eight he had not come. She put on her hat and waited another half-hour. He did not come. All the long, lonely evening every roll of wheels gave her hope; but he did not come. Finally, at ten o'clock she went to bed, all the woman in her resenting the slight.

The next morning came a penitent little note in a mass of violets. The little wound was healed, but it left a scar.

That was the beginning of the end. Time and time again little things, miserable straws on the current, showed her where they were drifting. She more than suspected the cause of his delinquencies, but in cruel self-delusion ignored its existence.

At length she was faced one day by a state of affairs that could have but one ending.

She was to have called for him at his studio in her brougham to go with her to make a purchase at Sypher's.

She waited at the door for ten, for fifteen minutes. He did not come. She got out hastily and ran up-stairs. She felt she was wrong in doing so, but to leave herself in doubt as to his non-appearance would be more wrong still she thought. She knocked. No answer. She opened the door and went in. He was lying on the divan heavily sleeping. Instantly there flashed across her mind his own words: "Never will I forget the first time I saw him insensible from liquor." For one dreadful minute she stood there looking at his helpless form, his swollen face flushed to a mottled purple, and cowered as beneath a lash.

In all her sheltered, cultured, dainty life never had anything so horrible entered. At that moment something in her died, killed by the spectacle before her.

She turned away and shut her eyes to keep out the horrible sight, and groped her way out. In the hall-way she stood to think; then went slowly down-stairs and told her coachman to go up.

"You will find Mr. Dermott ill up-stairs"—the subterfuge hurt her very soul—"bring him down, put him in the carriage, and take him home"—hastily writing his address on her card. Then she almost ran down the street, and never stopped till she reached her own house, trembling from nervous excitement and fatigue.

She denied herself to callers, and threw herself on the couch, tearless but sick with pain.

At dusk her maid told her Mr. Dermott was down-stairs.

She sprang to her feet.

"Did I not tell you—" then stopped.

She did not glance at her white, miserable face; did not even smooth back her disordered hair, but went in to him, a sorry, dejected little figure, more guilty-looking than the shamed man she found there.

"Christine," he murmured, and half held out his hands to her.

She felt she could not raise her eyes to his face.

In a little burst of petulant anger he turned from her, saying, "I suppose it's all up with me now," but with a wistful note of interrogation in his voice that went to her very soul; and she flung herself into a chair and sobbed uncontrollably.

He grew ghastly white.

"Christine, for God's sake, don't! *Don't!*"

"For God's sake!" she flashed at him; "who and what are you that should ask anything in his name? Do you ever think of him? Didn't you outrage him this morning? last night? Oh!" striking her palms together passionately, "it makes me sick, *sick!* That was not the first time; that was—I do not know *how* many times! You made me love you; you came into my quiet life—you have wrung my very heart by the most cruel awakening girl ever had. Go! Don't come near me," as he make a movement toward her.

He stood with bent head, the pitiless rain of words beating down on him, silent under the lash of scorn.

She swept past him, the tears in her eyes dried by her vehement passion.

At the door she looked back. The pathetic droop of his figure appealed to all the womanly sympathy in her, and she bowed her forehead on her clasped hands and cried weepingly, "O Alvin, Alvin! how could you?"

He looked at her with dumb, aching eyes.

"Christine, I told you months ago I had inherited this fearful thing. It is a disease; yet surely it is not incurable. You can cure me, dear; you can make a man of me"; and he knelt before her, taking in both his her poor, cold hands.

Slowly and sadly she shook her head.

"No, no!" she said, so quietly he knew the words were irrevocable; "no one can make a man of you but yourself. I gave you my best. I was going to you with a clean heart and mind and soul. Surely I had a right to the same from you. If you failed for the girl, you would fail for the wife; and two lives would be spoiled then. You are weak, and I am not strong enough for two."

"Am I to go?" incredulously.

"It is right. Oh! don't say I do not care. I *do* care with all my heart; but I cannot marry you now, and see you as your mother saw your father." He winced. "Your mother failed, Alvin; would you have me too white at thirty-five and dead at forty? Only, I come of a long-lived race; my release would not come so soon."

"You never loved me. It is impossible that a girl could talk in that cold-blooded way, and love the poor wretch who is asking everything at her hands"; and he flung her hands from him and sprang to his feet.

"Love you?" and there was a cadence in her voice on the word that made his pulses tingle. "What is love? Is it not an uplifting rather than a degrading sentiment? Does it mean sacrifice of self on one side only? Is it a demand from one and not from the other? Many and many a self-deluded fool has gone into a living hell thinking she could reform the man who had not the strength of mind to reform himself."

He looked at her hopelessly. He felt that he was contending with the south wind—so soft, so sweet, so pliable she looked, but with an iron determination behind the sweet exterior.

"You have spoiled my life!" he said angrily and foolishly, as he flung himself from her presence.

"No, no!" she said sadly to herself as the door slammed behind him, "I have simply refused to spoil my own."

Was she right?

EARLY SOCIAL LIFE IN AN OLD CATHOLIC CITY.

By Richard R. Elliott.

PROBABLY few cities in the United States, certainly none west of Albany, date their founding as far back as Detroit; and however remote in American history this period may be, the unique example is presented of the direct descendants of the original founders not only composing a prominent element in the society of the present day in Detroit, but of many families who still possess the soil granted their ancestors, by the government of New-France, nearly two centuries ago.

Moreover, among the characteristics distinguishing this race from its cosmopolitan surroundings, is the profession and practice of the Catholic faith, and the familiar use in *la vie intime* of the language of the original French colonists.

Nor is there probably a city on the American side of the St. Lawrence having documentary proof of the continuous life and functions of a Catholic pastorate, from the founding of the city in 1701 down to the present day, as can be shown for Detroit.

The splendid religious status now existing, second to no city of its size in the United States, while the Catholic element is as fresh as the waters of the beautiful river which adorns its site, is linked with an unbroken chain of history traversing back a period of two centuries.

Father Constantine Delhalle, a Recollet monk, dedicated on the festival of St. Anne the first chapel built in Detroit, and this primitive house of worship was named in honor of the mother of the Blessed Virgin.

Here, then, commences the history of the Catholic Church in Detroit; but its founder was slain by an Indian's bullet, and the blood of this martyr consecrated the soil on which was nurtured Christian life.

Churches succeeded the first chapel, which were successively burnt or destroyed, until the fourth in its line, the St. Anne of 1755, after it had been enlarged, was consecrated by Pont Briand, Bishop of Quebec. This church was destroyed by fire during the conflagration of the city in 1805.

The fifth St. Anne, which was a monument to the zeal of its builder, the Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, became in 1833 the cathedral of the diocese of Detroit; it still, however, remained the parish church of the French race.

In the meantime the growth of the city had so separated its parishioners that a succursale became necessary, and in 1876 a new French parish was created in the eastern part of the city, for which the Church of St. Joachim was built and consecrated.

In 1885 the encroachment of trade had so surrounded old St. Anne, and so separated the parishioners in the western part of the city from their church, that it was deemed advisable to build a successor in a locality more convenient for the French race comprising its constituency. The square in which the church had stood for nearly a century was sold for two hundred thousand dollars. Its wealth was divided between St. Joachim's and St. Anne's, and the successor of the latter was built. The corner-stone of the old church had been laid by Bishop Flaget in 1817, and it was taken down in 1886. Part of the stone with which its massive old walls had been built was used in the foundation of its successor.

The sixth church of St. Anne of Detroit, spacious and grand, stands as a glorious monument to the history of civilization and religion in Detroit, and is rich in historic, in poetic, and in tragic memories; it is, moreover, the custodian of the precious archives of its religious history since 1701. It is one of the few consecrated churches in the United States.

The Detroit River, which flows past the city, is but half a mile wide; its channel divides the Dominion of Canada from American soil. The original colonists on both sides of the river were the same in race and creed.

The south shore has been the British side since the close of the Revolutionary War, and on that side, where the high bluff receded at the formation of the "beautiful crescent bay" of olden time, the Jesuit missionary, Armand de La Richardie, established the "Huron Mission of Detroit," in 1728. The Church of the Assumption, a spacious "mission house," a "mission store-house," a "mission forge," and a "mission farm," all surrounded by a Huron village, comprised the establishment. The church was spacious, and used by the French colonists and Christian Hurons. In it for fifty-three years one or more Jesuit priests conducted the sacred offices with much of the *éclat* usual at the time in the older cities of Canada. Father Peter

Potier, the last of the Jesuit Huron missionaries, was accidentally killed in 1781; and since that period the parish of the Assumption has been served by priests under the jurisdiction of Quebec.

The old Huron church was still standing during the "forties," but so shaky that it had to be supported by strong beams on each side. A fine new church was built, and the venerable relic of colonial times was taken down in 1851.

The locality of the "Huron Mission of Detroit" was known in French history as La Pointe de Montreal.

From as far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century Catholics on both sides of the Detroit River, morning, noon, and night, have been reminded of the story of the Incarnation by the soft toll of the Angelus notes.

In the political history of Detroit there was first a French *régime*, which lasted more than six decades. After the fall of Montcalm ensued the British *régime*, which continued for about four decades, and was succeeded by the first American domination consequent upon the Revolution, which continued for about two decades and terminated during the war of 1812, when, by the imbecility of its American governor, the ancient French city was surrendered to the British and Indian invaders.

But American victories on land and water made the stay of the "allied forces" rather hazardous in Detroit, and they evacuated the city. The stars and stripes succeeded the union jack, and under American rule, after so many political changes, Detroit has continued her eventful career.

The soil upon which the contending forces operated was owned to a great extent by the French race; they were no lovers of the British, and they were the greatest sufferers by the calamities of war.

The homes of this race on the shores extending above and below Detroit, from the River Raison to Lake St. Clair, were raided and pillaged by brutal drunken savages, who stole everything they could carry away; even the floors of their houses and the fences enclosing their domain were pillaged and used for fuel. When the war was ended their situation resembled that of a community which had been devastated by a cyclone.

Their kindred had been slain; they had been robbed of their stock, their fodder, their surplus stores, and their grain for seed.

So desperate was the situation of many, that they would have starved had not Father Richard, the pastor of St. Anne's,

supplied their wants, advanced them grain to plant, and in other ways tided them over their temporary crisis.

During the last four decades of the French *régime* there were stationed at the post of Detroit in various capacities a number of men of polished manners, of fine education, and of more or less ability, some of whom were of noble birth and bore titles by right and according to French custom.

The correspondence of this epoch, whether relating to religious, to governmental affairs, or to commercial transactions, is marked by a tone of politeness bordering on the extreme; indicating that the usages and the customs of the better classes in old France prevailed among the subjects of Louis XIV. domiciled on this distant frontier.

From such elements, to a considerable extent, was apparently formed the original strata constituting the foundation of society in Detroit.

During the succeeding occupancy of the post under British rule, in extent, as has been stated, about four decades, the social structure was added to by the military officers, who as a class were accomplished gentlemen, by the government functionaries and their families, but especially by the heads as well as by the factors of the extensive British commercial houses, whose capital was furnished from London, and whose large operations extended, under British protection, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A more intelligent class of men could not be found in America than the latter. It may be claimed that the nucleus of refined social life in Detroit was first formed by the French, that it was enlarged by the English during their time, *and after nearly a century of existence* it was an established feature in the constituency of Detroit, when the Americans from the older States of the Union came, either as federal functionaries or in other capacities, at the beginning of the present century.

It may be claimed further, that no newly created contemporary town, since the American epoch, on the American border, composed of New England descendants, for whom so much superiority is insisted upon by many writers, possessed such elements as had been cemented and fashioned during a century in Detroit. In its chief attributes it was in fact a Catholic city, in which Catholic customs prevailed, and in which the French language was the language of its people.

In support of this proposition the description of the city during the period of the first American occupation as given by Mr. Isaac Weld, an Irish gentleman, traveller, and author, is

confirmatory. "The houses in this part of the country," he writes in one of his letters, "are all built in a similar style to those of Lower Canada; the lands are laid out and cultivated also similarly to those in the lower province; the manners and persons of the inhabitants are the same. French is the predominant language, and the traveller may fancy for a moment, if he pleases, that he has been wafted by enchantment back again into the neighborhood of Montreal or Trois Rivières. Detroit contains about three hundred houses* and is the largest town in the western country. It stands contiguous to the river, on the top of the banks, which are here about twenty feet high. At the bottom of them there are very extensive wharves for the accommodation of the shipping, built of wood, similar to those in the Atlantic sea-ports.

"The town consists of several streets that run parallel to the river, which are intersected by others at right angles. About two-thirds of the inhabitants of Detroit are of French extraction, and the greater part of the inhabitants of the settlements on the river, both above and below the town, are of the same description. The former are mostly engaged in trade, and they all appear to be much on an equality. Detroit is a place of very considerable trade; there being no less than twelve trading vessels belonging to it."

"The stores and shops in the town are well furnished, and you may buy fine cloth, linen, silks, and every article of wearing apparel as good in their kind, and nearly on as reasonable terms, as you can purchase the same in New York or Philadelphia."

"The inhabitants are well supplied with provisions of every description; the fish in particular, caught in the river and neighboring lakes, are of a very superior quality."†

That there was considerable wealth among the leading families is beyond question. Many years since I was told by a lady relative, who witnessed the great fire of 1805, that many of the families, whose homes were destroyed during the general conflagration, had large chests and Indian baskets with covers, filled with family plate, carried with their household effects to the fields, where the houseless people found a temporary shelter. The same lady also assured me that among prominent families, and particularly among those whose matrimonial alliances had

* This is equivalent to about fifteen hundred souls; Montreal at this epoch had a population of three thousand souls.

† See Campbell's *Outlines, etc., of Michigan*, p. 213.

been formed with persons of other nationalities, the beauty of their women had become a hereditary feature in family descent, and she mentioned in this connection the names of several families, whom I knew to be the possessors of such precious heirlooms.

When the winter months ensued the river was closed with ice during a season which commenced with December and ended with March. It was a season of gaiety. The merchants were not busy, fur-trading was suspended, and festivities of one kind or another succeeded; dancing parties were frequent, and dinner parties, where much wine was drank, are stated to have been of regular occurrence.

The French pony, a descendant of Norman stock, was the horse most in use. These ponies were raised in great numbers in the vicinity, and allowed to run free in the wooded part of the farms; they cost but little and could be fed at small expense. "The French *cariole* was much used in winter; it was an inexpensive box-sleigh, made of ash, with curved runners shod with iron; the thills were so fixed as to spring outward, and when the pony was harnessed in the ends were brought together and strapped, the strain consequently prevented any rubbing against the ponies' sides and allowed a large liberty of action, which was of great service to the keen trotters and pacers."

The *cariole* afforded great amusement, the drive being on the ice.

In summer the *calèche*, similar to that in use in Quebec at the present day, was much used in driving. But the Norman cart was the common vehicle for all classes; it was a light, two-wheeled wagon made of ash, its sides protected by a low railing; it was almost the only kind of carriage used, especially during the muddy season. "The gentry sometimes had chairs placed within, but generally all rode after a more primitive style with a buffalo-robe only for a seat. In this simple mode ladies were taken to church, to parties or calls, or carted over the mud whenever the roads were in a condition unfit for dainty feet. The Norman cart was a real convenience and well adapted to the wants and taste of the people and times; it continued to be used as late as the 'forties.'"*

During the period under notice the spiritual interests of the Catholic community were under the direction of the pastor of St. Anne, whose name has already been mentioned, the

* *Memorials of a Half Century*, Hubbard, p. 122.

Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, whose term commenced in 1798 and ended in 1832.

Father Richard was a French gentleman familiar with the usages of refined Christian life. He was an accomplished scholar, a great promoter of education and of literary culture; he was æsthetic by nature, a man of firm character, ascetic in appearance, and a priest who led an austere and edifying life.

He was the second incumbent under Bishop Carroll; during his pastoral control his constant aim was to educate and to cultivate the generation which fell more particularly under his supervision.

The schools and seminaries which he established, and provided at that early day with illustrative apparatus; the printing-press he set up, the books he edited and published; the organ he imported from France; the share he took in founding the territorial university which has since become the great State institution at Ann Arbor; his election as territorial representative to Congress; his great missionary work in the upper lake regions, and finally the self-sacrifice which brought to a term his eventful career, if studied in detail, will establish his right to a high place in the history of his times, and prove him to have been a man whose ideas were far in advance of the times in which he lived.

My lady informant referred to in connection with some of the incidents of the great fire of 1805, subsequently placed in my possession a small chest containing many curious old family papers yellow with age, among which are society letters and documents illustrative of social life during the period under consideration; here are some relating to church affairs, written in the characteristic bold hand of Father Richard. It will be noticed that he either signs as agent of the "Corporation of St. Anne," or in behalf of one of its marguilliers, or trustees.

These are submitted in the order of their date, from many of the series:

"Le Dr. Eberts Doit à l'Église Ste. Anne.
1804, 8bre 10.
Pr. l'enterrement de la V. Eberts—£1. 17*s.* 4*d.*
Reçu le montant en plein.
Pour Pierre Chene, Marguillier.
Gabriel Richard."

Here is a receipt for pew-rent in the temporary chapel at the time in use in Spring Wells:

"Reçu de Jean Baptiste Piquette une pound pour place dans la Chapelle pendant cette année 1807.

Pr. François Chabert, Marg'r.

GABRIEL RICHARD."

And another:

"Received five dollars of Mrs. Bird, by the hand of Nicholas Labadie, for the rent of two seats in the subterranean chapel during the year. GABRIEL RICHARD,

January 9, 1820. *Agent for the Corporation of St. Anne.*"

The "subterranean chapel" was the basement of St. Anne, the church not being completed; here is another, written in French:

"MADAME BIRD Doit à la Corporation de Ste. Anne.

1821, Janvier 1.

Deux places pendant l'année mil huit cent vingt et un, 20*s.* —$5.00.

Reçu le montant en plein. GABRIEL RICHARD,

Detroit, le 23 Fevr., 1821. *Agent de la Corporation Ste. Anne.*"

The following is a receipt for pew-rent in the church after its completion:

"Reçu de Madame Bird sept piastres et demi pour trois places dans l'Église Ste. Anne pour l'année mil huit cent vingt huit.—24 Mars, 1828. GABRIEL RICHARD,

Agent pour la Corporation Ste. Anne."

Some of the society papers are curious.

After the War of 1812 such was the aversion felt by the people against the British residents, who had been conspicuous as leaders, or who had prompted the Indians in their bloody raids, that many prominent families found it prudent to seek protection under the British flag on the opposite side of the river. Many of these were allied by marriage to the old Catholic families.

In a short time society, which had been reinforced by the army officers stationed here, resumed its normal functions, but in a disorganized condition, and efforts were made to reunite the discordant elements under the standard of peace. One of

the most characteristic of these was a series of "pacification balls." The invitations for these parties were printed on Father Richard's press, and the first of the series reads as follows:

"The company of Mrs. Bird is respectfully solicited to the first Pacification Ball, at Woodworth's Hotel, on Thursday next, at 7 o'clock P.M.

W. Woodbridge,	H. I. Hunt,
A. Butler,	C. Larned,
A. B. Woodward,	H. H. Hickman,
C. Gratiot,	C. H. Holden,

"Detroit, March 24, 1815. *Managers.*"

Here is an invitation to a ball at the residence of one of the citizens of the town, not printed, but written on a folded sheet of letter paper:

"The honor of Mrs. Bird's company is solicited to a ball to to be held at Mr. Kinzie's, on Thursday next, at 7 o'clock.

James May,	Austin E. Wing,
James Abbott,	John Stockton,
Chs. Larned,	*Managers.*

"Thursday, 22d August, 1815."

Here is an invitation written two years later, as follows:

"The honor of Mrs. Bird's company is solicited to a ball at the house of Mr. B. Woodworth, on Monday, 19th instant.

Thomas Rowland, John McDonnell,

"Detroit, May 14, 1817. *Managers.*"

There must have been much enjoyment at the party assembled on this invitation:

"L'honneur de la compagnie de Madame Bird est respectueusement sollicité à un bal chez Monsieur Gamelin, Mardi le 25 de ce mois a 6 heures du soir.

François Thibout,

"21 Nov., 1817. *Directeur.*"

Here is another to the house of a prominent French family, which is written in English as follows:

"The pleasure of Mrs. Bird's company is solicited to a party at Mr. Campau's, Spring Wells, on Wednesday next, at seven o'clock.

"Saturday, 29 December, 1817."

A year later date is selected for a small note of invitation which reads as follows:

"Mrs. Bird and sisters are respectfully invited to attend a cotillion party to-morrow evening at Mrs. Dodemead's.

"Wednesday, September 23, 1818."

Earlier in the same year I find a printed card from the officers of the garrison:

"Admit Mrs. Bird

"To the Military Theatre, on Wednesday evening, 18th instant.

☞ "No children admitted.

"Tickets not transferable; to be delivered at the door.

Major Marston, Captain Whiting,
Major Irvine, Lieut. Mackay,

"Detroit, March 16, 1818. *Managers.*"

The two following are more in keeping with the present mode, but they were written later:

"Miss Desnoyers requests the pleasure of Mrs. Bird's and Miss Labadie's company to-morrow evening.

"Monday morning, January 19, 1823."

"Mrs. John Palmer's* compliments to Mrs. Bird and Miss Labadie, and requests the pleasure of their company this evening.

"Thursday, 13 November, 1823."

There are scores of others much in the same order, and one for a reunion at Sandwich, on the British side of the river. These society papers may perhaps give some idea of the state of society at this epoch. The borrowed name of "Mrs. Bird" represents one of the most amiable and lovely ladies of the French race then living; she was but one of a great many prominent Catholic families moving in the same circles as her own.

It is the custom with the nobility, as it is with the bourgeoisie in France, when a member of a family dies to send invitations to relatives and friends to attend the funeral obsequies. Probably as many such *billets de faire part* are sent on such occasions as would be for a wedding in the same family. The

* This lady is still living.

following invitations would seem to indicate that a similar custom prevailed in French circles in Detroit at that early period:

"Madame Bird et les demoiselles Labadie, sont prié respectueusement d'assister au funerailes de Madame MacDougall, de la maison de Monsieur Barnabé Campau, Mardi au matin, entre neuf et dix heures.

"Lundi, le 3 Decr., 1821."

Here is one written the succeeding year:

"Mrs. Bird and family are requested to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Audrain, at four o'clock to-morrow.

"Friday, 6th October, 1822."

Here is another of the same year:

"Mrs. Bird is requested to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Dodemead, to-morrow at ten o'clock.

"Monday, 12th August, 1822."

And the last of those selected, of the year following:

"Mrs. Bird and family are requested to attend the funeral of Mr. P. D. Labadie, to-morrow at ten o'clock.

"April 14th, 1823."

The names of the deceased mentioned in the above invitations are among those of the most distinguished French families, and these families are prominent in society circles at the present day. In the letter of Isaac Weld a sketch of Detroit is given after the Americans had occupied the post. In 1827 Thomas L. McKenney was appointed a joint commissioner with General Cass to negotiate an important treaty with the Indian tribes, who were to assemble at Sault de Sainte Marie. He came from Washington by way of Buffalo and Lake Erie, and in a letter to his family writes from Detroit:

"It is hardly possible for anything to exceed in beauty the Detroit River and its shores and islands. The city of Detroit lies on the left of the strait as you ascend the river, and has a fine appearance. This is heightened by the position of some fine buildings, and by nothing more than the Catholic Church with its five steeples.

"Opposite are the shores of Canada, with the beautiful river between, and to the right the Huron mission church, whose bell sounds gratefully on the ear."

In a subsequent letter Mr. McKenney, speaking of the attention shown during his temporary visit, writes:

"The company at Major Biddle's last night was sufficient to satisfy me that, although I had reached the confines of civilization in this direction, I am yet in the circle of hospitable and polished life."

On the eve of departure for the upper lakes he writes:

"I am invited to spend the evening at Colonel Hunt's. Governor Cass and family are to be there, and as usual the beauty and fashion of the city."

"I returned," he continues, "at eleven highly gratified with the company in general, but particularly charmed with the refined attentions of Mrs. Hunt and the host; both are esteemed as among the brightest ornaments of the society of Detroit, and I do not wonder at it."*

The theme is interesting; perhaps too much so to the writer, who has witnessed the transformation of the French city of the olden time to the Detroit of the present day. There are other subjects whose importance requires their place among the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and I shall close.

But the place in the history of the Catholic Church, during the first three decades of the present century in the United States, filled by Detroit, is probably second only in importance to that filled by Baltimore during the same period.

* *Tour to the Lakes*, McKenney; Lucas, Baltimore, 1827.

MAGDALEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

By Rev. Dr. Dillon.

BESIDE the tomb wherein her Lord was laid,
Her eyes bedewed with sorrow's purging tears,
She stands; while, scattered by a thousand fears,
The chosen ones, with doubting hearts, have strayed.
Her wistful mind holds, vividly portrayed,
That eve, when, spite of pride's envenomed sneers,
He deemed the cumbrous debt of evil years,
By one short hour of penitence, repaid.
And see! the angels' radiant aureole
Nor soothes her grief, nor checks her fond desire
To see Him once again who, to her soul,
Infused the ardor of celestial fire;
To whom her heart doth cling with every chord;
Whom now in agony she seeks—her Lord.

"Mary!" As at the lightning's vivid glare
From darkened nature flees the gloom of night;
So, at His voice, her soul, suffused with light,
Sees all the mystery of His death laid bare.
"Master!" she cries; her heart's unspoken prayer
But asks to feast upon the dazzling sight
Of Him who, by His cross, has won the right
For her repentant soul His crown to share.
But, not as yet may dawn her joy complete;
Not yet her eyes may dwell in lingering gaze;
In many ears her tongue must sound His praise;
O'er weary paths must wend her eager feet;
Ere, 'mid the welcoming angelic tone,
He lead her, stainless, to her heavenly throne.

THE PATHOLOGY OF THE WILL.

By William Seton, LL.D.

IN studying the will we do not pretend to treat of first causes: to Almighty God we are indebted for all that we are. But we may be allowed to deal with the machinery by which the will—the highest expression of consciousness—makes itself felt. From the evolutionist's stand-point the will has a very humble origin; it does not exist at all in idiots, and is regarded as the last term of a progressive development, of which a simple reflex is the first. It may be likened, according to this view, to the key-stone of an arch. To this stone the whole arch owes its solidity; yet at the same time were it not for the other stones which support it, the key-stone itself would fall to the ground.

THE EMBRYONIC STAGE.

To begin at the beginning, we discover in the reflex actions of a newly-born child no consciousness whatever, but only an activity acquired through heredity. Most evolutionists call these reflex actions the materials out of which later on the will is constructed; they maintain that desire, which is a very elementary expression of life, marks a step in advance between reflex activity and volition, and may be termed the will in embryo. An infant strives very soon after birth to gratify its desires; it is a natural tendency. When it grows up these desires become broadened and intensified, but they may be said to be in abeyance, for they are now held in check through habit and education. If the machinery of the infant's mind, simple at first, becomes as it grows older more intricate, it is also less stable, until at length an age is reached when the least stable portion of the mind, and at the same time the most precarious portion —the will—assumes a culminating, dominating position.

DISEASE IN THE WILL.

It may appear strange to say that the will is liable to disease; but we must not forget that it has an anatomical base subject to pathological changes. Cerebral physiology teaches that

every mental state reposes on elements both motor and sensory. We know, for example, that a sight perception implies a movement of the nerve-fibres of the eye; and if movement is an integral element of sight when we perceive an object outwardly, objectively, movement is no less an integral element of it when we perceive an object inwardly, ideally. The most abstract idea rests on an anatomical substratum where movement is more or less represented; not that an idea itself can produce a movement, but the corresponding physiological state transforms itself into an act.

AN INEFFICIENT WILL.

In the kingdom of the mind the will, as we have observed, holds the highest, but at the same time the most precarious position. It may fail for want of sufficient impulsion, or it may fail through an excess of impulsion. In life we sometimes meet with vacillating, irresolute characters, persons who need another will added to their own in order to make them act. Now, under certain morbid conditions these persons have their irresolution vastly increased. It no longer suffices for one of them to say, "I will." The will is not transformed into an act—it seems paralyzed. A person thus affected may pass whole days in bed in full possession of his wits, wishing to rise, yet not able to do so. Dr. Carpenter tells of a person in perfect health except for a morbid will, who often took two hours to undress himself. On one occasion he asked for a glass of water. When it was brought to him he could not drink, although he wanted to, and the servant remained half an hour waiting for him to conquer his irresolution. "It seems," said the latter, "as if another person had taken possession of my will."

A MAN HIS OWN PRISONER.

Billod, in *Annales médico-psychologiques*, vol. x., cites the case of a gentleman, sixty-five years of age, of a strong constitution, who on retiring from his profession of notary fell into a state of melancholy. He would often say that he was unable to will to do certain things, although he had an earnest desire to do them. "The patient declares that it is often impossible for him to will to perform certain acts, much as he wants to perform them, and while his sane judgment tells him that it is opportune, nay, even necessary to perform them, etc." The same gentleman being in a strange town with a friend, earnestly desired to go out and take a walk. During five successive days he rose

and put on his hat; but his will was not strong enough to make him advance beyond the threshold of his room. "I am evidently my own prisoner," he would say, etc. "It is not my legs that prevent me from going out; what is it, then?" In the same volume Dr. Billod gives several other cases of lesion of the will. In these cases we find the muscular system and the organs of motion in good condition; the intelligence is perfect; the object in view, the end to be accomplished, is clearly apprehended. But the passage to the performance of the act is an impossibility. The will is clearly in an abnormal state, and the better opinion is that the trouble lies either in a weakness of the motor centres or in an enfeeblement of the incitements which come to these motor centres.

Esquirol tells of a person who, on recovering his will-power, said to him: "This inability to act came from my sensations being too feeble to exert an influence over my will." The same high authority calls attention to the profound change which such persons experience in the general sense of their being. "My existence," one of them wrote to him, "is incomplete; the functions, the ordinary acts of life, remain to me; but in each one of them something is lacking, namely, the sensation belonging to it, and the pleasure which follows, etc. Each one of my senses, every part of me is, so to speak, separated from me and can no longer procure me a sensation."

ANOTHER THEORY.

Now, since the will is composed of two elements quite distinct, viz., a state of consciousness which of itself is impotent to do or not to do, and of organic conditions which possess the power of acting, it would seem as if in cases of diseased will the two essential elements composing it have become disunited. There are some who hold that when persons suffering from a lack of will-power tell you that they experience an intense desire to do something, yet cannot will to do it, they are deceiving themselves: their intense desire to do something is an illusion; they are in a state of general apathy in which the impulse to act, strong as it seems to be, is in reality below the average intensity. And certainly under certain conditions the apathy disappears and the patient entirely recovers his lost will.

Thus, Dr. Billod tells of a person who got back his power to will after the sanguinary street-fighting in Paris, in 1848. Here the vivid emotion was the cause of the recovery. Never-

theless, Professor Ribot, in his work on diseases of the will, maintains that the above opinion does not go to the root of the matter. He says, page 53: "It is not the feebleness of the desires, insomuch as these are mere psychical states, that brings about inaction. This is reasoning on appearances. . . . Every state of the nervous system, corresponding to a sensation or to an idea, transforms itself all the more easily into movement when it is accompanied by those other nervous states, whatever they may be, which correspond to feelings. It is from the feebleness of these states that loss of will results; not from a feebleness of the desires, which is only a symptom. Therefore, according to Professor Ribot, the real cause of a lack of will lies in a general weakening of the sensibility: and this abnormal state belongs wholly to the physiological order.

PHYSICAL ACCOMPANIMENTS OF IRRESOLUTION.

A close study of the bodily condition of persons suffering from a loss of will reveals a feeble circulation, often accompanied by depression of spirits. It may be a question whether there is not some analogy between this kind of disease of the will and those curious cases of psychical paralysis which have been studied by Dr. Charcot at the Salpêtrière, in Paris. Here the person is paralyzed simply because he believes that he is paralyzed: and these states may be brought about through hypnotism; and if we can only succeed in eradicating from the patient's mind the belief that he cannot move, he will move. Yet even in what is termed psychical paralysis, are we not brought indirectly to the hypothesis of Professor Ribot? For how could the mere idea of an inability to act prevent us from acting, unless some obscure part of the physical machinery were out of order?

CONTRARY CONDITIONS AND CAUSES.

Let us now consider cases where the will is attacked through an excess of impulsion. The most interesting phase of this morbid condition is characterized as *Irresistible impulse.* Here the sufferer is perfectly conscious of his situation, but feels that he is no longer able to overcome a certain interior force which impels him to do something which he does not wish to do. The simplest and most innocent form of this malady of the will is that of fixed ideas with obsession—but of fixed ideas belonging purely to the higher intellectual region of the mind and not connected with the lower instincts. Thus a person after

winding up his watch in the evening, although he knows perfectly well that he has wound it, does not feel at ease and cannot sleep until he has tried to wind it up a second time. Another person, as he walks along a road, cannot help touching or counting every post in a fence; he knows how absurd it is to do this, yet do it he must. The great Doctor Samuel Johnson suffered in this way. Another form of irresistible impulse, and one much more serious, is where a person feels himself impelled to commit a wicked act—to steal or to take his own or somebody else's life.

THE HOMICIDAL IMPULSE.

Dr. Calmeil relates the following case:* "Glénadel, having lost his father in childhood, was brought up by his mother, who worshipped him. At sixteen his character, until then good and submissive, changed—he grew sombre and taciturn. Pressed with questions by his mother, he resolved to confess his trouble. 'I owe to you,' he said, 'everything; I love you with my whole soul; nevertheless, for some days past, one idea pursues me and bids me to kill you. Take measures lest, overpowered in the end, such a terrible crime be committed—give me leave to enlist as a soldier!' In spite of earnest solicitations, he was unshaken in his resolution; he departed and became a good soldier. But a secret impulse incessantly urged him to desert and return home and kill his mother. When his term of enlistment expired, the idea was as strong as on the first day. He enlisted a second time. The homicidal instinct persisted, but now another victim was substituted for the first one; he no longer felt impelled to kill his mother; the frightful impulse night and day bade him kill his sister-in-law. In order not to give way to this second obsession, he condemned himself to perpetual exile. After a while a compatriot joined his regiment. Glénadel confided to him his trouble. 'Be reassured,' said his friend, 'the crime is an impossibility; your sister-in-law has just died.' At these words Glénadel sprang to his feet like a captive who has regained his freedom; he was filled with joy, and he set out for his home, which he had not seen since his boyhood. When he arrived he beheld his sister-in-law alive and well! He uttered a cry—the horrible impulse had come over him anew. This night he forced his brother to tie him. 'Take a strong rope,' he said, 'and tie me in the barn as if I were a

* *Traité des maladies inflammatoires du cerveau.*

wolf, etc.' The unhappy man ended by placing himself, of his own free will, in life-long confinement."

It is interesting to note what a very trifling obstacle may sometimes drive away the morbid impulse. Professor Ribot tells of a chemist who felt impelled to commit homicide, but who successfully resisted the impulse by causing his thumbs to be tied with a ribbon, Another person, an intelligent lady and most loving daughter, suffered from an irresistible impulse to beat her parents. Whenever it came upon her she would cry aloud for some one to come and prevent her; then the moment she was seized and pushed back into an arm-chair, the morbid impulse left her. Let us here observe that it is the generally received opinion, among those who have made a special study of the brain, that kleptomania, erotomania, dipsomania, homicidal and suicidal monomania, are distinct manifestations of one and the same malady. And it is curious to find one form of the disease suddenly changed into another form. Thus suicidal monomania may become homicidal, and *vice versa.*

Dr. Morel, in *Maladies mentales,* tells of a person whose morbid impulse would regularly vary from dipsomania to erotomania, then back to dipsomania, and from this to suicidal monomania. But the physical and mental constitution of the individual—that which has come to him through heredity—will as a rule determine which form of irresistible impulse will in the end obtain the mastery. We may add that alcohol has a peculiarly disintegrating influence over the will; it slowly, surely paralyzes it, while our other faculties may be left seemingly intact; and in many cases a dipsomaniac is more helpless and hopeless than a patient who suffers from another form of irresistible impulse.

THE CAUSES OF WILL DISEASE.

It may be asked how we are to explain these diseases of the will? Well a great deal has been written on the subject, but it is still far from being understood. In every human being there is an almost insensible transition from the healthy to the morbid state. The most rational person, if he studies himself closely, will find his brain traversed by strange and wild ideas; these impulses last only a few seconds and then flit away. Here the wholesome forces of the brain crush them without even a moment's struggle. But when the body has become depressed in tone by illness, or through excesses, then these unpleasant, and it may be dangerous, thoughts grow stronger be-

cause the resisting power is weakened. Keep strong and healthy, and we shall be almost always master of ourselves; morbid impulses are invariably a sign of weakness. When we are in good health the different elements which go to make up the character of the Ego act in harmony and converge towards the same end; and it is in this harmonious action that the will manifests itself in a normal manner. But this consensus of action has come about little by little with experience and education. The machinery of the will may be viewed as an edifice constructed piece by piece, and every piece put in its proper place has cost the growing individual an effort. A few simple movements in the physiological order combined with some simple associations in the psychological order, are the materials which go to make up this wonderful structure; and these initial, simple adaptations, by the help of which more complex ones are brought about, are gifts from Almighty God.

SAFEGUARDS WHICH ARE POSSIBLE.

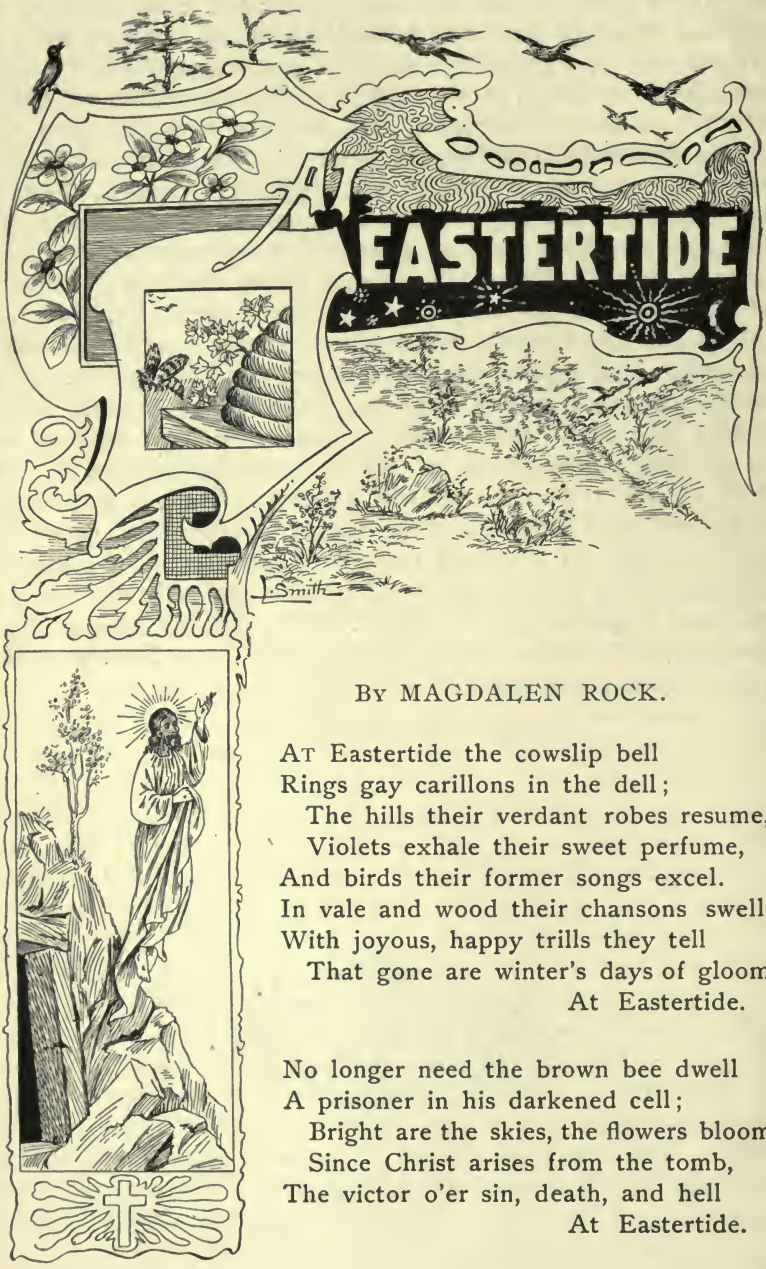
The will may be overthrown without any fault of our own, through ancestral errors or an accidental illness. But in many cases it is in our power by living good lives to keep ourselves safe from the danger of a dissolution of the will. In concluding, let us speak briefly of another singular condition of the will, which is quite as interesting as those we have mentioned. In it a peculiar mental activity persists, while the will itself is nearly, if not altogether, in abeyance. We meet with this peculiar condition in artificial somnambulism, and in that other state called *nirvâna*, into which the priests of Buddha are able to plunge themselves. During *nirvâna*, while the will is apparently at zero, the other faculties of the brain are morbidly active. The Buddhist priest will have his eyes wide open, his physiognomy will be full of expression; yet his eyes are blind to what is going on around him, nor will his ears hear what is said to him. His general sensibility is perfectly numb. You may thrust needles into his flesh, you may even apply fire to it; it is impossible to give him pain. His whole consciousness is focussed on one brain-picture, and only in the contemplation of this ravishing vision does he exist for the time being. Here we have a maximum of consciousness with a minimum of movement: the very opposite of epilepsy.

MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.

In artificial somnambulism the will is almost as much at zero

as in the case of the Buddhist priest; but now, strange to relate, another person's will takes the place of our own will: it is even said by high authorities that you may command a person who is in the hypnotic sleep to perform a certain act a day or even a week afterwards. On awaking from the sleep the person remembers nothing of what he has been told to do; yet at the time designated he will obey the command, the person declaring that he can give no reason for doing what he does; only that he feels an irresistible impulse to do it. The state of the will during hypnosis has given rise to a great deal of discussion. The Paris school, at whose head is Dr. Charcot,* rejects the idea that the will is wholly unable to resist an order which has been given. Dr. Charcot maintains that resistance is possible, feeble it is true when the order relates to some future trifling act; but if the person hypnotized be told to perform an act the consequences of which might be serious, he will show signs that he does not wish to obey. Thus, he may refuse to be awakened from the sleep until the repugnant order has been revoked. It may be a question whether artificial somnambulism and the *nirvâna* of the Buddhists properly come under the head of pathology of the will. It is certain, however, that these abnormal states furnish good matter for reflection to the physiological psychologist.

* This eminent man has lately died.



By MAGDALEN ROCK.

At Eastertide the cowslip bell
Rings gay carillons in the dell;
The hills their verdant robes resume,
Violets exhale their sweet perfume,
And birds their former songs excel.
In vale and wood their chansons swell,
With joyous, happy trills they tell
That gone are winter's days of gloom
At Eastertide.

No longer need the brown bee dwell
A prisoner in his darkened cell;
Bright are the skies, the flowers bloom
Since Christ arises from the tomb,
The victor o'er sin, death, and hell
At Eastertide.

THROUGH BLOODIEST WARFARE HE STOOD FOR PEACE.

GARACONTIE.

"THE GREATEST IROQUOIS OF HIS EPOCH."

A.D. 1600–1675.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

IT is a question if we may ever know what the American Indian was really like when first discovered by the European, who was as unprepared to understand and correctly report him as was the aborigines to be understood and correctly reported. As the acquaintance advanced through misunderstanding and misrepresentation, the contemporaneous records cannot help but be misleading.

A careful study of a typical Iroquois of that important epoch in our country's history—of an acknowledged leader like

Garacontie, of the Onondaga-Iroquois, helps us to a better understanding of the true North American Indian before he had been influenced by civilization; or rather, the lack of it in his discoverers. That study must be made largely through what was written of him by the Jesuit fathers in their *Relations*, and in the diplomatic and other correspondence of the French-Canadian *régime*, together with that of the English and Dutch colonies. As far as I can learn a biographical monograph of Garacontie has never been written, important as were his associations with his times, and interesting as is every mention made of him by Parkman, Bancroft, Winsor, and other historians of New France. It is the aim of this paper, by drawing upon the disconnected allusions in the *Relations* and upon every other available source, to give as fair a portraiture as possible of the peace-making Garacontie—one of the world's messiahs.

Garacontie of the Onondagas may be accepted as a type of the American Indian at his best three hundred years ago. The Frenchman called him the greatest Iroquois of his epoch, when the Iroquois were the Romans of the New World. His epoch was a notable one in the annals of our country.

To tell the story of Garacontie from the unsatisfactory glimpses we get of him in the early records, is very like photographing a face in sections, and that in varying lights. To separate the true from the false in the tangled web of his history is no easy task.

A SORT OF IROQUOIS MESSIAH.

We first hear of Garacontie in the year 1660, when, as the Jesuit fathers tell us, he was *raised up* as a messiah for his people, and a protector, or "saviour," of the French when they were taken prisoners by the Iroquois. His great mission, after his conversion to the teachings of the fathers, was mediator between pale-face and copper-skin. We hear nothing of him before that conversion, which may be taken in proof that he hated the Frenchman. As a boy, on the hunting-grounds of the Onondagas, he must have heard old warriors tell of their first sight of the pale-faces (1609), when the Chieftain Champlain stood in the ranks of their bitter foe, the Algonquins—looking like an evil spirit leading their enemy to battle against them—sending those strange fire-arrows into their frightened ranks, killing two of their braves. That was the first sight the Iroquois had of the Frenchman—their first knowledge of gun-

powder. It is fifty years after Champlain that we first meet Garacontie in any record. Until that year he was a savage and a pagan; scorning to listen to the *black-gowns*—as the Jesuit missionaries were called—those spies and emissaries, as he believed, sent by the hated French to work only evil in the Iroquois cantons. The faith of the *black-gowns* was, no doubt, to him a faith then fit only for slaves. The slaves of the Iroquois, the wretched Hurons, had become its converts in Canada, and they were found pleading of their captors that a *black-gown* should be permitted to live among them, and to build a chapel and set up an altar. The French, only for sachems like Garacontie, would have sent the fathers to the Hurons long before they did. When they did send them Garacontie was of those, no doubt, who gave them a crown of martyrdom. He must have seen the torture of Jogues. He had witnessed the torture of several missionaries, we must believe; had delighted in seeing them run their "gauntlet to Paradise," and had hurled his tomahawk with zest.

FRENCH MISSIONS TO THE IROQUOIS.

Between 1653 and 1658 Fathers Le Moyne, Chaumonot, and Dablon made their memorable sojourns in the Onondaga cantons. They describe in their *Relations* what must have been veritable Pentecosts in their missions—a greater and a little Pentecost—when a mighty tide of savage emotionalism followed their teaching, and crowds pressed forward for baptism—mighty warriors following the mothers who held up their children to kiss the crucifix. Great was the joy of the enslaved Hurons, who had brought such wonderful things to pass by bringing the black-gowns to console them in their captivity, and save the souls of their captors as well. But Garacontie had not been among the converts. He had stood apart unmoved. A chapel had been built by the zealous warriors on the shore of Lake Onondaga—the first Catholic chapel in what is now the State of New York. A choir of Indian girls had sung at the opening service. France rejoiced to hear that the cross had at last been planted among the fierce Iroquois by her devoted missionaries. The warrior converts were ascribing their victory in battle to the favor of their newly-adopted god. All this was most unpalatable to Garacontie. The new faith was fit only for slaves and women; it would abolish the torture of captives; it would make the beaver-hunter the slave of the great king across the big water. He wanted none of it—not he.

A RUSE DE GUERRE.

The events that followed the Pentecosts fill many pages of our history: jealousy among the Five Nations; internal irritation; suspicion between Frenchman and Iroquois; Canadian settlements in constant terror, the skulking Iroquois hiding in the grass at their very thresholds—there they stood "glowering at each other," pale-face and copper-skin—a strange sequence of the Pentecosts. Between them, like a helpless victim, betrayed by both factions, cowered the feeble mission of St. Mary's on the lake of the Onondagas—Ganentaa, that had had such a promising outlook in its beginning, such a high tide of enthusiasm at the first. But with the reaction its sorrows began. The French colonists and the missionary fathers at Ganentaa were held as captives. Fearful rumors came from far-away Quebec, where lay their succor if succor might be had. The sachems of the Onondagas had heard from Quebec, and believed what meant the destruction of St. Mary's and every pale-face in the canton. The captives were condemned to the stake, and Garacontie, who had never made the least pretence of friendship for the prisoners—he was *not* of the converts—must have been of those who approved of the burning. The piles of wood had been gathered—the morrow would see the end of "missionizing" savages—when a Frenchman, who had been adopted as a son of the Onondagas, was moved to save his countrymen if possible. They had concealed in their mission-house some time before, with wise forethought, several canoes. How to launch them unseen and propel them on a frozen lake was a serious question, which the adopted son of the Onondagas helped them to answer.

He made a feast, and must have bidden Garacontie with the rest—a feast at which the guests must eat and drink everything provided. The stores of the captives had been given to this feast, almost everything they had, particularly in the line of fire-water. There was no lack of drums and trumpets besides. What with the fire-water and the uproar attending the dance the Indians did not hear the launching of the canoes, and long and heavy was their sleep after the banquet. Late in the afternoon the sachems called for the captives. The silence at the mission-house puzzled them. The doors were broken open. Not a white-face to be found, and at once it was promulgated and accepted as a truth that the captives had simply become

invisible and had flown away, or walked on the water—how else had they escaped? "Canoes they had none."

Their flight was indeed a perilous one, begun as it was in

HE HAD SAVED MANY PRISONERS FROM TORTURE AND DEATH.

the dreary day-dawn of a March morning, the lake full of floating ice; but so desperately did they paddle that they reached Montreal in fifteen days.

LIGHT TO THE SAVAGE.

Surely Garacontie could not have been seeking for popularity, among his own people at least, when not long after this episode—when not a missionary remained in the Iroquois cantons, and anything like friendship for the Frenchman was most detestable to the savage—he rose up in the council—he, the prince of orators—the foremost sachem of the league, and declared that he was a convert to the teachings of the *black-gowns;* and that it was his sincere belief that the welfare of the Five Nations depended upon their peaceful relations with the French. He had long been pondering what the fathers taught. While so many of his people had been loud in their profession of sudden conversion he had been silently considering hard problems. The light had come at last. "*I see!*" said the convert so often and so emphatically his people gave him the name of *the one who sees.* At once he began to work according to his light—to assume the duties of his new profession as they were revealed to him. All this, we must remember, was not when he had a sympathizing constituency, for many of the converts were almost backsliders. The Iroquois were then inundating the Canadian frontier with the blood of defenceless settlers, and Quebec was actually in a state of blockade because of the blood-thirsty Iroquois.

Remember that Garacontie had been a savage warrior; and here he is, when all his brother braves are fierce for a war of extermination, pleading for peace—interceding for the release of captives; saving them at great personal cost from torture worse than death. He makes long and perilous journeys for Englishmen and Dutchmen, as well as French. He pays for their release; he shelters them in his cabin at Onondaga until he can escort them to a place of greater safety. He fits up his cabin as a chapel; he places a crucifix above the rude altar—a crucifix he had secured with much difficulty, having taken it from a war-party of Mohawks who had carried it away from a frontier settlement they had pillaged.

The bell of his chapel he would never permit to be rung, the fathers tell us, save for the daily services, and the gravest public occasions. That bell must have been carried to the lake of the Onondagas by Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon, and Garacontie had heard it ring during the Pentecosts. It is believed that fragments of this bell were found by De Witt Clinton when he visited the sites of the old French missions in

1815, and which he presented to the New York Historical Society.

THE SITE OF THE FRENCH MISSION.

The late Dr. Hawley, of Auburn, who did such valuable work for the Cayuga County Historical Society, locates for us the Mission of St. Mary's, or Ganentaa, where Garacontie lived. In his chapters of Cayuga history, 1656–1684, p. 33, we learn that it was "about midway between the two extremities of the lake on the north-east side, about twelve miles from the main village of the Onondagas, who then lived about two miles south of the present village of Manlius, in the town of Pompey."

A PEACEFUL EMBASSY.

Garacontie having built his chapel and revived the daily services as best he could, in the face of much derision, finally succeeded, with the aid of a Cayuga sachem converted from paganism through his influence, in having an embassy from the Onondagas sent to Montreal to plead for peace and to arrange for a settlement of difficulties. The embassy was to bring the *black-gowns* back again if possible. Four French captives were sent with this embassy, Garacontie remaining at St. Mary's simply because he dared not leave his mission, fearing a countermovement that would undo all he had gained.

Dr. Shea, in his *Catholic Missions*, gives in detail the story of the arrival of this embassy at Montreal, July, 1660. The city was then beleaguered, its inhabitants believing themselves to be in constant peril from the skulking Iroquois. The approach of a canoe bearing a white flag caused the greatest excitement. "Men crowded in anxiety to the wall. The canoe came silently on, . . . the warriors stepped ashore as calmly as friendly guests, and, followed by the four captive Frenchmen, advanced into the town." Saonchiogwa, the *confrère* of Garacontie, led the procession, and as soon as an audience was given him by the amazed governor, broke first the chains of the captives, promising the release of every prisoner held by his nation, the Onondagas, if the Frenchman would but "return to his mat" at Ganentaa—"the mat" so sacredly preserved for him, for all that had happened to drench it with blood. A *black-gown* must go with him to his people, or there could be no peace. On the granting of that the life of twenty Frenchmen in captivity at Onondaga depended. He had brought with him a slip of paper on which each had written his name.

THE UNDAUNTED JESUITS.

Was it only another trap of the treacherous Iroquois? It looked like it; and that was the impression made upon the governor. But the Jesuit fathers were eager to go, and for the *fifth* time Father Le Moyne went forth, his life at fearful stake, for the salvation of the Iroquois—the liberation of his countrymen being counted secondary with him. The exciting peril of that journey is described in full in the *Relations*, and has been again portrayed by Parkman and other modern historians.

Garacontie met the embassy on its return, several miles from St. Mary's, and assumed the vigilant care of Father Le Moyne, whose every footstep was attended with danger. In a few months Garacontie had collected another company of French captives, whose saviour he had been from torture and death, and he escorts them to Montreal; and it was upon the occasion of this visit that he was baptized before a great multitude in the Cathedral of Quebec. He then made a declaration of his faith with such impressive eloquence that his hearers were moved as never before. And his words had their effect when repeated in old France, where news from the missions in Canada was awaited with intense interest. He had been convicted of the truths taught by the fathers, he said, long before he confessed them. He had learned to detest the degrading superstitions of his people—at heart he had been a Christian even when he held back from taking the step that meant so much to an Indian. The governor-general had stood as his godfather, and Mademoiselle de Boutervué, daughter of the intendant, was very proud to be the godmother of so distinguished a convert. Garacontie was given the name of Daniel, and his baptism was celebrated by much feasting and social gaiety. The heavy gloom hanging over the Canadian settlements seemed, for a moment, likely to be dispelled.

GARACONTIE'S EARNESTNESS.

The after-life of this semi-savage, Garacontie, is all in proof of the sincerity of his conversion. "He did mean some true thing," as Carlyle has said of another of the world heroes who accepted gospel other than that to which he had been born. "He was right earnest about it—he had the first characteristic of the hero: a deep, great, genuine sincerity." If his conversion had anything remarkable in it, it was as nothing compared with the steadfastness of his faith from the day of his baptism until his

death. *Malgré* that his "new brethren" often proved false to him, that the peace between Frenchmen and Iroquois was spasmodic and unstable at the best, that horrible atrocities were

"WHAT! WILL YOU NOT LET ME PRAY IN YOUR HOUSE OF GOD? YOU CANNOT BE CHRISTIANS; YOU DO NOT LOVE THE PRAYER."

continually being committed on both sides, Garacontie's loyalty to the French and his devotion to the work of the fathers never knew a shadow of turning. Through bloodiest warfare he stood

for peace. Through his mediation and influence the fiendish cruelties hitherto practised upon captives were greatly mitigated, if not wholly abolished.

We read in the *Relations* how in the year 1666 a French colony was sent to Garacontie's village, "for the purpose of teaching the Indians the arts and sciences, and to civilize and Christianize them." This colony, according to Clark in his *History of Onondaga County*, had an ending which throws much light upon those times. A party of Spaniards had arrived at Lake Onondaga in 1669, having come by way of the Mississippi, leaving their canoes at Olean Point. They were seeking silver. They had heard of "the lake with the shining white bottom." When the French who were settled there would not tell the Spaniards where silver could be found, for they could not, the Spaniards were hotly enraged, but finally the two parties compromised by going in search of silver together. The Onondagas, seeing them prowling around, became suspicious, and the end was the tomahawk put an end to both Frenchmen and Spaniards, and that was the outcome of Garacontie's second effort to establish another Christian colony at Lake Onondaga—the second founded in what is now Western New York.

We read in the *Relation of Father Carheil* of "the constancy of the chief Daniel Garacontie in holding fast the faith and in making everywhere a high and imposing profession of Christianity." After commenting upon the impressive address made by Garacontie at the time of his baptism, he adds: "He yet made another declaration in a more generous manner in New Holland, in presence of the Europeans who commanded in that country, and the chiefs of all the Iroquois nations. . . . With truly Christian courage he opposed the superstitious rites observed for the sick and dying—the vile dances, the faith in dreams—and everything that was contrary to his religion."

"Remember I am a Christian," he would say when urged by his people to do many things inconsistent with his profession.

The life of the mission was the loyalty of Garacontie. Without him it could not have survived as long as it did. His forbearance and self-control, under the most aggravating opposition, were marvellous in a semi-savage. The number of converts steadily increased. Whatever was the final result, paganism had received a blow and was declining. The old religious faith of the Iroquois was disappearing. Strange that Eleazer Williams, lay-reader, catechist, and school-master (Episcopal), could write from the Onondaga Mission in 1816 that he had looked

in vain for any fruits of the Father Jesuits' work among the Indians. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland confirms this statement.*

GARACONTIE'S CHARACTERISTICS.

Frequent mention is made of Garacontie in the official correspondence of the time. He is conspicuous in overtures and embassies from 1660 to 1675, the year of his death. He is associated in all public affairs, between his nation and the French, with Count de Frontenac and La Salle. He is the acknowledged spokesman for the Iroquois, and he always speaks for peace. Charlevoix and Hennepin give him notable mention. "He possessed a noble natural manner," says Charlevoix, "with great affability; a disposition of much sweetness, a superior genius, with much integrity and uprightness of character." He dwells upon his bravery as a warrior, his wisdom as a diplomat, and the confidence his people had in him. "His most common employment," says Charlevoix, "was to moderate the violent resolutions of the national council, and to cultivate peace with the French." He further states that Garacontie sought to release not only French prisoners of the Iroquois, but Englishmen as well. He has abundant recognition in the *Colonial Documents*, his name being spelled in a variety of ways. Dr. Shea, who made a most careful estimate of the character of the man, has said that he had the clearest head of any of the statesmen of the cantons. His leading characteristic was perhaps his religious fervor—his poetical nature—and a certain irrepressibility which, coupled with his discretion and caution, made him a most interesting character-study—a powerful personality. When the burghers of Albany threatened to punish converts like him if they did not conceal their beads and "popish trumpery" when they visited the Dutch settlements, he ignored their threats without antagonizing them. There is a story of how he once went into a "meeting-house" in Albany and knelt down reverently telling his beads. When ordered to stop such foolery or to leave the place, he replied with sweet simplicity: "What! will you not let me pray in your house of God? You cannot be Christians; you do not love the prayer."

We see him in his declining years trying hard to learn to read and write. He makes fair progress considering the opposition he meets from his scolding wife. He learns to speak French with considerable fluency; he strictly adopts the dress and customs of Europeans.

* Clark's *Onondaga*, vol. i. p. 239.

GARACONTIE AS A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

In the journal of Count de Frontenac's voyage to Lake Ontario, in 1673 (*Colonial Documents*, vol. ix.), Garacontie is spoken of as one of the oldest and most influential of the sachems in attendance upon that important council—as one who had al-

KATERI TEGAKWITHA, THE LILY OF THE MOHAWKS.

ways been the warmest friend of the French, and who was their mouthpiece with the Iroquois. In the speech made by Frontenac, July, 1673, official approval is given of the temperance movement which Garacontie was then doing all he could to promote among the Iroquois. The temperance question was the

pivotal one in politics just then. The sachems, said Frontenac, must be on the alert to keep their young men from getting drunk. There was nothing "so unbecoming in rational men of well regulated mind." Rather obscure, but better than ignoring the question would have been to Garacontie, no doubt. Drunkenness was the destructive vice of the poor Indian, then as now. This subject has full and most interesting treatment in Parkman's *Old Régime* under the head of "The Missions and the Brandy Question." It was the first planting of the temperance movement in the State of New York, and the name of Garacontie should have an honored place in the annals of the cause—its first apostle on this continent.

GARACONTIE'S DEATH.

The *Relation* of 1676 gives us the story of the death of Garacontie:

"For all he was getting to be an old man, with a marked tendency to pulmonary trouble, he would go to early morning Mass daily, and that in the coldest weather. The winter of 1675 was very severe in Middle New York, but Garacontie walked more than a mile in the keen, frosty air to attend the midnight Mass that Christmas, and never did he enjoy a service more. The result was a severe illness, from which he died not long after, aged about seventy-five. The sachems and chiefs of the Onondaga nation gathered around his dying bed to hear his last words. The burden of his earnest entreaty was that they should do all in their power to promote peace with the French, profess the Christian faith and live as Christians, and spare no effort or sacrifice in banishing intoxicating liquors from the cantons. He asked as a last favor that a lofty cross might be placed upon his grave, and that his people would remember, whenever they saw it, that Daniel Garacontie was a Christian.

What gloom would have fallen upon him could he have foreseen how different the future of the Onondaga missions would be from what he hoped. Twenty-five years after his death the Jesuit fathers had been banished from the realm of the Five Nations, and a new dispensation had the Christianization of the Iroquois in charge—a dispensation that had little or no toleration for the work of the fathers. The memory of Garacontie seems to have disappeared with the cross upon the grave—and every vestige of the rude chapel he had built at St. Mary's. We find little mention of him after 1675 in the early annals.

There is one in a letter from Father Lamberville, written from Onondaga ten years after the death of Garacontie, and addressed to Governor Dongan.

"If you will please to honor me with a line from your hand," writes the missionary, "you can have your letter given to one Garacontie. . . . Do him the charity to exhort him to be a good Christian, as he was whose name he bears, *and who was his brother.* Recommend him, I beseech you, not to get drunk any more. . . . One word from you will have a wonderful effect. . . ."

Only once again do we find an allusion to him in the records —in a report of Frontenac's, 1695–1696. Frontenac writes of "a considerable expedition against the Iroquois"—principally against the Onondagas. It was important that they should be "crushed" and at once. The severe winter then prevailing was favorable to the success of an expedition having their extermination in view, as the women and children would be found congregated in the villages—their defenders absent—hunting for food. There had been thirteen days of heavy snow-fall; seven feet of snow "lay through the entire forest—a circumstance never witnessed before in this country."

GARACONTIE'S DESCENDANTS.

In a desolate cabin the Canadian exterminating expedition found an Iroquois man, woman, and young lad. All that saved one of the helpless captives, the young lad, from being burned upon the spot, after cruel torture, was the fact that he could prove that he was a grandson of "the famous Garacontie," who, as the report makes clear, was a chief of the Onondagas, and faithfully attached to the French. The lad was sent to the Indians of the Saut for adoption, and that is the last we hear of Garacontie's descendants.

With the taking away of Garacontie there is a marked change to be seen in the relations between Frenchman and Iroquois. Negotiations for peace are fruitless—no one will hear them when offered. The Onondagas are declared by the French to be the most mutinous of the Five Nations. After Garacontie no one was *raised up* to be the peace-maker and the peace-keeper between pale-face and copper-skin. The smouldering antagonism between the two races raged almost unrestrained.

Our study of Garacontie cannot but be unsatisfactory, so fragmentary are the contributions of contemporaneous history;

and these so often written by partial historians, like the Jesuit fathers, whose staunch and steadfast protector he ever was. The true character of the man, nevertheless, comes out clearly in the *Relations*—it could not be concealed. His spiritual strength stands revealed—the clear perception this savage-born messiah had of eternal verities—the fundamental ideas of Christianity.

"He saw," his people said of him; in other words, his was the gift of seership—that intuitive vision which looks over and beyond the conflicting dogmas of rival propagandists, seeing only the truth divine. Garacontie could see what many of his teachers were too blind to discover; or seeing, failed to give the prominence needed—the significance of Christly peace. For the defence of that peace—the peace that was to transform the world—he made it the mission of his life to stand, and that when he must stand alone and at bitter cost. Savage-born that he was and savage-bred, he could ignore racial and tribal antagonisms in his loyalty to the new revelation. Humblest of this world's messiahs, perhaps—most obscure and forgotten—the fruits of his labor scattered to the winds, Garacontie of the Onondagas did not live in vain; and if his name is not on the calendar of Indian saints, it is not because he had not the virtues worthy of canonization.

Legislative Library Ontario.

TWO LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

By John J. O'Shea.

NOW-DROPS of Poverty, frigidly pure,
Whose virginal beauty seems scarce of earth,
Fearless from innocence, plodding secure
Through alley and by-way where crime hath its birth.

Reared amidst luxury, fondly caressed,
Darlings of fortune, with wealth for each whim,
Scorning all vanities, glad to find rest
Tending Christ's poor ones and seeking out Him.

Polemics unheeding, leaving to wits
All subtle intricacies hard to decide,
Content with the formula, "Loves Me who quits
The world and its pleasures to work by My side."

How fresh the young faces that smile from beneath
The neat coifs of white and the bonnets of black!
In hearts of such gladness there's never a sheath
For the sword of regret—no vain looking back.

Oh! to see them amid their loved waifs in their nest,
Stroking with gentle hands each throbbing brow,
Smoothing each pillow, and soothing each breast
Where furrows were channelled by Misery's plow.

Beggars for others' wants, last thought their own,
At Dives' tables they patiently wait,
Heeding no boorishness, mindful alone
Of the Christ-King who never had splendor or state.

O poverty! dread is thy bane; but there's yet
A pathway around thee by angels' feet trod,
When besprinkled with love from young hearts as a jet
From fountains that burst in the gardens of God.

Snow-drops of Charity! lowly and blest,
Well have ye pondered that sermon of old,
Preached by the Saviour on Olivet's crest!
Bright be your crowns in his mansions of gold!

GRAND CANAL, WITH THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.

A PRINCE OF PRINTERS.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

FARTHER apart than the miles of separation lie Venice and our new Republic. Farther apart even than the great distance of four centuries are the rush and whirl of the end of the nineteenth century and the closing of the fifteenth, the utilitarian age and the age of Leo X., the Renaissance.

Yet our thought bridges the separation of race, country, and period, to summon up the time and character of Manutius, Aldus, *il vecchio*, in this the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of the first issue from his Venetian press.

A true benefactor of mankind was this scholar and lover of books, this ideal printer. To him we owe the progenitors of our cheap editions, the form which has put books within the reach of all. But—honor to the man who loved them too well to degrade them!—his editions, while they were cheaper than the world had been offered before, were more beautiful.

The labor that Aldus gave to his work can hardly be estimated. The suffering of modern editors in reading and revising manuscripts is considerable, albeit lightened by type-writing and modern script; Aldus Manutius had to encounter the crabbed chirography of the middle ages, and from voluminous and often erroneous manuscripts draw the wisdom of the

ancients, which he gave to the world in the type which he invented, and enriched by the corrections of his vast erudition. For vast erudition was surely his, and such knowledge of Greek as few possessed.

In him were united the enthusiasm of savant and artist; the love of books for themselves, as well as for their benefit, and a love of humanity so great that he gave to the world his labor, learning, and their results. His precious manuscripts were freely accessible to other, less favored students, and in his great brain

Erasmus (*after Holbein*).

was no room for bitterness; jealousy or self-seeking could not move the man whose life had been consecrated to the learning that reached beyond the limit of individual or national existence.

Manutius was born in 1450 in a little town near Rome, and

grew up in the atmosphere of learning to which nature had so perfectly adapted him.

It was the golden age of literature in Italy, and the age of friendships which were as sympathetic as they were beneficial to mankind. The pages of the histories of the literature of the Renaissance are full of such couplings of immortal names

Ducal Palace and Campanile.

that one lays them down to dream of the long days when the grave, and how reverend seigniors! gowned, capped, and bearded as became their gravity, walked together beneath the tender sky of Italy, in a communion more perfect than often falls to the lot of mortals.

Aldus shared the good fortune of his period, which gave to the savants of the fifteenth century that "faithful friend" who is "the medicine of life." In Pico della Mirandola Aldus was blest. The Count of Mirandola was the friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, and forms, in his connection with his other friend and fellow-student, the link between the glorious life of Florence in the days of the Medici and the republic on the Adriatic which rivalled her.

Of Pico, Poliziano says that "nature seemed to have showered upon this man, or hero, all her gifts. He was tall, finely moulded; from his face a something of divinity shone forth.

Acute and gifted with prodigious memory, in his studies he was indefatigable, in his style perspicuous and eloquent. You could not say whether his talents or his moral qualities conferred on him the greater lustre."

With his patron and friend, Aldus remained at Mirandola for two years continuing his study of Greek literature. Pico then removed to Florence, but first secured for Aldus the post of tutor to his sister's sons, Alberto and Lionello, princes of Carpi.

To this happy connection we are personally debtors. Alberto Pio was but four years of age when he came under the guidance of Aldus. The student could not have asked better soil in which to sow, and the Prince of Carpi was grateful all his life for the guidance of his tutor.

Alberto Pio was born with the love of learning and books in his veins; perhaps because in them flowed the blood of his uncle, Pico Mirandola. Carpi was torn with contentions for its principality by rival branches of the Pii. Among them we find the young prince moving calm and indifferent, his mind filled with such schemes for furthering learning as left little room for such a small matter as his losing the government of Carpi. For together, Aldus, Pico Mirandola and his nephew, the young prince, had formed the ambitious plan of publishing a new and correct edition of the Greek and Latin authors, the execution of which was to be entrusted to Aldus. At this distance of time only the student can even faintly grasp the magnitude of this ambition, rendered more than difficult by the errors and illegibility of transcriptions.

Aldus chose Venice as the theatre of his undertaking, as affording him a refuge less disturbed by internal wars than other Italian states. The defraying of the expenses of this great establishment fell to the Prince Alberto of Carpi and Pico della Mirandola, and throughout its long career they continued generously to support it, in spite of the drain upon their purses of the troublous condition of Carpi.

It was a glorious day for Venice when Aldus Manutius set up his press in the Campo di San Agostino. Venice was then in the height of her prosperity; long mistress of the seas, she suddenly became the literary centre of Italy. Aldus's house was the rallying point of the learned men who served or visited the republic. He gathered what Symonds calls "an army of Greek scholars and compositors" around him, the language of his household was Greek, and in that language his prefaces

were written. Aldus at once began collecting manuscripts from all over the world, and none was too costly, no trouble too great, to prevent him acquiring the prize he sought. His efforts were seconded by students of all lands, and manuscripts flowed into the house on the Campo di San Agostino. There they were freely accessible to all who needed their help, and the Aldine

Loredano, Doge of Venice, 1501-1521 (*after Bellini*).

publishing house became a reference library for scholars less favored than its generous founder. To this corner of the world, and to the quiet square, came the best minds of the age; and even the unselfish Aldus complained quaintly of the interruptions which it cost him to have his house the rallying point of the learned world.

Sabellico, Venice's historian; Sanudo, the voluminous chronicler of her life and thought; Cardinal Bembo, were among the frequenters of the Campo di San Agostino. And from over seas came the Dutch Erasmus, who was at once received as one of Aldus's assistants.

For a time Erasmus labored under Aldus, and friendship existed between them. Later they separated with feelings that were quite the reverse of friendly, and Erasmus indignantly denied the honor he had previously claimed so eagerly of revising, under Aldus, any but his own works.

By this time the new ideas of Luther had been promulgated, to which Erasmus lent his countenance as cordially as Aldus condemned them. The Prince of Carpi, Aldus's former pupil, refuted the heresies of Erasmus in a learned treatise, and the controversy between them continued long. Of course Aldus, as a devout adherent of the church, and the friend and client of Alberto, sympathized wholly with the prince in the matter, and this alone would have accounted for the break in the former friendship between him and Erasmus; but before this time that perpetual caviler had accused the unselfish printer of meanness, while on the other hand the abstemious Italians had been revolted by the Dutch proclivity to over-eating and drinking which they considered a fault in Erasmus. However the connection came to an end, end it did; and Erasmus passed from Venice, leaving behind him one of the many interesting associations of the Aldine house.

It was in 1494—just four hundred years ago—that the first work issued from the new press. It was followed speedily by the famous edition of Aristotle, dedicated to Aldus's former pupil, the Prince Alberto Pio.

Aldus burned with two noble and allied ambitions: to make the best possible books, and to sell them at the lowest possible prices. To him we owe the invention of the 8vo form which now prevails, and which had been preceded only by folios. Let us, who sometimes take for companion through weary hours of pain and languor spent in bed some cherished volume, reflect on what life would be if we had only books the size of unabridged dictionaries to hold, and breathe a grateful *requiescat* for the soul of the Venetian publisher.

In order to bring his matter within the scope of such volumes Manutius invented the type which bears his name—the precursor of our italic. This, tradition says, was imitated from the handwriting of Petrarch; it was much more beautiful than

the present italic, though very hard on eyes that must read whole pages of its fine, script-like letters. This beautiful Aldine type was cut by Il Franchia, the painter; and Aldus himself describes it enthusiastically as "of the greatest beauty, such as was never done before."

Franchia was unrivalled in his goldsmith work, and it is proof of his lavish generosity to his art that Aldus employed this greatest of carvers to cut his type, which was used upon paper worthy of its beauty.

The famous motto of the Aldines was happily chosen:

Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari.

"*Festina lente*"—quickness and firmness in executing their great work. It was in illustration of this motto that the celebrated Aldine mark was struck: the dolphin, emblem of swiftness; the anchor, emblem of stability, and the word "Ald-Us" at the top, its syllables separated by the anchor.

The delicate mark has been imitated by printers ever since Aldus's day; by his contemporaries for gain, by recent publishers in honor of the noble Venetian house. Some of the volumes so marked by the elder Aldus exist to prove that the honest enthusiasm which made the book-lover vaunt the splendor of his editions was well founded. "What joy," exclaimed Aldus,

"it is to see these volumes of the ancients rescued from book-buriers, and given freely to the world!"

He said well, that they were given freely. The five volumes containing the whole of Aristotle sold for not more than eight pounds, English, and the single volumes of classics for one and two shillings.

O lovers of books! living in this age of pirated editions, shabby paper, blurred type, and dishonest bindings, do not your hearts go out to that man who four hundred years ago made such books at such prices, for love of learning and mankind?

In 1499 Aldus married the daughter of Andrea Torresano, of Asola. His father-in-law was a well-known printer of Venice, and this marriage united two important publishing firms; henceforth the name of Asolanus was associated with that of Aldus upon their title-pages.

Paulus Manutius, Aldus's son, and again Aldus junior, son of Paulus, and grandson of the great Aldus, continued the Aldine publications after the death of the founder of the house.

When he died, in 1515, Aldus left one page of his polyglot Bible, printed in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—the three languages in such beautiful type as to show what a noble work this, his cherished design, would have been. He was buried at Carpi, by his own request, in the Church of San Paterniano.

One more work of the elder Manutius remains to be mentioned. This is the New Academy, which he founded for the study of Greek literature, and which numbered among its members the learned men of the entire world, who were proud to be enrolled in its ranks. Its rules were written in Greek, its members were obliged to speak Greek.

What the private life of Aldus was—if such a man, living wholly for his work and race, may be said to have a private life—is shown by the love as well as honor in which he was held by his fellow-students, and the poets with whom he constantly associated, and who were probably as difficult a fraternity with whom to retain pleasant relations as their modern brethren.

Aldus gave generously money, labor, and even honor—the only guerdon, perhaps, that could have allured a mind so artistic as his. The glory of the work done in the New Academy and the publishing house he ascribed to his associates, claiming for himself only the measure accorded to all, though he well knew that to Aldus Manutius belonged the honor of organizing and continuing both. His labor was carried on under perpetual

strife with workmen, failing strength and sight, and under heavy expenses, which he never met by the increase of prices he could so easily have obtained.

Perhaps it is well to pause in the midst of a civilization farther removed from Aldus than the lapse of four hundred years has made it, to contemplate the self-forgetting old scholar of the Venetian republic, that while the conditions of our life render such a career impossible, we may yet dimly see that

School of St. John the Evangelist.

there are rewards greater than the wealth for which we strive. For he died poor; he never sought to die in other condition. He was honored for his learning over the whole world; he could easily have made a fortune from his unrivalled reputation and his famous editions.

Never for one moment did he swerve from his original purpose, and surely we may write down Aldus Manutius as one who loved his fellow-men.

THE BROAD CHURCH POSITION UNTENABLE.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

THE BROAD CHURCH POSITION DEFINED.

"BROAD Church" is a term which has lately taken the place of the old term "Latitudinarian" among Anglicans, as descriptive of a view and a party, in opposition to "High Church" and "Low Church." The High Church view regards the Christian Church as visible and organized in an equal confederated episcopal hierarchy without any supreme visible head. The Low Church view looks on the church as an invisible society bound in a purely spiritual communion. Both reject the authority of the Roman Church, and their advocates, with various degrees of animosity, have waged war against her doctrines and polity, even to the extent of denouncing the Catholicism which is central in the Supreme See of Rome as no better than a "baptized Paganism." The Broad Church view disregards the limits within which the Catholic, and the several orthodox Protestant definitions circumscribe the true Church of Christ, and true Christianity. In discussing their position, I do not concern myself with the attitude which they take toward other parties in the Protestant Episcopal Church or other Protestant denominations. It is only the place which they assign to the Catholic Church and its supreme Roman See in their general and broad view of Historical Christianity, which I take note of. I do not confine my attention to the particular party in the English Establishment called "Broad Church." I borrow this designation as a convenient term to describe a certain view taken by many distinguished men in Europe and America, for a considerable time past, which is more favorable and amicable toward Catholicism and the Roman Church, than the old traditional view which came down from the *soi-disant* Reformers and has been prevalent among Protestants.

THE TRADITIONAL PROTESTANT POSITION.

The Traditional Protestant Position is one of determined, irreconcilable hostility to Catholicism, and especially to the Roman Church as its centre; regarded as a counterfeit of genuine Christianity. In the general ignorance of history which prevailed

during the dark age of the Reformation, the apostles of the new religion were able to impose on their credulous disciples the false pretence that they had restored the original, primitive Christianity, as it subsisted before the time of Constantine, and during some indefinite period between his epoch and that of Charlemagne. The grand and universal Historical Christianity of the eight hundred or thousand years preceding the sixteenth century, they represented as an apostasy, a reign of Antichrist, and the entire ecclesiastical structure of Catholic doctrine and polity, culminating in the spiritual supremacy of Rome, as a mystery of iniquity, the masterpiece of the arch-enemy of God and of mankind.

This Protestant Tradition has been continued, and the warfare against Catholicism, especially against the Papal Supremacy, has been relentlessly waged, down to the present time. Nevertheless, animosity has been growing less and polemics have been assuming a more moderate tone, as the present century has elapsed. History has been studied in a remarkably thorough manner, and with a considerable degree of impartiality and dispassionate candor. Light has been thrown upon many obscure periods, prejudices and delusions have been scattered, falsifications and perversions in the historical domain rendered impossible or difficult of reiteration. The mist which hung over and shrouded the first five or six centuries of Christianity having been to a great extent dispelled, it is no longer possible to represent that early period as in contrast and opposition to the dominant Catholicism of the ten succeeding centuries. The continuity of Historical Christianity, in the apostolic, the post-apostolic, the patristic, and the mediæval periods has been demonstrated. The fabulous myth of the Dark Ages has been exploded. The masks and stage-costumes of the actors in the Reformation have been stripped off. The ecclesiastical and dogmatic authority of Protestant sects has been steadily diminishing. In consequence of these and other causes; of secular changes, and of a general movement of evolution and progress, it has become necessary to change the plan of campaign and to take up a new position, the one which I call the Broad Church Position.

THE BROAD CHURCH POSITION MORE FULLY DESCRIBED.

The necessity has arisen of finding some middle ground between the Catholic affirmation of the divine and apostolic origin of the hierarchy centred in the papacy, and its consequent

infallibility in dogmatic and moral teaching, and the contrary declaration of the authors of the old Protestant tradition that the whole system is a colossal fraud, invented by Satan. Believers in Christianity as a supernatural, revealed religion, must endeavor to find some place for their own particular form of doctrine and ecclesiastical polity in that Historical Christianity which traces its origin to the apostles. When the illusions of the first age of Protestantism passed away, it was impossible for learned, intelligent, and large-minded men to confine their Christian sympathies within the limits of any particular sect. They were obliged to take broader views, and to adopt some kind of theory concerning the historical and general development of Christianity which will allow them to extend their sentiment of fellowship in a wide sense. The adherents of the High Church party are driven by this Catholic instinct to look back to the time when the East and the West were united in one Catholic communion, and to regard the Protestant-Episcopal Church, not as the one true church of Christ, but as one branch only, the Roman and Greek churches being also recognized as branches. Among the other divisions of Protestants, those who have adopted broad views have extended the limits of Christian and ecclesiastical fellowship more widely, so as to include within its circumference all sects holding what they consider to be the essentials of Christianity. The limits are not fixed and certain, but are broader or narrower, in proportion to the more orthodox or latitudinarian standard by which the essentials are distinguished from the accidentals of the Christian religion. For the extreme latitudinarian and rationalist there are no essentials, unless Monotheism be regarded as essential to religion and philosophy; and beyond even this latitude stretches the ever-widening circumference of toleration to pantheism, atheism, agnosticism, pessimism, and nihilism.

One who takes his standing and viewing point on the outside of Christianity, if he has not sunk so low in pessimism and nihilism as to deny or doubt all real being, truth and goodness, may take some just and impartial views of Catholic Christianity as an historical phenomenon, just as he may of Brahmanism or Mohammedanism. Those rationalists who may be called, in some general sense, Christians, may do the same, and often have done so. The works of writers of this class, who are more or less latitudinarian and rationalistic, or who at least do not make open profession of any kind of Protestant Orthodoxy, have had an important influence in breaking down anti-Catholic

traditions and prejudices. There are others, however, English, French, and German, professedly orthodox or evangelical, who have written in the same sense and spirit. These are they whose position can be properly designated as "Broad *Church*." It is only with their broad view of the Catholic and Roman Church that I am concerned.

CONCESSIONS OF MODERN PROTESTANT SCHOLARS.

The class of writers referred to, with their disciples, on the one hand reject the divine authority of the Catholic Church, and on the other, they renounce the old Protestant tradition of a fraudulent imposture, substituting a new, false, and anti-Christian superstition in place of the genuine Christianity of the first five or six centuries.

They are forced to acknowledge that Historical Christianity, since the second century, is Catholicism. Therefore, that they may not isolate themselves from all Christendom, except their own recent and narrow sects, they are obliged to claim sympathy and fellowship with all the great men and great works of Catholic Christendom. They eulogize the Fathers and Doctors, Missionaries, Saints, and Heroes, who have adorned the Christian annals; St. Augustine and St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, St. Charles, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Cardinal Newman, and many others, from the third century to the nineteenth, receive a tribute of high and heartfelt admiration almost equal to that which is paid by Catholics.

It is true that a discrimination is generally made between the general body of the Catholic Church and the papacy. An amicable disposition toward the former is accompanied by hostile sentiments toward the latter. And yet, historical fairness has forced many eminent writers to pay the same homage to popes, to Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, and of late even to Gregory VII., the famous Hildebrand, which has been offered to other great doctors and prelates. Not only has the Catholic Church and her hierarchy been acknowledged as the Christianizing and civilizing power, from Constantine to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to the age of Leo X.; but the paramount influence, even the moral necessity of the supreme authority of the Roman Church has been confessed in the most explicit terms, and that by Protestant writers of the highest character.

MODE OF RECONCILING THE BROAD VIEW WITH PROTESTANT ORTHODOXY.

It is plain that some attempt must be made by the men of this new historical school to reconcile their broad views with their Protestant principles. Those who profess some one of the forms of Protestant orthodoxy have a task of extreme difficulty on their hands. Leaving aside the highest Anglicans and the Eastern schismatics, whose controversy with Rome is in a quite distinct category, those Protestants who are called orthodox, holding low-church and the so-styled "evangelical" opinions, are bound by their Protestant principles to deny the apostolical and divine authority of the Catholic hierarchy, and of the entire system of faith and polity which rests on this authority as its basis. They are forced to regard the whole edifice of Catholicism as a human superstructure, gradually built up, upon and around the foundation laid by the apostles. The position which they have taken as Broad Churchmen requires them to admit that Historical Christianity, which is nothing else than Catholicism, was not an essential, but only an accidental modification of the original and apostolic form of Christianity. Moreover, that there was no fraudulent imposition of usurped authority by the episcopal and papal hierarchy by which a polity and a system of doctrines of human origin was superadded to the faith which the apostles preached, and the ecclesiastical order which they founded. Consequently the essential and divine elements of Christianity must be reduced to a small compass, and can only include what is common to the apostolic, early, mediæval, and modern forms of Christianity which are recognized as substantially orthodox.

THESE TWO OPPOSITE TERMS IRRECONCILABLE.

This effort to reconcile Protestant orthodoxy with a broad and liberal view of Historical Christianity is a total failure, and the Broad Church position is untenable on genuine Protestant principles. The Protestant revolt against Catholic authority has no reason of being or justification, except on the plea that the Catholicism of which the Roman Church is the centre, and consequently all Historical Christianity is an apostasy, whose incipient, retrograde movement dates from the second century.

It is absurd to imagine that learned and holy men, the great Saints and Doctors of the first six and the subsequent ten centuries, were the authors of a change, which was certainly not in

accidentals merely, but in essentials, in good faith, with sincere intentions, and utterly unaware of the evil work they were doing.

It must be remembered that all the power of Catholic authority and of the dogmas proclaimed by it, from the beginning, came from the universal belief of teachers and taught in their divine origin and sanction.

Such a delusion is incompatible with the tenet of evangelical Protestants that the Bible is the only and sufficient Rule of Faith, complete in itself, and clear for all those who are enlightened by the Holy Spirit. If the apostles delivered this sacred book to the pastors and people of the second century as their only and perfect rule, it was impossible that this holy generation of martyrs and fervent Christians should have misunderstood and perverted its doctrines. The great Fathers and Doctors of the subsequent ages, who were learned and devout students of the Holy Scriptures, could not have mistaken their meaning.

The whole idea of Christianity as a supernatural and revealed religion, which, in its final and universal form, was proclaimed to the world by Jesus Christ, in his own person, and through his apostles, is subverted and set aside, if Historical Christianity is represented as substantially, in respect to its dogma and organic polity, a human institution. If it were so, then apostolic Christianity was merely human, and the great Founder and Master was himself merely a human teacher, and the only logical, consistent theory is that of the extreme rationalists, who deny all supernatural revelation and place Christianity on a level with Mohammedanism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and the philosophies of heathen sages.

The broad theory is in principle, and fundamentally, rationalistic and humanitarian. Those who have adopted it, while striving to remain orthodox and evangelical, stand on a slippery inclined plane, down which they must inevitably slide to the lower ground of Harnack, and the still lower position of the Rev. Lloyd Jones, there to join in what he calls a "chorus of Faith," which is really the discordant braying of a dozen brass bands, each playing a different tune.

CATHOLIC TENDENCIES OF THE BROAD SCHOOL.

The old ground of Protestant polemics against Catholicism has been abandoned by reason of a mighty ground-swell of reaction from sectarian bigotry toward Catholic unity.

The pretended Reformation has manifestly proved a failure, and its leaders, Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox, together with Henry, Elizabeth, and the other tyrants who were their copartners in bringing on that disastrous catastrophe, have been shown up by impartial history in their true light. The miseries and evil consequences of division, dissension, unsettledness in religious and moral principles, have become manifest, to the great distress especially of all who desire to know what is true, to do what is right, and to promote the welfare of their fellow-men. A very large number of the multitude who were drawn away from the church by the authors of schisms and heresies, have fallen into the snare through indifference and heedlessness. Many others were driven out of the church by force against their will by the oppression of tyrants and persecution. The following generations, born and brought up in separation, without any fault of their own, have passively acquiesced in the teaching of whatever sect they have happened to belong to, in ignorance, for the greater number morally invincible, of the true nature and real doctrine of the Catholic Church. Through the merciful providence of God, the principal Protestant sects have preserved so much of the Catholic tradition, that the sincere, conscientious, and virtuous portion of their members may be regarded as essentially good Christians, inwardly united by faith, hope, and charity to the communion of the church, and only accidentally separated from her external and visible communion.

There is a latent Catholic instinct in their hearts drawing them unconsciously back to the church of their forefathers. When the mists of ignorance and prejudice begin to be dispelled, and they catch some glimpses of the Catholic Church in her true glory and beauty, the latent drawing towards unity in faith, worship, and communion with all fellow-Christians makes itself consciously felt. Our friends of the broad views have done a great service to the cause of Catholic unity, and have prepared the way for the return of the scattered flocks to the true fold from which they have been so long wandering. Nevertheless, although their influence is powerful to bring the more intelligent and candid minds of the general Protestant world half-way to the Catholic Church, it is equally powerful to retard their further progress. The Broad Church view proposes a kind of Pseudo-Catholicism which promises to satisfy the aspirations of Christian minds and hearts for Catholic unity, without disturbing their rest in the particular sect to which

they are attached by the ties of birth, education, and custom. The High-Church movement in England has had the effect of keeping the majority of those Protestant Episcopalians who are more or less imbued with Catholic principles and doctrines from returning to the church which their ancestors abandoned. The plausible formula of "a Catholicity more Catholic and an antiquity more ancient" has quieted their misgivings for a time, and lulled their souls into a slumber, in which they dream that they make a part of one great church which includes the three great hierarchies, Roman, Greek, and Anglican, accidentally estranged, but destined to become reconciled in the future. So they say, that they need not go to Rome in order to become Catholic. They may remain where they are, and use all possible efforts to purge their church from Protestantism, to bring it into a closer affinity with the Greek and Roman churches.

The Broad Churchman, extending still more widely the bounds of his ideal Catholicism, lets in all those Protestant bodies which are orthodox enough to satisfy him, and proclaims a universal Christianity embracing in one fellowship at least all who make the divinity of Christ the corner-stone of their creed.

This is a very popular view, and has a plausible sound and seeming to a great multitude of those who have deep and strong Christian sentiments and sympathies. But it is all sound and seeming, it is most unreal, and proposes no remedy for the dreadful evil of schism and division in what, by euphemism, we may call Christendom. This evil is felt and acknowledged, and there is a loud cry for Christian and Catholic unity.

It is impossible to create unity, even among the Protestant sects, on such principles. But, even if it were possible and actually accomplished, what would such a union be worth, so long as the Greek and Roman churches remained aloof from it? It is idle to imagine that the Greek Church will abandon its principles, doctrines, and traditions, to fraternize with Protestantism. The Roman Church, although ready to make generous concessions in matters of discipline which are not essential, will never yield an iota of Catholic principle, doctrine, and essential polity to Eastern or Western schism and heresy. Rome will listen to no proposal of compromise. The two contrary principles of authority and private judgment cannot be combined into one synthetical judgment. The Catholic position is that the Roman Church possesses this supreme and infallible

authority *jure divino*. The Broad Church position is, that the entire structure of dogma and polity built on this foundation is of human origin. There is no position midway between these two opposite positions where both parties can meet and unite. No agreement is possible, unless one of the two parties abandons its position and comes over to the position of the other. Suppose, which is impossible, that all Catholics would surrender the papal supremacy, and all Orientals abandon the divine right of the hierarchy, and all High Church Anglicans the apostolic succession in an historical episcopate, consenting to mingle on equal terms with the crowd of Protestant sects, and to throw all dogmas, laws, and rites into a common stock, what order, unity, positive Christian religion could arise out of such a chaos? The notion that one universal Christian religion and church could be evolved by mutual agreement is chimerical. But suppose it could and did come into a real, concrete existence, what would it be worth? Historical Christianity having been abandoned, as a human creation, a thing of the past, and obsolete, the New Church of the Future can pretend to be no more than a new human creation. It can have no dogmatic, legislative, or governing authority, except from the public opinion and the voluntary consent of the whole multitude of its members. The idea of a divine religion and church, founded by Jesus Christ, totally disappears. Much more, does the claim of being the one and exclusive religion, the universal world-religion, vanish in presence of the other great and ancient religions which divide with it the spiritual empire of the terrestrial globe. Protestant orthodoxy melts away into the surrounding atmosphere of rationalism, in which every element of Christianity is vaporized and vanishes, together with every other form of positive religion. All appear as equally true, and equally false. No one of them can pretend to be a supernatural, divine, universal, world-religion. Neither can such a religion emerge from a synthesis and combination of all. Not even a Natural Religion of Monotheism, a Theistic philosophy can resist the dissolving force of the universal solvent. Even Pantheism disappears in the cold, dark spaces of agnosticism and universal scepticism, and the spiritual world is left in a condition similar to that of the solar system with its sun extinguished.

Our orthodox friends assuredly reject and abhor such a conclusion as decidedly and vehemently as we do. They hold fast to the faith that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer and Lord of

the whole world, and that Christianity is a supernatural, divine, universal religion, claiming the belief and obedience of all mankind. But, in order to maintain this claim in a rational manner, it is necessary to sustain it by historical evidence, and to stand firmly by the first principle that the genuine Christianity is Historical Christianity, existing in continuity from the first to the second advent of Christ. Moreover, the divine, revealed religion, culminating in Christ, must be traced backward, in unbroken continuity, to the creation of man, through the Jewish pontiffs and prophets, Moses, Abraham, and the patriarchs. Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, and all pagans must be proved to have wandered away from the religion of their ancestors. Mohammedans, also, must be proved to have wandered away from the tradition of their acknowledged prophets, Moses, Abraham, and Jesus. The Jews, even, must be convinced of schism and rebellion, in rejecting the Lord who gave the Law to Moses, who was the heir of David's royalty, the promised Messiah of Israel. All that is true and good in every non-Christian religion is a remnant and a fragment of the ancient and universal tradition of the church of God, always one, holy, catholic; and which became apostolic, not by alteration, but by development into its perfect and final form, when the Apostle and High-Priest of our profession, Jesus, was sent by the Father into the world.

Therefore, Christianity calls on all men to come back to the true religion and church from which they have wandered.

The great obstacle to the appeal of Christians to their fellow-men who are detained in captivity to false religions is the appearance which Christianity presents to them of a confused crowd of divided and warring sects. A Brahmin of high cultivation and estimable character, who resided for some time in Boston, made the remark: "Protestantism is not a religion; the only religion in the West is Catholicism." Last summer, a Parsee gentleman replied to a Protestant minister, a fellow-passenger on a steamer bound for New York, who was trying to convert him, "You Christians should first settle among yourselves what the Christian religion is, before you try to convert us to it."

The Catholic Church, indeed, possesses the marks by which she is manifest to all who have a near and distinct view of her majestic outlines. She is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic. She looms up like a great iron-clad battle-ship amid a fleet of smaller vessels, shallops and smacks. She stands as a city set on a hill, surrounded by villages and camps scattered about in

the surrounding valleys. But, to those who are at a distance the view of her distinctive notes is obscured, and she appears as one among many sects. The appearance presented to the outlying world is that of a divided Christendom. The separation and alienation of a third or more of professing Christians from her communion is a loss and an injury from which she suffers greatly, as well as a misfortune to those who are thus separated. If all could be united in one church, and the intelligence, learning, zeal, activity, and wealth which are now scattered could all be combined in harmonious efforts in one organized crusade against the powers of evil, what blessed results might be accomplished, in the regeneration of the Christian peoples, and the conversion of the world!

There is only one principle and method by which all professing Christians, and all the votaries of other religions, can be brought into unity; and that is the supreme, infallible authority of a divine revelation, embodied in a historical religion as old as the world, in a historical Christianity which is its final and developed form, organized in a sacerdotal hierarchy, to which the divine Christ has delegated his prophetic, priestly, and kingly office. Historical Christianity is Catholicism, whose supreme hierarchy culminates in St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, and his successors, the Roman Pontiffs.

The East can never be reunited to the West, except by submission of its hierarchies to their lawful chief and head. The division of the West can never be healed, except by submission to the supreme and infallible authority of the Roman Church. On no other condition is union possible, and the permanence of the present state of division seems to make the conversion of the world to Christianity improbable, unless by some extraordinary intervention of Divine Providence.

The late Chicago Parliament has given us an object-lesson, from which we may learn that only the Catholic Church can sustain the dignity and superiority of Christianity in the face of the other great religions of the world.

A certain set among those who participated in this Parliament have endeavored to represent its true significance to be, that Christianity and every other religion must give up its exclusive claims, and all blend together in a sort of universal brotherhood and religion of humanity, without any dogmas either of revealed or even of natural religion. Assuredly we acknowledge this brotherhood and the duty of recognizing all that is true, good, and virtuous among the votaries of religious or philosophical sects in the

world. But, precisely for this reason, we must stand fast by our faith in the one God who is our Creator and Sovereign Lord, against atheism, pantheism, and agnostic scepticism. We must stand by our faith in the co-equal Son of God who has become man and redeemed the world by his cross, and in whom alone we have a right and a power to become sons of God and to call him our Father. From love to all mankind we must proclaim Jesus Christ as the Saviour and the Lord of all, and endeavor to bring them to his faith, which is the Catholic faith, and into his kingdom, which is the Catholic Church.

Happily, those who represented Protestant Orthodoxy in the Parliament appeared as allies and not as opponents of the Catholic advocates, in presenting the claim of Christ and Christianity to universal homage, and there was even an approach to a certain form of homage to the same, on the part of non-Christians. The Viscount de Meaux, in an interesting review of the proceedings of the Parliament,* shows that there was a regular progress from philosophical Theism to Catholicism, in which Jews and Protestants contributed their share of argument, leaving Catholics to place the cap-stone on the column, which even Brahmanists and Buddhists helped to decorate.

"The Parliament of religions was not destined to give a triumph to agnosticism or any similar system which equally rejects all religions. In the face of these, a Catholic priest and a distinguished Protestant in high office, invoked Plato, Aristotle, St. Anselm and St. Thomas Aquinas; and following in the path of these old masters, by a similar effort, educed the belief in an infinite and perfect Being, both from the spectacle of the universe and the depths of human reason.

"On this rational basis, the revealed doctrine was solidly raised, Jews, Protestants, and Catholics began in common the work of its construction, by their united profession of the authority of the Old Testament, of God the Creator and Remunerator, and the original unity of the human race. Then Protestants and Catholics, still in unison, continued the building, by establishing the authority of the Gospel and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Finally, the Catholics, working alone, finished the building to its summit, by affirming the divinity and authority of the Catholic Church.

"If we turn from Catholic orators to the representatives of non-Christian cults, we discover at once in their discourses an

* Le Congres catholique et le Parlement des Religions à Chicago.—*Le Correspondant*, 10 Janvier, 1894.

effort to approach their belief to the Christian faith, and to show a resemblance between them. We perceive that there is at the bottom of these diverse religions a broken and disfigured fragment of truth, and consequently a more or less distant affinity with the true religion."

It was a sublime and a hitherto unseen spectacle, when, at the beginning of the Parliament, the whole vast assembly joined with the Cardinal of Baltimore in repeating the Lord's Prayer. At the end, from the midst of the crowd of eight thousand persons, the hymn of Cardinal Newman, "Lead, kindly Light," was chanted in chorus.

Bishop Keane, in an eloquent address, set forth the universal and perpetual authority of the Catholic Church, co-extensive with the human race from its beginning to its end, and inviting all mankind to find the fulness of truth and grace in its communion.

The Rev. Dr. Barrows, to whose ability and industry the Parliament was chiefly indebted for its success, and to whom the Catholic prelates were indebted for their honorable reception, closed the proceedings with words which attest his loyalty and that of his orthodox associates to the supreme right of our Lord Jesus Christ to the faith and obedience of all men:

"I desire that the last name pronounced by me in this assembly should be the name of Him to whom I owe life and hope, of Him who from the height of his throne can reconcile all antagonisms, of Him who reigns and triumphs by love, the name of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

Bishop Keane then gave his benediction, and let us hope that the benediction of God may descend on the world, bringing all men to the true faith in one brotherhood as the children of the one Heavenly Father in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord.

EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

By Rev. Walter Elliott.

IF the reader finds the narrative of some of these missions rather briefly given he must know that the editorial requisition reached me after their memory had been overlaid by that of their successors. The details of one mission are easily absorbed or obliterated by others.

At the instance of a zealous pastor we tried the church as our place of meeting in a busy little city. It was just before Christmas, and we failed to get an audience of non-Catholics; they are shy of attendance at our churches. However, we were compensated by our remarkable success in the adjacent village of Walton, filling a hall of three hundred and fifty capacity with an audience of whom not more than forty were Catholics. The local brass band had secured the hall for our last night, and so we tried the afternoon. A good audience of Protestants at a Catholic lecture of a week-day afternoon indicates a favorable outlook for at least preliminary work such as these missions. As usual the best men and women of the place were with us each meeting, and the questions were indicative of a lively curiosity.

At Milesville we started with fine sleighing and ended with heavy rain. I dreaded that my audience would fall off with the break-up of the weather; but no, I had the whole village, I might say, from first to last. The hall leaked fearfully the closing night, so that I transferred my missionary rostrum from amid the tattered scenery of the stage, and from underneath its dripping ceiling, to a table placed on the hall floor. There were my people, two hundred and fifty at least, not a score of them Catholics, and including all the leading residents and chief church members of the locality. There is a group of well-to-do Catholic farmers near by, whose neighborhood is called Irish street—synonymous, thank Heaven, with manly virtue and stiff Catholicity! They of course came in, and were proud of our success. They gave me a generous contribution at the closing lecture, and with it I purchased and mailed *Catholic Belief*, *Newman on the Pope*, and *A Brief History* to more than twenty of the most prominent of my non-Catholic auditors. I

lodged with my dear friend Michael, the only Catholic in the village, who, together with his hospitable wife, gave me as much entertainment as I gave instruction to their Protestant friends. Michael is an old soldier, and his store is a centre for the friendly meeting and social chat of all the Grand Army men of the vicinity, among whom I spent some pleasant hours.

After the holidays my engagements began at Woodville, a brisk town of fifteen hundred people, only one Catholic man and half a dozen Catholic women among them, with perhaps an attendance at their occasional week-day Mass of as many more Catholic farmers. It is the most utterly bigoted place in the whole country around, the industries having gathered a Protestant Canadian population of the most bilious Orange temperament. The energetic and hard-driven pastor was full of misgivings as to whether or not we should have an audience, but he was full of zeal and determination, and all went well. The hall is a little theatre, costing five dollars a night, fairly heated and well lighted. We had more of an audience at the start than we had anticipated, but it was a regular "stag party," the only women being the few Catholics living within reach. This place, it may be said in explanation, has been made a cesspool for obscene calumnies against priests and nuns, and so the Protestant women were at first afraid to attend a priest's lectures. This soon changed, and many intelligent and pious Protestant women, young and old, were among my hearers after the second and third lecture. Yet the large preponderance of men was always noticeable. The temperance night helped me much, as is always the case. One nasty question came in, yet evidently an honest one, indicating the depth of ignorance of Catholicity among this little public. And this village is in active communication by railroad with a big city full of Catholics, not more than thirty miles away. I boarded during the week with my dear friend William W——, a convert, and head of the only entirely Catholic family in the place, being most kindly entertained. In return I gave them the unspeakable comfort of daily Mass in their parlor.

None of the "leading men" attended, excepting one of the village officials, who takes delight in being on the anti-side of every mean movement in the village. He came every night, his tall form and handsome, smiling face conspicuous among the sedate and doubtful countenances around him. Sometimes as I addressed my audience I felt like a battery of twelve-pounders firing at a modern iron-clad. My words sounded strong, but

seemed to strike them only to bound back to me from their hard faces. I wished for St. Paul's furious and resistless eloquence. Anyway, this consoled me: if we can get an audience in Woodville, we can get one anywhere, and the excuse "they won't listen to us" is a wisp of straw to light the fire of Purgatory withal, if not that of some other place.

We distributed and left behind a considerable amount of good reading, accepted willingly enough.

At Hilltown we had our usual success, the G. A. R. hall being used and costing only $2.50 nightly. We had to contend with an attempt at a revival in the Presbyterian church, but our audience embraced many of the representative religious people of the village. One of my most persistent questioners was a cranky infidel, a fallen-off Catholic (there are exceedingly few hereabouts), who pressed me hard on the old and ticklish dispute about the lawfulness of taking interest on money. Finally he rose in the audience and asked leave to interrupt me. This being given, he blazed away with his Bible texts against usury, and we had a brief duel of words. No bones were broken and the impression was altogether favorable, as he got mad and I didn't, and he assailed the whole busy modern world, and I maintained that the only ones to blame for interest-taking are usurers, extortioners, and monopolists.

A "gentle sceptic" also plied me with questions on the existence of evil, and the compatibility of God's goodness and the power of the devil. I devoted considerable time to him, and after the closing lecture he came up to the platform and talked with me. He said my answers were a comfort to him; he had often urged the same objections to ministers, but they always got mad; he had not spoken of his difficulties much to his acquaintances for fear of communicating his doubts, etc., and I had given him, he said, great help. The class to which he belongs is really very small outside the larger cities, and they are in many cases anything but ill-natured.

This is a pious town, two-thirds of the residents of adult age being church members or professed adherents. And such is just the place for this apostolate, because a fragmentary religion may be available to stave off starvation, but it cannot appease hunger. Church-going Protestants are our most favorable field.

We were warned against the town of Anthony as a recent field of A.-P.-A. agitation, but the Palace Rink held over five hundred hearers at the lectures. Such a Palace Rink, by the way! this royal abode of rats and bats, and shabby in the ex-

treme; but it is well lighted and, in spite of a severe cold spell, well enough heated. Two-thirds of the audience were non-Catholics, a success due somewhat to a public warning against us fulminated by the Congregational minister. This is an exceptional case with Congregationalists, for that denomination is usually tolerant, and the ministers generally sensible enough to abstain from the blunder of a Protestant Inquisition. I was told that the entire membership of the A. P. A., or nearly so, attended the lectures. Certainly there were few men or women of any name in the village who did not get a six-fold soaking of Catholic influence for mind and heart during my week in Anthony. God the Holy Ghost grant that the marrow of their souls may be reached by it! The questions here seemed especially stupid, but, as usual, answering them was one of the most attractive features of the meetings. The leading justice of the peace, a Protestant of excellent character and exemplary life, told me at the close that if I would stay another week, or return again, he would guarantee a full house and secure the payment of all expenses.

I boarded with a dear old Irish couple, whose conversation no less than hospitality pleased and entertained me to the utmost.

WESTVILLE.

On the 4th day of the inclement month of February we opened in the Opera House of Westville, a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants. The pastor had caused good notices to be printed in both the weekly papers (the rural journal is seldom found alone), and dodgers without stint were distributed to town and country. But our best advertisement was the condemnation of the meetings by the Baptist and Methodist ministers. Tell the average American he sha'n't do anything, and you give him his opportunity to show his independence.

Some changes in the style of advertising make it worth while giving the new dodger. Notice that the synopsis of the lectures is worded to stimulate curiosity:

LECTURES ON LIVING SUBJECTS,
BY A
CATHOLIC PRIEST,
REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, PAULIST,
of New York City,

At Opera House, every evening for a week, commencing Sunday, February 4, 1894, at 3 o'clock P.M.

SYNOPSIS OF LECTURES.

Sunday, February 4, 3 P.M.

Introductory: What is the Good of Religion?—The object of the lectures. A friendly comparison of views. Why non-Catholics can enjoy them. The great alternatives, time and eternity. What is the soul? Its destiny and its dangers. Various comparisons and illustrations. Man and his model. The rival claimants for our souls.

Monday, 7:30 P.M.

Can We get along Without the Bible?—The chaining of the Bible in Catholic times. Should all be allowed to read it? Human reason as a substitute. Has reason had a fair trial? The claim of Divine authorship of Scripture. If the Book is God's message to men what is the need of a teaching church?

Tuesday, 7:30 P.M.

Intemperance: Or, Why am I a Total Abstainer?—If not in danger of drunkenness, why take the pledge? The evil of drink, personal, social, and religious. The claims of sympathy in the drunkard's case. Why are not drunkards and saloon-keepers excommunicated? Let us lay the axe to the root of the tree.

Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

The Confessional, Its Origin and Its Use.—The sin-evil is the practical problem of life. "What shall I do to be saved?" The Catholic solution of the problem. Is the payment of money required? What provision is made for perseverance? Is it possible to allow sin to be committed? When did confession of sin to priests begin? Effect on character.

Thursday, 7:30 P.M.

The Man, the Citizen, and the Church Member.—Men are fit for self-government—this is the American principle. Is there any similar principle in religion? Human depravity and human dignity in politics and religion. Does not Catholicity degrade men? Catholic Church government and personal independence. Is the Pope supreme in politics? The union of church and state in America. The Catholic Church and the public schools.

Friday, 7:30 P.M.

Why I Am a Catholic.—Different reasons given for joining the Catholic Church. Do they not contradict each other? The need of religion in general. Is the Catholic sure of the truth? Does he not sacrifice personal independence? Various tests of God's friendship. The Catholic claim to union with Christ. Is an international religion possible? How can the inner and outer influences of religion be made harmonious?

These subjects, which engage the thoughts of all serious minds, I will treat reasonably, without offence to any, addressing members of all churches, and of none.

I will be glad to answer all questions on moral and religious topics—a Query Box being placed at the entrance to the Opera House. Personal conference invited.

NO CONTROVERSY! NO ABUSE! ADMISSION FREE!

Opening on Sunday afternoon, a favorable hour for Protestant church-goers, we had a good representation of the leading men and women of the town, deacons and class-leaders, prominent temperance advocates, business men, lawyers, and doctors. By Tuesday night the hall was packed in every corner, Catholics giving up the best places and the largest space to their Protestant brethren, who kept on coming every night to the number of at least three hundred. Soon the whole town was talking about the lectures, knots of people in the streets, at the post-office, and in stores, exchanging views and expressing surprise at Catholic doctrine. For this week Westville had Catholicity as its one absorbing topic. How great a gain is this! How splendid an opportunity lies to hand in all our smaller towns to open up the discussion of the true religion in a spirit of fair inquiry!

The questions handed in and the answers given were, it was thought, especially entertaining, and there was a large number of them. An incident taught me a lesson about ridiculing eccentric orthography. The following came in the last night. I hope the printer will reproduce it literally:

What is true Liberty? the Constitution of the United States grants to every Man the right to worship God acording to his concience, in other words allowing him or them to do as they please so long as him or them keep within the bounds of the Law. does not your teaching and Doctrine abrogate those rights history and facts are stuborn things if your Church has allways held to and taught those liberal views how about the Spanish inquisition, also were there at one time in your history two Popes, and does not the Greek Church claim priority, holding the Roman Church to be the offshoot.

Summary of Answer. True liberty is American liberty. Catholic teaching upholds American liberty. I repudiate the Spanish Inquisition. We are not Spaniards, and we do not live in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Pope Sixtus IV. wrote to Spain most energetically reproving the Spanish Inquisition. There have been not only two, but even three claimants to the papacy at the same time, but there never was more than one real pope. The Greek Church does not claim priority over the Roman, but denies her right of universal supremacy.

Having given these answers, the above being only a brief summary of them, I perpetrated a miserable joke on the spelling. What was my chagrin the next morning when the poor

questioner called on me and owned up to the questions, blunders and all. "I never had more than three months' schooling," he said, "and so I can't spell good. But I have attended all your lectures, and have been wonderfully impressed. My parents were Lutherans, and were pious church members; but I refused to join the church because they wanted me to give up my reason." And many other good things this man said—a fine, middle-aged, downright American German, whose shop is a sort of rendezvous for men of all religions to talk upon God, the soul, and the claims of the different denominations. I made my injured friend a full and shamefaced apology, loaded him with books and pamphlets, including *Catholic Belief* and *Newman on the Pope*, and poured into his soul as warm and as earnest an advocacy of the Catholic religion as I was capable of. But the reader will kindly register my vow that I will never again make fun of bad spelling in a question.

A considerable number of Protestants drove in to the lectures from the country, one family bumping over heavy roads an eight-mile winter journey, and they were known by Catholics as bigots. These same bigots are often like heavily-timbered land; it is hard labor to hew down the trees, but the soil is the best for the truth when prejudice is overcome.

One cause of our success here is that nearly all the Catholic people are natives, identity of thought and sentiment in matters of local and neighborhood concern, and general community of interest, being easily made missionary opportunities of the highest order. Seldom have I met a better Catholic people, a more successful pastor, and consequently a more inviting field for lecturing to non-Catholics.

The usual questions came in about the church meddling with politics, about "nunneries," about the observance of Sunday from Seventh-day Adventists—a sect which is a new and irritating result of private interpretation—about celibacy of the clergy, and the iniquity of the state licensing saloons. One question was, What is the object of your lectures? *Answer.* To spread Catholicity is the ultimate object, for I am a Catholic missionary. I hold Catholicity to be the true religion of Christ, and I am able and anxious to prove it; my immediate object, however, is to dispel prejudice, and bring about a kindly feeling between ourselves and our separated brethren.

Question. How do you know the Pope has never sinned? *Answer.* Not sinlessness of the Pope but his infallibility is the Catholic doctrine. I then stated the conditions of the exercise

of infallibility, and gave a summary of the Scripture and other proofs.

Question. If nunneries are respectable places, why not open them to the public? *Answer.* If your home is a respectable place, why do you not open it to the public? Then followed remarks on the spirit and daily routine of a female community, as well as a sketch of the independence and freedom of life enjoyed, and of the good works performed.

Question. Why do not Catholics use the same Bible that Protestants use? *Answer.* Why do not Protestants use the same Bible that Catholics use? We had the Bible first, have preserved it from destruction, can prove our version to be the best, are the majority of Christians, etc.

Question. Why do not Catholics confess their sins to God, and not to the priest? *Answer.* Why don't you pay your taxes to the governor, and not to the collector? Then followed a statement of our Saviour's institution of confession, and of its advantages, and how it works practically.

Question. Why are the children of Catholic parents forbidden to attend chapel exercises in our union school? *Answer.* Because going to chapel is not going to school.

Question. Do Catholics believe that all Protestants are lost? *Answer.* That depends on how our Protestant friends behave themselves. If they are good living people, and are not members of the Catholic Church because, by no fault of their own, they are ignorant of its divine institution, then they may be saved. I then expounded the duty of inquiry into the claims of Catholicity and made some remarks on invincible ignorance.

Question. If God and the devil are rivals for the soul, and if God is supreme, why don't he destroy the devil? *Answer.* God has no rivals. Why not ask, why God does not destroy wicked men and women who tempt others to sin. God permits evil beings, whether men or devils, to tempt us that we may become more perfect. Who is so virtuous as one who has conquered temptation? Meantime the devil can do man no moral harm without man's free consent; and furthermore, much evil is blamed on Satan that belongs to the sinner alone.

Question. Are not reason and faith antagonistic? Can a person maintain the rights of reason and believe the mysteries of the Catholic faith? *Answer.* Reason and faith are in perfect harmony in the Catholic religion. Without the active use of reason faith is stupid and tends to superstition. Reason goes

before faith, and with the aid of revelation and God's grace leads to faith. Reason without faith, on the other hand, is too often wavering in its knowledge of even elementary, moral, and religious truth, and is tormented with questions about human destiny which it cannot answer without the aid of revelation. Catholic truth is nowise contrary to reason, though much of it is above reason's full comprehension. That men are children of God, that atonement for sin is in the life and death of the Son of God, that our interior life may be made the direct action of the Spirit of God—these and other such truths are as necessary for reason to know as they are above its full comprehension.

One shouldn't look for consistency too eagerly in the Protestant ministry; but it was a little startling to see the Methodist minister and his wife in our audience one evening, after he had openly warned his people against the meetings. But when the best and biggest part of his members came to hear us, he doubtless thought it well to attend himself and look after them. Towards the end of the course the following appeared in one of the village papers:

"Next Sunday evening, Rev. (the Methodist minister) will speak on 'Shall Romanism and Protestantism be loving sisters?' He desires that the people shall continue to reason together, and will review some remarkable late utterances, discuss some enigmas, and interrogate the future. This will be done in the spirit of candor and fairness. It is expected that great numbers of non-Protestants will attend this service, in return for the splendid hearing given them by the Protestants during the past week. In the spirit of liberality, the lesson will be read from the Catholic New Testament."

But on my last night I announced a lecture for the same Sunday night in the Catholic church by an eloquent priest who happened to be staying in the town, the pastor and myself opening our course that day at his station, Pickering, sixteen miles away. Our church at Westville was simply packed with Protestants on the occasion. The poor minister was distressed at the area of empty pews in his church, only a sprinkling of people being present. "Look at this!" he exclaimed, pointing to the vacant rows, "see how your Romanist friends reciprocate your attendance at their priest's lectures." Upon which he assailed the church with a venom so deadly as to defeat his own purpose, disgusting many of his hearers.

The "Opera House" is the town hall, and cost us three dollars and a half a night. We fairly poured out the missionary literature, including a hundred copies of *Catholic Belief*, many copies of a *Brief History of Religion* and of Newman's *Answer to Gladstone.* The following is from one of the local papers:

"The Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist, of New York, has been holding meetings every night this week at the town hall. The object of the meetings seems to be to disabuse the public mind of some false impressions heretofore entertained by some people in regard to the position taken by the Catholic Church on the public schools, temperance, church and state, the confessional, and many other important subjects. He is an able, eloquent, and forcible speaker, and treated all the subjects in a masterly manner. This is the first time our people have been privileged to hear these questions discussed in a popular way by one with full knowledge and authority to speak officially for that church. The hall has been crowded every night, and the people have listened with great interest and profit, and many false impressions have been removed. There ought to be no fears, jealousies, or ill-feelings existing between Catholics and Protestants because of any real differences there are between them on the vital questions in either church or state."

PICKERING.

Four hundred souls, of the religious mixture usual in a rural village, make the total population of Pickering. Over a hundred families worship in St. Mary's Church one Sunday out of three, nearly all being farmers of the neighboring country. The station is attended from Westville, sixteen miles south. They are a devout people, children and grandchildren of an early Irish emigration. We ventured on using the church for the lectures, there being no public hall worthy the name in the village. Our forebodings, the offspring of previous failures to draw the general public to a Catholic church, were turned into joyful congratulations. The attendance of non-Catholics was wonderfully great from the beginning. Our church is the largest and handsomest in the village, devotional and well heated and lighted, and it served us admirably well. The silent lectures of our Blessed Saviour from the tabernacle doubtless wrought a persuasive work upon our good Protestant friends.

Giving the opening lecture Sunday afternoon, so as to reach

into the Protestant public between their morning and night services, we found our five hundred sittings all filled, more than half by non-Catholics. But that same Sunday night we were "held up" by the videttes of a big blizzard, which rushed in full force on us before morning and raged in cohorts of windy and snowy fury all day Monday and all Monday night. Some heroic farmers drove in anyway that night, and we had an audience of sixty-three, *fully one-half being Protestants.* These may be called not only seekers after truth, but, considering the storm and the snow-drifts, plungers and waders after truth. Tuesday night the church was packed, and all the other nights packed, jammed. A most attentive listener to every lecture, blizzard and all, was a minister in the town off duty at his own request—a man of education and high respectability as well as of independent means. At the close of the series he came into the sacristy to speak with Brother Elliott. I was edified and encouraged by what he said more than words can tell.

Some came from Hanwell, twelve miles north; many from over six miles away. The blizzard had left us fair sleighing, so out came the big bob-sleighs, full of "mixed congregations" of Catholics and Protestants, swiftly skimming over the hard snow behind the eager horses jingling with sleigh-bells. "Hallo! who are with you?" was asked of one arrival. "Pa and Ma, the three babies, and three Protestants." One couple brought in their five little ones, ascending in short steps from infancy, all snugly covered up in the bottom of the big sleigh; the result of an offer to bring two Protestant neighbors to the lectures. Three were brought on the same terms by the same family the next night, and four the following one. We had Protestants coming in with their own teams from eight miles away. Religion engages the minds of this people. They want the truth, and they want it badly.

Of course the Catholic people were delighted to see their church full of their Protestant friends and neighbors; our men gladly gave up their seats and ranged themselves around the walls. We sometimes hear well-placed priests discussing about decorating their churches, and much is said of this marble and that for wainscoting the walls, even the profanation of artificial marble is named as possible; but this past week St. Mary's Church, Pickering, was wainscoted with stones most precious, big limbed and big-souled Christian men, who were glad to stand the long two hours of the lecture, that their darkened brothers and sisters might be at ease as they listened to the

glad tidings. Or, to change the metaphor, these wall-flowers are the forerunners of rich wall-fruit ripening on the tree of life.

Our choir is mostly from the country and the blizzard hindered them somewhat; but when the bass singer came ten miles in February weather, and the organist drove in even through the blizzard, the good music was made almost sacramental.

The two little Protestant churches, Methodist and Congregationalist, regularly hold their Thursday-night prayer-meeting jointly in one of the churches, but this week, after much bell-ringing and long waiting, the sum-total of the faithful was ten. All but the ministers finally came over to our church and joined their straying brethren in my audience.

No mission has left a more hopeful feeling in my mind than Pickering. Converts are sure to be the outcome. One simple Protestant man, a miserable drunkard, was moved by the temperance lecture to come to me and sign the pledge. Upon this his wife presented herself to be instructed and received into the church, which means also her eight children, and after not many days her husband too. Oh! for some one to take up this work, to put in the breaking-plough after my axe and grub-hoe! Where are the priests who will address the ready audiences? Where are the laymen who will supply them with funds for the missionary literature and their personal expenses—perhaps a good lecture or two of their own. More than his personal expenses should no man ask who is privileged to claim the labor and merit and joy of this apostolate.

The Query-box, our "open door and many adversaries," did a thriving business here, and the answers were, as usual, a feature of wonderful, and to many Protestants of startling interest.

The pastor expended nearly our whole stock of leaflets and pamphlets, and finally ordered a hundred copies of *Catholic Belief* by express, distributing not only them but many copies of *Newman on the Pope* and *A Brief History of Religion.*

The next mission was ten miles away, and several Pickering people drove over and attended the lectures, often accompanied by Protestant friends. One family started on wheels and got stuck in a snow-drift. They made their way to the nearest house, and not only borrowed the bob-sleigh, but carried off the Protestant family that owned it, and all made a happy moonlight sleighing party to and from the mission. Nothing of very special moment occurred at this mission, only the glorious monotony of uniform success, large attendance in spite of the bitter cold weather, a torrent of excellent questions, the Catholics

proud of their faith, and the non-Catholics "pleased to know your church better, sir"; and a deep sigh of relief from the missionary at the end of three weeks' unresting work.

Here is the item from the local journal, with the usual excess of compliment:

"REV. FATHER ELLIOTT'S LECTURES.

"The lectures by Rev. Father Elliott, Paulist, at the Opera House this week, are drawing large and increasing audiences, and are interesting and instructive to the highest degree. Father Elliott is an able and eloquent speaker, and his method of presenting his topics is such as to give his hearers the benefit of the most comprehensive reasoning and exhaustive research.

"The lectures are upon a series of topics of vital interest to all, no matter what may be their affiliations or professions; and no one can attend, be he Catholic or non-Catholic, professor of religion or unbeliever, without being elevated and benefited thereby.

"Discussing as they do the doctrine of true Christianity, and the position of the Catholic Church upon all public questions and the great reforms of the day, they will do much to break down any prejudices that may unfortunately exist between members of the two great sects, and promote a kindlier and more harmonious feeling.

"Father Elliott's question-box is proving of great interest. He answers the questions fairly and clearly, attacking none, commending what he believes good in all.

"The people of —— are fortunate, indeed, in having an opportunity to attend a course of lectures by so eloquent and scholarly an advocate, and it is certain that they will result in much good to the community—a good that will come out of a clearer understanding of the doctrine of true Christianity in whatever walk of life it may be found.

"To-night and to-morrow night are the last two lectures, and we advise any who may not have yet attended the lectures to go, and you will be well paid for so doing."

Perhaps it is worth noting that this was the first of the nineteen missions since September in which I was not anxiously questioned why I wear a beard. How stern must our discipline appear to non-Catholics, and how hard for them to perceive the freedom of spirit of the Catholic clergy and people!

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR EDUCATION IN MEXICO.

By Rev. Kenelm Vaughan.

SOME years ago the Mexican government passed a law establishing a national system of secular education. The motive which led it to do so differed widely from the motive that led America to pass similar legislation. When the civil governments of the States of America contemplated enacting a law for state education they realized that it would be impossible to draw up a plan of religious instruction that would meet the requirements of the innumerable religious sects in the Union, which exceed in number the days in the year. To steer clear, therefore, of this difficulty, and to avoid the possibility that religious strife might arise in the division of the educational funds, they adopted the plan of divorcing religion from education by introducing into their state laws a purely secular system of education. This line of policy, unlike what the Christian world ever saw before, though wrong and immoral in itself, separating from the education of youth that which constitutes its dominant and essential element, yea its very soul, was based upon reasons which were themselves plausible.

WANTON AGGRESSION.

But in Mexico there is no contention of creeds. Catholicity is, happily, the exclusive religion of the land. The Mexican government, therefore, had no such specious reasons for secularizing state education. The only motives that led it to pursue a policy so much at variance with Catholic tradition and practice in all ages was a servile and whimsical desire to imitate American policy—hostility to the Catholic Church, and a desire to remove the Mexican people as far as possible from her controlling influence. In a word, its main object, patent to all, was to destroy the Catholic Church, and to build up upon her ruins a system of modern paganism. But the destruction of the church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, was not a work so easy as it imagined. For no sooner was this godless bill for the secularization of education brought before congress than the

Mexican bishops and the parents of the children vigorously opposed its becoming law. They entered public protests against so unchristian a measure, on the score that it would tend to sap the very foundations of the Catholic Church in Mexico by destroying in the souls of the rising generation the germs of her divine teaching. These protests, which poured in from all parts of the country, and which were afterwards published in a large folio volume, were duly presented to Congress. But the voice of the bishops and the clamor of the parents in behalf of Catholic training for their little ones passed unheeded; the Masonic legislators of the land, deaf to their cries and protests, pushed the bill through Parliament, and the godless system of secular education became the constitutional law of the country. The bishops, seeing their efforts to crush the bill were unavailing, began to direct their labors to counteract its baneful influence by active measures; they made every sacrifice to multiply Catholic schools and colleges throughout the country. They organized boards of directors for their supervision, while in their pastoral letters they earnestly exhorted Christian parents to send their children to Catholic schools. David A. Wells, in his book on Mexico published a few years ago in New York, recognizes their self-sacrificing efforts in this direction when he remarks:

"The Catholic Church is giving much attention to popular education. It is said to be acting upon the principle of immediately establishing two schools whenever in a given locality the government or any of the Protestant denominations establish one."

But, notwithstanding this statement of a Protestant writer, certain public men in New York recently called in question the efforts made by the Mexican bishops to further Catholic education.

THE BISHOPS' LINE OF DEFENCE.

My endeavor, therefore, has been during my stay in this country to get together accurate information regarding Catholic schools and the attitude of the Mexican clergy on the educational question.

The task was no easy one. For the principle of action adopted by the bishops is to work hard and in silence for the cause of Catholic education, knowing that to show their front to the enemy would only be to expose themselves to their rabid attacks. Hence it is impossible to find ecclesiastical re-

ports and statistics regarding the number of Catholic schools and matters bearing upon them. In order, therefore, to obtain definite and reliable information it was necessary to visit the schools in person, to consult the ecclesiastical archives, and to confer with authoritative persons on Catholic educational matters. My special thanks are due to Father Manuel Cervantes Imaz, commissioned to organize the works relative to the law of compulsory instruction; for he kindly supplied me with a copy of the Rules and Regulations of Compulsory Instruction, and a copy of his able report regarding their fulfilment.

Let me now go on to give in a few brief words the result of my personal visits to the Catholic educational institutions of Mexico, and of my observations, investigations, and interrogations regarding them.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE CITIES.

The system of Catholic education in this city of Mexico is not so perfectly organized as in Morella, Jalisco, Durango, San Luis de Potosi, and other provincial towns. For in country districts Catholics are not so watched and hampered as they are in this capital, which is the seat of the Masonic government and of church opposition. Nevertheless, the Catholic schools in this city are numerous and, for the most part, on a good footing. They may be divided into gratuitous, elementary, and pay schools. The gratuitous schools are of four kinds:

1. Parochial schools.
2. Schools of the SS. Mitra.
3. Schools supported by religious societies and guilds.
4. And schools founded and supported by the charity of individuals.

1. There are fourteen parishes in this city; ten of them are provided with two or more parish schools. As a rule these schools are poor, deficient in space, and not up to the mark. They are also generally located in an out-of-the-way place in the outskirts of the city, where rooms for schools are hired at a cheaper rate. The boys who cannot find room there have to attend the official schools. In that case the parish priests assemble them every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday in their respective parish churches, where they receive religious instruction.

2. Then there are the schools of the Sagrada Mitra—namely,

those that depend entirely on the archbishop. These are eight in number, and are scattered over the city. They are attended each of them by about 200 to 250 boys. Señor Cervantes de Silva, the inspector of the Mitra schools, kindly took me to visit them. And all that met my eyes and ears gave evidence of the aptitude of the teachers, the proficiency of the boys, and the order and discipline of these schools. Indeed they are in a flourishing condition, and leave nothing to be desired.

3. Again, there are eight schools supported by the "Sociedad Católica," which is presided over by Sr. Joaquin Araoz, and as many schools again maintained by the "Sociedad Guadalupana." The Ladies of the Sacred Heart have also founded a large poor-school in the vicinity of the city, which they teach themselves.

4. Lastly, there are schools which are the creation of individual charity. For instance, Padre Plancarte, of Labastida, nephew of the late archbishop, has founded and supports with his own large inherited fortune three poor schools where 590 boys and girls are taught, and three orphanages where 410 orphan girls receive a lasting home, and an education based upon religious instruction and handiwork. But these establishments are not all in the city. There are besides 70 free schools or more, and there are over 152 pay schools of private enterprise. At every turn in the city you come across a house bearing a notice like the following over its door: "Instituto Católico." The principal high colleges are those conducted by Señores Soto, Bernardo Duran, Grosso, Villagran, and Echeagary; and the principal high-school for girls is the one conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Though many of these pay colleges for boys follow a high standard of studies, yet a superior college for higher studies is much needed, and great hopes are entertained that the Jesuits may be induced to start such an institution. At present Catholic young men, wishing to graduate as engineers, lawyers, or doctors, have to offer themselves for examination in the national high-schools where the infidel philosophy of such men as Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mill, and Agustus Comté is taught, and where professors spend more time in teaching positivism and whatever is contrary to Catholic doctrine than in teaching science. The consequence is that Catholic young men who are trained in Catholic philosophy are invariably plucked; for bigoted hatred of Catholicity among official examiners seems to override all sentiments of justice and fair play.

The number of children attending Catholic schools in this city, I calculate, is approximately about 16,390.

STATE OF RURAL DISTRICTS.

But Catholic schools are more numerous and better organized in the interior of Mexico than in the capital, as I have had occasion to witness. In Guadalajara, for instance, there are five parishes, and each of them is provided with large parish schools for boys and girls, which are controlled by a Board of Directors. Besides there is a flourishing seminary in that city, a college for jurisprudence founded by the "Sociedad Católica," and a Catholic lyceum, each of these establishments having upwards of 500 students. Morella is also well supplied with facilities for Catholic education in having four free schools, attended by 500 boys; and one attended by 80 girls. They have also a magnificent college where young girls graduate as teachers, which contains 1,500 pupils. There is also an academy for a higher course of studies, where young men enter to prepare themselves for the church, for law, for medicine, and for commerce. It contains about 500 students.

Again, in Tobasco, the poorest diocese in Mexico, there are 28 parish schools, thanks to the indefatigable labors of its Oratorian bishop. In these provincial cities and towns the Catholic schools are more numerously attended than are the national schools. And their standard of secular teaching is superior.

THE SACRILEGE OF JUAREZ.

And now let me add that the Catholics in Mexico have to contend with endless difficulties, and to make enormous sacrifices in order to establish Catholic schools for counteracting the evil influences of the godless system of national education. In the first place, let me observe that Mexico has not escaped the tidal wave of anti-Christian revolution that is sweeping over the Christian world in these latter days of her moral ruin. In 1867 Juarez—the Henry VIII. of Mexico—introduced into this country revolutionary laws, by virtue of which the church was torn asunder from the state, and the state laid sacrilegious hands on property of the church, including her 4,000 magnificent cathedrals and churches. But this rich booty, valued at $80,000,000, did not sate her greed for gain. For, later on, the Mexican government, driving the monks and nuns and religious from their peaceful cloisters, seized with the rapacity of thieves

their monasteries and convents, their colleges and schools, together with their rents and revenues. The Catholic Church, thus robbed of all its property, and even of its school and college buildings, has now to buy new sites, build new colleges, hire rooms for new schools, and raise funds to maintain them and their teachers. In a word, she has to start afresh to lay the foundation and to build up Christian education, as she did in the beginning at the time of the conquest, but with this difference: At the time of the conquest Catholics founded and supported schools with the help of the government; whereas now they not only receive no state aid for their schools, but they are hampered and crippled by having to pay taxes for maintaining an unchristian system of education, to which on Gospel principle they are opposed. The funds raised yearly in this city for the support of Catholic education is approximately about $150,000. This money is collected in the parish churches, where alms-boxes are placed with this superscription: "Para las Escuelas Parroquiales." Besides public subscriptions, collected in this and various other ways, private donations are yearly contributed for Catholic educational purposes. The late archbishop devoted $60,000 yearly in supporting free Catholic schools of his own, besides distributing annually $17,000 among poorer schools of this city.

The present archbishop, in his solicitude for the welfare of the little ones of his flock, and in obedience to our Lord's command, "*Pasce agnos meos*," is not less self-sacrificing in promoting the cause of Catholic education.

STATE MEDDLING EVEN WITH CATHOLICS' OWN SCHOOLS.

Here let me remark that though Catholics are free to establish Catholic schools, yet the directors of the schools and the parents of the children who attend them are obliged to conform to certain rules and regulations of compulsory instruction,* in order that they may proceed with a tranquil conscience and escape the penalties which the law imposes on the violators thereof.

1. In the first place, the directors of Catholic schools, desiring to partake of the privileges of examinations and certificates enjoyed by official schools, must declare to the "Superior Board

* Instruction is compulsory on all children from six to twelve. Those alone are exempt from this law who are ill, or who suffer from physical defects, or who reside two miles from a public school.

of Primary Instruction"* which of the two legal programmes set down in articles 3 and 6 of the official educational code they intend to follow. The directors of Catholic schools who do not accept either of these programmes are obliged to submit their pupils, at the end of the scholastic year, for examination on obligatory matters in one of the official schools, or in one of the particular schools that have accepted one of the legal programmes of studies.

THE COMPULSORY PROVISIONS.

The first programme of compulsory education comprises the following elementary branches of instruction:

1. Practical morality and civic instruction.
2. The national language, including reading and writing.
3. Arithmetic.
4. Rudiments of physical and natural sciences.
5. Practical idea of geometry.
6. Rudiments of geography and national history.
7. Drawing, namely, easy outlines of usual and simple objects.
8. Singing.
9. Gymnastics and military exercises, and handiwork for girls.

When insuperable causes render it impossible for this programme to be carried out, the following one may be adopted, which will satisfy the precept of the law:

1. Practical morality, civil instruction, and national history.
2. The national language, including reading and writing.
3. Arithmetic.
4. Natural history.
5. Games and gymnastic exercises.†

The declaration of the acceptance of one of these legal programmes is made to the Board of Instruction in the following way:

"The director of the school ——— declares to the Superior Board of Public Instruction that he (or she) accepts the programme of the law in the terms of article 3, and is ready to

* This board is composed of the minister of justice, his under-secretary, the chief of the municipality, the directors of the normal schools in the capital, the professors of pedagogy, and three directors of the primary schools; that is, one from the national schools, one from the municipal schools, and one from the particular schools that adopt one of the legal programmes.

† This programme is often adopted in schools where there is only one teacher; and also in country schools to facilitate parents who have need of the labor of their children. In schools where this programme is adopted the children are divided into two groups, the one attending school in the morning and the other in the afternoon.

submit to the examinations in the branches of studies therein laid down." *

2. In the beginning of the scholastic year the parents or guardians of the children attending Catholic schools must obtain from the directors of these schools a certificate stating that their children are enrolled in these schools, and the parents must present to the board of inspectors † this "boleta" in the following terms:

"On this date was enrolled as a pupil of this school the child ——, age —— years, and dependent upon ——, who resides at ——. Mexico, —— 189—." ‡

The parents or guardians who do not comply with this law are either fined from 10 cents to $5 or are arrested.

3. Every two months the directors of Catholic schools must notify to the board of inspectors the names of the children that have entered their school during that period, or who have left it, and the name of the school to which they have been transferred, or if this circumstance is unknown to them. They must also notify the failures in attendance, and whether those failures were excusable or not. Excusable reasons for non-attendance are:

1. Sickness of the child.

2. Sickness or death of one of the family.

3. Interruption in the way of transit between the home of the child and the locality of the school.

If a child is absent from school ten days in two months without a legitimate reason, the parents are admonished. If the fault is repeated, they are fined from 15 cents to $5 and so on; and should the fault be repeated five times, then the parents are arrested. The directors of Catholic schools must also inform the board of the residence of the parents or guardians of the children, who are bound by law to inform the school directors of their change of residence.

4. Though the directors of Catholic schools are obliged to distribute over a period of four years the subject-matters compressed in the legal programme that they accept, yet they are not bound to follow either the distribution of the hours therein

* "El director (ó directora) de la escuela ——— manifiesta al Consejo Superior de Instruccion Publica que se sugeta al programa de la ley en los terminos del articulo 3, y que acepta su inspeccion en los examenes de los cursos señalados en él."

† This board is composed of the justice of the peace and two persons of the neighborhood selected yearly by him.

‡ "Con esta fecha fué inscrito como alumno de esta escuela el niño ——, de edad de —— años, y depende de ——, con habitacion en ——. Mexico, —— 189—.

indicated,* or the duration of the scholastic year,† or the text-book of the official schools, and they are at liberty to add to the branches of studies therein specified Scripture history, church history, catechism, and religious instruction, etc.‡

5. Lastly, at the close of the scholastic year, they must remit to the board of inspectors a list of the children who were examined, indicating the year and the course to which they belong, and whether they passed approved or not.§ They must also send up the names of those who were not examined for excusable reasons, or because they did not lend their concurrence.

This article must now come to an end, for I think my pen, though it has not done justice to the subject, has said enough, not only to negative the assertion of those who say that the Catholic Church in Mexico is conformed to the godless secular system, but also to substantiate the fact that she has made and is making, with signal success, supreme efforts and immense sacrifices to advance the cause of religious education, believing that religious training is necessary for the moral perfection of the children and necessary to the formation of virtuous and patriotic citizens.

What has probably misled men to imagine that Mexican Catholics are conformed to the national school system may be the following fact:

In the poorer towns of the country districts in Mexico many of the teachers of the national schools, who have graduated in Catholic normal colleges, are good and fervent Catholics; and it often happens, by an arrangement with the parish priest, that after they have complied with the laws and regulations of compulsory education they detain the Catholic children in school after the legal scholastic hours in order to give them a course of religious instruction. The board of inspectors tolerate this innovation, being aware that if they carried matters with a high hand by forbidding this supplementary religious class, the pa-

* In official schools the day's work must not exceed in the first year 4½ hours; in the second year, 5 hours; in the third year, 5½ hours; in the fourth year, 6 hours. And the hours of study in the first year must be from 9½ to 12 A.M. and from 3 to 5 P.M. In the second year, from 9 to 12 A.M. and from 3 to 5 P.M. In the third year, from 8½ to 12 A.M. and from 3 to 5 P.M.; and in the fourth year, from 8 to 12 A.M. and from 3 to 5 P.M.

† In official schools the scholastic year consists of 10 months, namely, from the 7th of January to the 2d of November; and the scholastic week consists of five days, *i.e.*, from Monday to Friday.

‡ The religious text-books generally used in Catholic schools are, among others, Ripalda's *Catechism*, Fleury's *History of the Church*, Schouppe's *Moral Theology*, etc., etc.

§ The child who does not pass the examiners has to repeat the same course the following year.

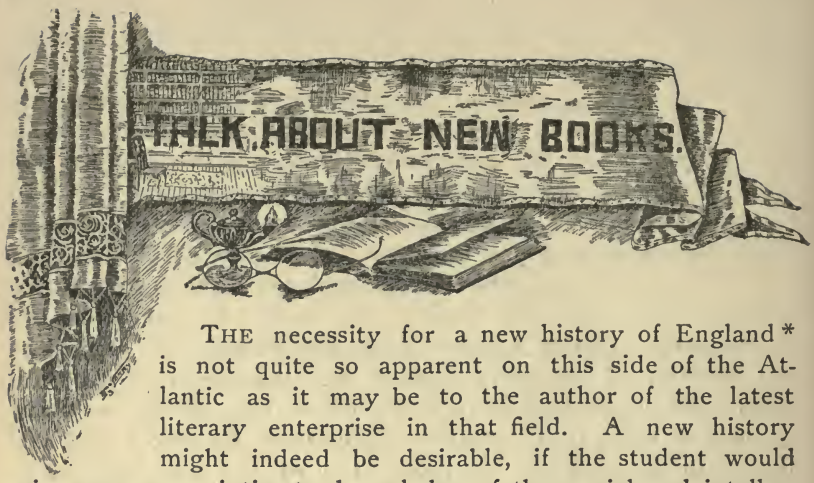
rents and guardians would withdraw their children altogether from the official schools and would leave them empty. The fact is the great masses of the Mexican people are thoroughgoing Catholics, with inherent Catholic instincts bred in their very bones. They are conscious, therefore, instinctively of the force of that truth so clearly and beautifully set forth by Archbishop Hennessy where he says: "Remove religious education from the school, and you do away with it altogether. To refer it to the home, and the church, and the Sunday-school, is a mock provision that will deceive only those who are willing to be deceived. Banish religion from the school, and you leave the intellect of the pupil without the knowledge of God, his heart without the love of God, his will without motive or desire to obey or serve God. Banish religion from the school, and you leave the supernatural or divine life of the soul received in baptism—the only true life, the only life that is crowned with glory—without the nutriment and the care that every kind of life needs. You leave the germ of faith and love, which should grow up and acquire strength in intellect and will, in a comatose condition. You leave the soul without moral or religious principles, and therefore without conscience."

LA GLOIRE.

By Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P.

QUEENLY Glory met a youth afire,
Yearning much to be her Bard and King;
Asking for her laurel wreath and lyre,
Begging her to let her clarion ring—
Ringing, till the nations far and wide
Hailed him as a Poet with his Bride—
She, the Goddess Glory, by his side.

And so she gave her hand, and vowed his name
(When she had wreathed him with the wreath of Fame)
Would shine as richest stars in heaven shine:
Poor youthful fool! he did not see her twine
The rich, dark verdure of the laurel wreath
Around a scornful dagger hid beneath;
His brow she wreathed, but with the dagger blow
She laid her dying King, her Poet, low.



THE necessity for a new history of England * is not quite so apparent on this side of the Atlantic as it may be to the author of the latest literary enterprise in that field. A new history might indeed be desirable, if the student would gain some more intimate knowledge of the social and intellectual forces which underlay many of the movements of early Christian and mediæval ages, the condition of the masses of the people, and the real causes of the protracted periods of destitution and suffering through which they passed during the Tudor reigns. There is much to be done in this wide field; very little that is useful in going over the ground that has been already so well covered by such writers as Hume and Macaulay and Hallam. The work under review is not by any means to be compared in point of literary excellence with that of Mr. Greene, and we doubt if, taking it for all in all, it can claim it to be as impartial. It would be impossible for any historian to ignore that awful period in English annals, but it must be owned that in this work the reader could never obtain so full an idea of the magnitude of Henry's atrocities as in Mr. Green's *Short History*. The brand of partiality, too, must be affixed to nearly every paragraph in his history dealing with the armed struggle between this country and Great Britain. It is a singular characteristic of the average English chronicler that, whilst he may admit the blunders of the English crown and ministry in dealing with the American colonists, scarcely one can be found to give an honest statement regarding the actual events of the war. Some allowance must be made for the national vanity of John Bull, but it is a very ostrich-like expedient to minimize the disasters which caused the greatest military and naval power of her time to scuttle out of this country ignominiously, and magnify the desultory suc-

* *History of England and the British Empire.* By Edgar Sanderson, M.A.

cesses of her arms which preceded that world-changing event. What advantage is it to the national sentiment, for instance, to represent the force which Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga as "nearly 4,000 soldiers," when the official record of the surrender gives the exact number—5,790 men, with 27 pieces of artillery? In the same pitiable endeavor to account for a defeat which has no parallel in its circumstances, or in its magnitude, the splendid naval victories of America on Lake Erie and Lake Champlain are slurred over as things not worth mention; whilst the braggadocio triumph of the British in the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* affair is gloated over at great length. The scandalous partisanship of the author is also shown undisguisedly in the few sentences relating the causes of the War of 1812. The English reader is given to understand that this was owing entirely to the insolence of the American press, whilst the suppression of any reference to the British *press-gangs*, carrying international impudence to the outrageous length of searching American ships on the high seas, leaves the student in the dark as to the actual motives which impelled the American government to defensive action.

The cynical description of history in general as "a conspiracy against truth" is fast becoming a reliable maxim. When the truth is sought to be perverted in regard to matters of wide publicity and actual official record, how little hope is there of the diligent seeker ever attaining it in the delicate affairs of cabinet council and diplomatic intercourse. Truth, in such affairs as these, may well be said to lie in the bottom of a well, the waters of which are certain to be pretty well muddied and metamorphic before the damsel emerges.

In a brief preface to a work on *The Little Sisters of the Poor* * it is boldly postulated that the remarkable order which is therein dealt with is a motive-power without parallel in any age or in any order of either men or women. It is true that the order is in its methods unique; in its objects it does not differ from many other foundations which have had their origin in the boundless charity of God's Church. It may safely be said, however, that of the innumerable associations, regular and lay, which labor for the relief of suffering of all kinds, none ranks higher in holy zeal, in the noblest self-sacrifice, in lofty purity and devotion, than the now famous mendicant sisterhood.

There are two points of view from which the effects of the

* *The Little Sisters of the Poor.* By Mrs. Abel Ram. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

labor of such an order of chivalry, as we may term it, may be regarded. We may look upon them with grateful and admiring eyes as a vast beneficent agency, widespread, international, and incessant in their action. We are permitted, also, to consider them as a powerful antidote to the lethargic and *laissez faire* condition of mind which is the result of a long reign of infidelity and agnosticism. Surely nothing short of a heavenly inspiration, must be the thought of many a scoffer, could send such an army of the tender, the young and beautiful of the gentler sex, forth into the streets to beg for bread for their poor *protégés* first, for themselves afterwards. And when we consider the bringing-up of the vast majority of the ladies who enter this sacrificial order, the fact that their rule ordains the abolition of all distinction between their food and that of their charges has a deep significance. That food consists of the scraps and odds and ends of every large table, such as a beggar's gorge would hardly rise at, but what must be, at least in the beginning, repulsive enough to a delicately-reared girl. Personal mortification, then, and the total eradication of every residuum of pride, are the elementary essentials for novitiate.

The chronicle of the rise of this remarkable order, as related by Mrs. Abel Ram, forms a chapter far more wonderful in its way than the most finely-wrought romance of the imagination. Its beginnings were not aristocratic; they remind one of the Nativity in their poorness and absence of *empressement*. The foundress of the institution—at least the unofficial foundress—was a poor domestic help named Jeanne Jugan, a native of the little fishing-town of Cancale, near St. Malo. The whole spirit of this devout peasant woman was self-sacrifice and devotion to God. Her compassionate heart made her ever ready to help those who were in want of her help—to share her humble lodging with some poor woman, or go out to beg or work for her if she were afflicted. This was while she was in private life; her charitable disposition seems to have given birth to an idea on the part of the Abbé Pailleur (the founder of the order) that from a wide development of Jeanne's plan immense results were possible. A couple of religious young seamstresses of St. Servan, Marie Jamet and Virginie Trédaniel, were associated with Jeanne in a congregation, and the first charge committed to their care was a poor blind woman and an old *protégé* of Jeanne's, who, although not equally afflicted, was equally helpless. There were five to be supported thus from the labors of three, and to this task Jeanne and the two young girls devoted themselves

with an earnestness that never flagged. They sewed and spun at home; they begged from door to door abroad; and when they returned home at night, weary and fagged, they set about attending to all the physical wants of the poor old invalids, with a cheerful will and a heroic abnegation of self. In a little while they enlarged the scope of their operations, so successful were they in their *quêtes*, and took a house where they sheltered and fed and tended a large number of the old and infirm of the locality. Such were the beginnings of the institution fifty years ago. Who could believe that from such a lowly origin would arise a system that now ramifies all over Europe, that shelters more than 33,000 poor old human beings, and possesses a sisterhood of nearly 4,500? Even in Turkey there is an establishment of Little Sisters of the Poor.

An extraordinary production of our selfish age was this strange odd peasant woman, Jeanne Jugan. She is the second Jeanne of whom France may boast as an incarnation of self-sacrifice. We commend the study of her character, as presented in these pages, to the attention especially of the cynical and the unbelieving. Is there anything short of divinity that could fan such a flame of love for fellow-creatures in any human heart as glowed in that of Jeanne Jugan?

There is a delusion prevalent amongst some people that the sisterhood is recruited almost altogether from the ranks of the poor. No greater mistake could be made. Its houses embrace not only members of the aristocracy but even persons of royal blood. Love of God levels all distinctions of rank in this unique democracy, the most wonderful outgrowth of the nineteenth century.

There may be such accidents as "superfluous women";* there *are* such things as superfluous books, and one of Cassel's "Unknown" series, by an anonymous author, is one of them. It seems to have been written by some enemy of womankind, as if to show that strength of will to do what woman knows to be right, and what, moreover, engages her affections, is wanting in cases where the custom of society and family ambition had raised artificial barriers. Extravagance in *motif* is the latest literary fad; this writer has brought the idea to the climax of absurdity. It is a good specimen of the new school of unhealthy Ibsen-cum-Zola school of literature, full of scientific jargon, unnatural pathos, and coarse presentation of the feminine character.

* *A Superfluous Woman.* Anon. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

That peculiar development of literature which depends for effect upon the elaboration of minute detail as a background has one of its best exponents, perhaps, in Mary Hallock Foot. The collection of stories beginning with the sketch *In Exile** gives an excellent illustration of this Meissonier like method of literature. The mining region of California is the scene of the title-story, and the local coloring is good. There is a romance of an immigrant school-teacher and an immigrant engineer, whose sensations about finding themselves in such a region seem to be much like those of the fly in the lump of amber, and who were severally as unhappy as Werther, for some reason not very apparent, until they yield to the force of mutual attraction. Then everything goes merry as a marriage-bell. Besides this there are a couple of other tales, full of detail of farm-life, and so forth, which show careful and sympathetic study. They are pleasant sketches to read in an idle half-hour, and they prove that good entertaining matter may be produced without recourse to the questionable devices of less able and less scrupulous writers who, under the pretence of trying to cure some moral malady, really appeal to the lower elements in human nature.

A short novel, founded on the evils of the caste system and the peculiar religious ideas of the East, by Richard Garbe, comes in seasonably from Chicago. In *The Redemption of the Brahman*† the freedom of the novelist enables him to handle with effect a good many of the obstacles to progress in the Orient which were pointed out by the Right Rev. Bishop Chatard in his recent article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The subject is treated forcibly and dramatically by the author, and in a manner not calculated to give a particle of offence. Mr. Garbe appears to be well versed in the intricacies of Eastern beliefs and prejudices.

Hardly less wonderful than the gathering of the World's Parliament of Religions itself is the history of that unique achievement now presented to the public by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D.‡ The work may justly be described as a *magnum opus*, for it embraces not only an exhaustive report of every speaker's address during the whole session of the Parlia-

* *In Exile, and other Stories.* By Mary Hallock Foot. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Redemption of the Brahman.* By Richard Garbe. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

‡ *The World's Parliament of Religions.* By the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D. Chicago: The Parliament Publication Company.

ment of Religions, but an abstract of the proceedings at the various auxiliary congresses of the religious denominations as well. At the close the general reader will find a review and summary of the entire sederunt; and this most valuable feature is not a little enhanced by the admirable series of biographical sketches of the chief personages who took part in the discussion. A vast number of illustrations are interspersed—scenes in the parliament, portraits of the expositors, views of famous cathedrals and temples in every land, and other relevant subjects. The work, which is divided into two quarto volumes, embraces no less than sixteen hundred pages of small type. This statement will help to give a notion of the herculean character of the labor which the author, the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., had to face in order to produce it. Putting aside any of the author's views upon the general subject of the parliament, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this concrete result a marvel of industry, impartiality, and painstaking erudition. The typography is beautifully clear, and the binding handsome and substantial.

To the psychological class only in a certain degree does Marion Harland's tales, grouped under the title of *Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister** belong. The depths of human feeling here sounded yield some repulsive dredging. It is possible that there may be such revolts against nature as that depicted in the hate of a girl like the Hester Wayt of this book for her own father, who in a fit of drunken fury had hurt her for life. It is possible we may admit, but it is not probable. The bitter, cynical, supersensitive creature here depicted is hardly a natural character. Such hatred as Hester Wayt's is intelligible only with such a motive as that of Beatrice Cenci. It hardly redeems the picture to find her at the close undergoing a transformation and dying in peace.

Mr. Wayt, the hypocritical preacher, is not perhaps overpainted in any other respect than in that of unfeeling cruelty to his little daughter. There may be, possibly are, some persons like him who cannot overcome a fatal addiction to the laudanum and liquor habit; but even drunkards and dotards, when they are of the male sex, love their children—their little girl pets especially. The exceptions to this rule are rare indeed. We would be sorry to think that in the ranks of any denomination of Protestants there could be found a wretch so vile

* *Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister.* By Marion Harland. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

as the savage and hypocritical Wayt of Marion Harland's fancy.

Of the other characters in this story it remains to be said that the heroine, Hetty, is too high a model of feminine excellence to be human, and her lover, March Gilchrist, is equally open to objection as a paragon of masculine excellences. These two are to ordinary human nature what the beautiful wax figures in the *modistes'* windows are to the real wearers of laces and brocades.

Of the other tales in this book, only one demands notice because of any questions which it raises. It treats of the case of an eminent literary lady who, with all her gifts of depicting character in novels, is so poor a judge of real character as to marry a man who has no literary sympathy with her, and is full of the vulgar notion that women who take the marriage vow of obedience mean it when they do so. After the honeymoon they quarrel, and she seeks refuge from marital misery in her pen. He forbids her to publish any more novels; she disobeys him secretly, and publishes a story under a *nom-de-plume*. It is a great success; he brings it home and reads it to her during her illness, with the comment that although it is powerful no pure woman could have written it. This remark brings about a catastrophe, resulting in the death of the devotee to literature. Here is an issue that might well form a topic for discussion by sensible women. Even if marriage were only a civil contract ought not the terms of that contract be respected by either party?

Young people* of various tastes and ages will find an immense fund of literature, not only entertaining but serviceable, in the volume of the Messrs. Harper for last year. The work abounds in pleasing and exciting stories, tales of travel and adventure, practical chapters on amusements, puzzles and games of many varieties. It is a perfect mine of wealth for the young.

I.—A UNITARIAN VIEW OF ST. FRANCIS.†

One who should casually look at the title-page of this book, without knowing anything more of its contents and its author, would naturally suppose that it was the work of a Catholic. It

* *Harper's Young People*, 1894. New York: Harper & Bros.

† *Vie de S. François d'Assise*. Par Paul Sabatier. Dyrson & Pfeiffer, 254 Fifth Avenue, New York.

is, in fact, the production of a writer who is not a Catholic or even an orthodox Protestant, but a Unitarian minister of the extreme left, and it is fundamentally and essentially anti-Catholic.

Strange as it may seem, the author has been fascinated by the character and history of St. Francis. He has studied the literature of his subject very carefully, and visited all the places which were the scenes of the life of the Saint of Assisi. He has endeavored to describe this life truthfully, and he has presented a picture of the saint and his surroundings in vivid colors and with many charms of style. He has even narrated the supernatural and miraculous events which are recorded by Franciscan and other Catholic biographers, as facts and phenomena which are well attested. His spirit is amiable and sympathetic, and his language, when expressing opinions and sentiments hostile to the doctrines and authority of the Catholic Church, is guarded and dignified.

Nevertheless, he belongs to that class of writers who strive to turn everything admirable and beautiful which the history of the Catholic Church furnishes into an argument against the episcopal and papal hierarchy and its claim to divine, supreme hegemony in the spiritual, ecclesiastical order. St. Francis is represented as a prophet of a kind of subjective spiritualism in opposition to that objective religion in which spirit and body are inseparably united in organic life. The author sees in him a foregleam of the light which broke out at the Reformation and is becoming brighter every day in Liberal Christianity.

It is the Catholic Idea, that the Holy Spirit dwells in the church, and through her priesthood and sacraments diffuses his grace among her members. They live in and by the church. They have, indeed, their individual life, and a personal communion with the Spirit, but this is dependent on and subordinate to the spiritual life which they receive through the church. Even the grace which is given beyond the communion and sacraments of the visible church is the outflow of the living water from the source and reservoir, finding its way through irregular and indirect channels to every soul which is fit to receive it.

The Protestant idea is quite contrary to this. It is a theory of pure subjectivism and individualism. Protestants do not recognize the Catholic Church in its visible, organic constitution as the creation and the temple of the Holy Spirit, but they declare it to be, no matter how many grand and wonderful quali-

ties they may concede to it, a merely human institution. Hence, they are free to admire and eulogize saints, heroes, and doctors as individuals, and to go into raptures over the architecture, music, sculpture, painting, and poetry of past ages. Others, treating the history of the church precisely as they do that of secular empires, extol certain great sovereigns, statesmen, prelates, and popes, for the wisdom and beneficence of their political administration, their patronage of learning, and all their enterprises in behalf of civilization and the welfare of nations. The shining examples of personal virtue and sanctity, the great writers in philosophy, theology, ethics, and religious mysticism, the apostles, founders, and active workmen in the moral and religious improvement of the people and the relief of their miseries, all receive their meed of sympathy and praise. And yet the unappeasable hostility against the authority of the papacy and the episcopate, against Catholicism as a divine institution, never relaxes. The enlightened and holy and heroic men, the pure religion, the beneficent civilizing influence, the generous and benevolent works and enterprises which extort the admiration even of rationalists, infidels, and candid heathen, are regarded as being in but not of and from the Catholic Church.

The church itself is treated, where it is not branded as an imposture and an evil power, as a merely human invention, to be freely criticised and judged, like the religion of Zoroaster, Buddha, or Mohammed.

Her saints and brightest ornaments are turned into witnesses against her, and from her own arsenals weapons are taken to assail and break down her defences. On the contrary, the crimes of her faithless and worthless children and rulers, the disorders and miseries which darken historical annals in Christian nations, multiplied, exaggerated, blackened, and grouped together into a consecutive unity, are made to appear as the legitimate development of Catholic principles and the papal system.

Monsieur Sabatier's volume is throughout an artful and insidious plea against the hierarchy, the monastic institute, and even the Franciscan Order as it was established under the direction of ecclesiastical authority. Its honey is everywhere mixed with anti-Catholic poison. It is all the more dangerous on that account. Perhaps some readers may assimilate the honey while rejecting the poison. But the only safe course for Catholics to pursue is to take their spiritual nutriment from pure Catholic sources.

2.—WILFRID WARD'S WITNESSES TO THE UNSEEN.*

The essays published in this volume have already appeared in various reviews, and at least two of them have been published in book or pamphlet form. All who have read them or any of them before will welcome their republication, for among the many Catholic laymen who, by their writings, have done invaluable service to the faith Mr. Ward takes a foremost place. It may, perhaps, be said that the mantle of Cardinal Newman has fallen upon him, so clear is his insight into the difficulties of the cultivated unbelievers of our day, so sympathetic and patient, and at the same time so profound and broad, is his treatment of those difficulties. Although sad, it is true that many works written in defence of the faith rather tend to widen than to bridge over the chasm which lies between belief and unbelief, and this from want of first-hand knowledge, and perhaps true sympathy with those who are enmeshed in the toils of modern thought. Mr. Ward's distinguishing characteristic is the possession of what is in this way wanting in so many, together with a style of writing which is itself attractive.

Although, as we have said, the essays in this volume have been published before, in an introduction we have some twenty pages of new matter in which the author indicates the unity of plan and purpose which runs through them all. The practical problem which Mr. Ward has set himself to solve, as stated in his own words, is: "What is and what ought to be the influence of the public opinion of our time, as indicated by its intellectual leaders—of what Germans call the Zeitgeist—in determining our own convictions?" The answer given by Mr. Ward is: "That it is and ought to be large, but that it is far larger than it ought to be." That current public opinion has for every period of the world's history great influence is as evident as that fashion rules and controls the weaker sex and no small portion of the stronger. Every age has intellectual preconceptions by which it judges, and on account of which it refuses even to take into consideration certain questions. No one has the right to treat with contempt and indifference the conclusions of the best and most influential of his contemporaries. For who is he that he should be above them all? But, on the other hand, he must bear in mind that, as Mr. Ward proves by examples taken from the past history of thought, public opinion

* *Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays.* By Wilfrid Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

tends to extremes. "A given age tends to exaggerate the significance of its own discoveries . . . [and] to carry too far its criticisms and revisions of the thoughts proper to an earlier time. . . . It moves at one time towards credulity, at another towards scepticism or panic." The part of a wise man, whatever may be the characteristic of his own age, is to try to keep his head, and, while imbibing the true genius of his time, to apply canons of criticism proper to another. In mediæval times Christianity brought with it a tendency to excessive credulity—a tendency which led to the belief in legends which were expunged by such men as the Maurists and the Bollandists. Our own is, on the contrary, an age of destructive criticism. The wise man, therefore, will, if true to himself, give due consideration to what the age may have overlooked. And in our own times Mr. Ward finds encouragement from the fact that men's minds are coming to be not absolutely closed to belief in the super or preternatural. The dominant temper of mind is far different from that of Voltaire and Hume. There is a half-consciousness existent that the end of the matter has not been reached, and to develop and complete this consciousness Mr. Ward has devoted his efforts.

It is on these lines that these essays have been written. We must leave it to our readers to judge for themselves of the manner in which the work has been done. At the same time we cannot conclude this notice without saying that we know of no work more likely to place on the right track a cultivated unbeliever—that is to say, a serious student of current philosophy—or one better adapted to predispose him to at least an earnest investigation of the grounds of religious convictions.

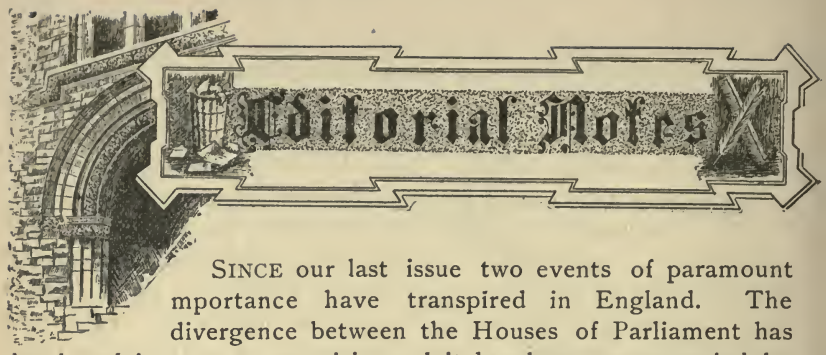
3.—A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.*

The editor and compiler of this useful volume modestly hopes that his book "will prove neither superfluous nor unserviceable." We think that those who have the good fortune to possess the dictionary will readily acquit him of having compiled either a superfluous or an unserviceable work. To

* *Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign Sources:* including Phrases, Mottoes, Maxims, Proverbs, Definitions, Aphorisms, and Sayings of Wise Men, in their bearing on life, literature, speculation, science, art, religion, and morals, especially in the modern aspects of them. Selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

the reader who has time only to dip into the vast ocean of literature pouring from the press in our day, and whose curiosity is often piqued as to the origin or author of some quaint or pithy phrase, proverb, or maxim, the book will prove a vade mecum. Especially will the busy journalist, writer, or professional man in search of a telling aphorism or a well-turned sentence to illustrate his subject find the volume serviceable. Its usefulness, too, is enhanced by the many quotations from great writers of the present century. Most compilations of this character that we have seen ignore the rich mine of thought embodied in the literature of our time, and confine their selections to preceding ages. While it is no doubt true that the great truths and thoughts of the elder ages never grow trite or stale, nevertheless we think it equally true that our own age has given birth to new thoughts and truths equally worthy of preservation and currency, while perhaps more in accord with the mental habitudes of our own day.

At first sight the alphabetical arrangement, regardless of topic, does not seem best for easy and ready reference (a matter of importance in these busy days), but a brief study of the text in conjunction with the well-arranged and extensive topical index meets all objections. The book is well printed and bound, and notably free of errors.



SINCE our last issue two events of paramount importance have transpired in England. The divergence between the Houses of Parliament has developed into an acute crisis, and it has been accompanied by a circumstance of deep and painful significance. Mr. Gladstone has been compelled by enfeebled health to retire from the premiership. What consequences may flow from this momentous step none will be so foolhardy as to predict. Only this can at present be said: that from the present auguries it is not at all improbable that we shall soon witness an entire disruption of the old party combinations, both in the Liberal as well as in the Conservative groups.

The aged statesman's retirement was not altogether unforeseen, but the suddenness of it surprised the vast body of the people. It is caused by the alarming condition of his eyes—not by any general decrepitude such as usually accompanies very advanced years. The malady called cataract has been for some time threatening him with total blindness, and it is imperative, if his still most valuable life is to be prolonged, that he retire absolutely from public life and Parliamentary labor. All his other bodily powers appear to be unimpaired. His last speech in the House of Commons afforded striking proof of his amazing vitality of mind and frame. His step was elastic, his voice clear and resonant, his bearing stately and full of strength.

This last speech of his may well be described as an epoch-making one. It was nothing less than a clarion-call to arms to the democracy. The House of Lords is the foe which threatens the safety of the English people, and the last act of the grand old English statesman was to fling down the gage of battle to the hereditary Maralls and defy them to the combat.

The Lords themselves seemed bent on forcing this conflict. At no period of their career have they exhibited themselves in

such an odious light as obstructors of the national will. They have mauled and disfigured the two great English measures—the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill—until they became unrecognizable by their framers. The result has been that the Commons abandoned the one, and, on Mr. Gladstone's advice, accepted the other under protest. "The Lords in effect," said Mr. Gladstone, in his solemn valedictory speech, "have unceremoniously nullified the labors of Parliament for a hundred nights on two bills (the Home-Rule Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill), and it is time that the nation make it a deliberate issue whether the votes of seven millions of men shall prevail in the legislation of this country, or the votes of a body which includes a few men of virtue and ability."

Mr. Gladstone's retirement followed quickly upon this pronouncement. An offer of a peerage was the only token of feeling which the queen, whose minister he had been for so many years, displayed towards the aged statesman—an offer which he at once declined. In this Mr. Gladstone was certainly right. As a commoner his fame is secure; as a peer it would soon be in imminent danger of obscurity. The names of lords are not long-lived, as a rule.

Lord Roseberry had long been in the public eye as the most likely successor to Mr. Gladstone, although the claims of Sir William Harcourt were regarded by many as paramount. On Lord Roseberry, in the result, the choice fell, and Sir William Harcourt has earned more applause than ever was his meed before for the gracious manner in which he gave the *pas* to his younger rival. The settlement, however, has its compensations. *De jure* only Lord Roseberry will be leader; he sits in the Upper House. Sir William will be the *de facto* chief, as he will conduct operations in the popular assembly.

It will be a singularly invidious position for Lord Roseberry to occupy. The Liberal party are pledged, by Mr. Gladstone's valedictory act, to a struggle against the hereditary chamber, and there is not a little of the serio-comic in the spectacle of a prime minister carrying on a campaign against the privileges of his own caste.

As for the effect which the retirement of Mr. Gladstone may have upon the cause of Home Rule, the fact that Mr. John Morley has elected to remain at the head of the Irish office

gives warranty for the assumption that the change of premiership means no change of policy in that plank of the Liberal platform. On the contrary, the retirement of Mr. Gladstone must have a beneficial influence, from an Irish point of view, at this particular phase of the struggle. Now the war against the Lords, who are the sole obstacle to the passing of the Home Rule measure, will commence in downright earnest, whereas were Mr. Gladstone still in power, the strong leaven of conservatism in his character must have exercised a certain centrifugal effect upon the agitation, and brought about a compromise, perhaps, on terms less favorable to Ireland than may now be the case in the near future. As it is, the Peers have earned a political *hari-kari*, and they seem in a fair way to achieve it.

A disaster at the very start is an ugly omen for Mr. Gladstone's successor, discounting as it does very badly all the praises which have been bestowed upon Lord Roseberry. He has blundered egregiously already, and his punishment has been swift. In his first speech referring to the House of Lords, he said in terms that that body might be got to accept the principle of the Home-Rule Bill when it found the electors of Great Britain in a majority in its favor. This raised the issue of the superiority of an English Member of Parliament's vote to that of an Irish Member of Parliament, and shattered the basis on which the acts of union between Ireland and Scotland with England rest. Everywhere the speech is condemned, and its first result was a defeat of the government on a division on Mr. Labouchere's amendment to the address calling for the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords. This was carried by 147 votes to 145, the Irish nationalist members joining with the English Radicals in favor of the motion. But the government did not accept the defeat as conclusive, and took the unusual course of bringing up a new address. The most hopeful element in the position is the splendid steadfastness of Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt to their Home-Rule policy. Mr. Morley, as he said himself a little while ago in Cork, has nailed his flag to the mast, and that flag is the green flag of Ireland. No English minister has ever attempted to go so far as this before, and the honesty of Mr. Morley's character gives the expression a remarkable significance. The Irish members have got to stand firm, and to stand united now, if they never had before. The tug of war

has come, and every energy will be required to overthrow the ancient enemy, the English aristocracy and the landlord House of Lords.

One of the few encouraging "signs of the times" is the appearance of the Rev. Washington Gladden's article in the *Century* magazine on the rabies know as A.-P.-A.ism. Whilst the attitude of many Protestant and dissenting divines towards this moral pestilence is halting and ambiguous, this sober-minded cleric speaks out his thought manfully on the iniquity and the treason of the nefarious conspiracy against free citizens of the American commonwealth. One effect of this pronouncement must be to awaken in other leaders of Protestant sentiment the slumbering consciousness of their duty in this crisis. If they are dumb now, their silence must hereafter be interpreted by the historian either as the result of a moral dread of speaking for the truth or a guilty acquiescence in a horrible cryptic conspiracy against unoffending fellow-citizens.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York:

Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. By Rev. T. W. Webb, M.A., F.R.A.S. *Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither.* By the Rev. Daniel Lyons. *Sacerdotalism, if Rightly Understood, the Teaching of the Church of England.* By W. J. Knox Little, M.A.

BURNS & OATES, London (Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago):

The Perfection of Man by Charity. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. *Pilate's Wife.* By Richard T. Haywarden.

MOWBRAY & CO., London and Oxford:

The Catholic Religion: A Manual of Instruction for Members of the Anglican Church. By Rev. Vernon Staley, Chaplain Priest of the House of Mercy, Clewes.

FLYNN & MAHONY, Boston:

Manuel de Cantiques et Chants Religieux. Par le Père A. Police, Mariste.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOK CO., New York:

Edwards's Catechism of Hygiene. By Joseph E. Edwards, A.M., M.D.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

'Lisbeth. By Leslie Keith. *The Experimental Novel.* By M. Zola; translated by Belle M. Sherman. *The Kingdom of God is within You.* By Count Leo Tolstoi; translated by Constance Garnett.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Data of Modern Ethics Examined. By Rev. John J. Ming, S.J., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. *The Means of Grace.* A complete Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, of the Sacramentals of the Church, and of Prayer. Illustrated by numerous parables, examples, and interesting anecdotes. Adapted from the German of Rev. Herman Rolfus, D.D., and Rev. F. J. Bräudle, by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

The Middle Ages: Literature and the Arts, Literature and the Catholic Clergy, Schools and Universities, Origin and History of Libraries. By M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore.

MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK, Cleveland, Ohio:

The Peerless Cook-Book. Compiled by Mrs. T. J. Kirkpatrick.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

LECTURES AT THE CATHOLIC SUMMER-SCHOOL.

SINCE the general meeting held at the Catholic Club in New York last January of the officers and trustees of the Catholic Summer-School, when the list of lecturers was considered, the Board of Studies has given long and careful deliberation to the choice of subjects to be selected for the session of 1894, which will begin July 14 at Plattsburgh, N. Y., situated on Lake Champlain. The members of the board are: Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Chairman; Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.; Rev. John F. Mullany; Hon. John B. Riley, and Principal John H. Haaren, Secretary. In the selection of speakers recognition has been given to different sections of the United States, the religious and secular clergy, and to the different professions, while keeping steadily in view the tastes and needs of the students. Some of the speakers on the eligible list have been unable as yet to send a definite acceptance. In answer to many eager inquiries from many parts of the country a first report of the programme is now given for publication.

Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., of Peoria, Ill., will preach the opening sermon. The Jesuit provincial, Rev. William O'B. Pardow, is also engaged for a sermon and four lectures on the Bible with special reference to the recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Richard Malcolm Johnston will give five lectures on eminent authors, including the tribute of the Summer-School to the memory of the late Brother Azarias. The French Revolution will be considered in three lectures by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D. Some legal principles of general interest will form the subject-matter of two lectures from the Hon. W. C. Robinson, of Yale Law School. Against his own wish Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., has yielded to the unanimous request of the Board of Trustees, and will arrange a new course of five lectures on the basis of ethics. Two lectures on the labor question are assigned to Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the formation of the Ausable Chasm is to be the subject of an address from the eminent geologist of New York State, Professor James Hall.

Conferences for Reading Circles are to be arranged on a new plan by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, of Springfield, Mass., has charge of the work for the teachers in Sunday-schools. The director of the Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, Rev. M. G. Flannery, will outline a course of study in ecclesiastical art.

Discourses on special topics will be given by the editor of the *Rosary*, Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P.; Dr. Valentine Browne, president of the board of health at Yonkers, N. Y.; Walter George Smith, president of the Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.; Professor Edmund G. Hurley, organist of the Church of St. Paul, under the care of the Paulist Fathers, New York City; James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*, Boston, Mass.; J. K. Foran, editor of the *True Witness*, Montreal, Canada; Rev. F. W. Wayrich, C.SS.R., Rochester, N. Y., and the president of the Catholic Summer-School, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester, Mass.

The fourth week, from August 6 to 10 inclusive, of the Champlain Summer-School will be devoted to subjects appealing especially to teachers. A normal

course of twenty-four lectures has been outlined as follows: Logic and Psychology, and incidentally the logic of grammar, by Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College; Language and Literature, by Principal George E. Hardy, president of the New York State Teachers' Association; Arithmetic and Mathematics, by Brother Adjutor, of Manhattan College; History, by Dr. M. F. Valette, a fellow-worker for a long time with the late Dr. Gilmary Shea; Geography, by Principal John H. Haaren, of Brooklyn; and a course in Astronomy, by the Rev. G. M. Searle, C.S.P., giving results of his personal investigations at the Observatory of the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C.

This teachers' normal course is not intended to give technical instruction in the subjects named, nor is it to be limited to an exclusive discussion of methods. In each department the aim will be to furnish a comprehensive view that will counteract the narrowing effect of teaching under graded systems. From present indications a large number of Sisters from academies and parish schools will attend the lectures for teachers. Particulars concerning the cost for board, etc., may be obtained from the Superior of D'Youville Academy, Plattsburgh, N.Y. Suitable accommodation for members of religious communities cannot be provided at short notice. Arrangements should be made without delay.

Archbishop Corrigan has kindly sent his congratulations to the Chairman of the Board of Studies, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., on the choice of speakers and the arrangement of the subjects to be treated in the coming session. The remarkable success of the Summer-School in 1893 amid the historic associations of Lake Champlain, notwithstanding the wonderful display at the World's Fair in Chicago, has attracted general attention among the Catholics of Great Britain. Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent before his departure from the United States last September made arrangements for an article giving a condensed history of the movement, which has been published in the Liverpool *Catholic Times* with the recommendation that the Catholics on the other side of the Atlantic should be represented at the next session in Plattsburgh, and take the opportunity to make a friendly visit to Canada on the way going or returning. A cordial welcome is assured in advance to all, especially to the brethren who are at a distance beyond the ocean in Ireland, England, Scotland, Australia, and throughout the Dominion of Canada.

The Regents of the University of the State of New York granted an absolute charter February 9, 1893, by virtue of which the Catholic Summer-School has a legal existence as a corporation, under the laws of the State of New York, and is classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. By this charter from the Board of Regents many advantages are secured for students preparing for examinations, besides the legal privileges which could be obtained in no other way. In the official documents relating to the charter ample guarantees are given that the object for which the Catholic Summer-School was organized shall be steadily kept in view, and the good work continued according to the plans approved by its founders and trustees.

Briefly stated, the object of the Champlain Summer-School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great ex-

pense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study.

* * *

Members of the Columbian Reading Union and others, especially those who attended the sessions of 1892 and 1893, can do a work of practical utility by sending to the Board of Studies the name and address of persons who might, could, would, or should make the effort to be present at Plattsburgh for the Summer-School session of 1894. Compliments are plentiful for the work of the past; workers ready to begin active preparations are scarce. To make the Summer-School a permanent success there is urgent need of a large amount of volunteer service for the coming session, which begins July 14 and will continue four weeks. Each one who reads this notice should resolve at once to follow these directions:

Write to Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio, for lecture tickets and information about railroads.

On matters relating to Board of Studies, write to Rev. Thomas McMillan, 415 West 59th Street, New York City.

For boarding arrangements, write to Catholic Summer-School, Secretary of Local Committee, Plattsburgh, N. Y. Board, $5.00 a week and upwards. Do not be afraid to enclose a stamped envelope for reply; the United States mail will carry it safely.

* * *

Our esteemed friend L. D. P. has kindly permitted the publication of this letter containing a keen appreciation of the advantages to be derived from the Catholic Summer-School:

In the early years of the present century there existed a dame's school in which reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography were taught for a small weekly fee. Two-pence additional per week procured an extra instruction in "good manners"—"good manners and the conduct of life," let us say, although so compound a name was not then applied to the last-mentioned branch. Good manners and the conduct of life still form a prominent portion of the teaching in parochial schools.

Some one has said: "Given, a log by the wayside, with a certain capable and enthusiastic instructor sitting at one end, and half a dozen youths eager to learn at the other, and we already have a College." A few rooms for protection against the weather, for sheltering the needful library, and for carrying out the indispensable experiments, would no doubt add to the completeness of the institution. A wider curriculum and a more extended staff of competent professors—men not only possessed of learning, but endowed with the gift of lucidly conveying that learning to an ample band of growing minds—gives us the foundation of a University. When the United States Senate was wrestling with the problem of the proper employment of James Smithson's bequest "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," Professor Joseph Henry, then the practical head of the projected Smithsonian Institute, found much difficulty in preventing the expending of the money on an extra fine building, containing a great library and museum. He brought to the minds of senators the terms of the will, calling for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge," and claimed that this purpose could much more surely be accomplished by money set aside for scientific research and the publication of results than by a huge crystallization in a big museum of what was already known. He succeeded at least in effecting a compromise.

And now comes the Summer-School to give a bird's-eye view of the possi-

bilities as well as of the limitations of human learning—a school which shall teach not only the official students, but even the instructors themselves. In these days of *especial* delving, a man who strives to gather in all the treasure contained in his own vein, has little time to look into the products found in his neighbor's lode. It is well for him occasionally to be given a glimpse of sundry matters to be acquired in directions wherein he has never ventured. For instance, take two artists—*real* artists, who have striven to attain to the fundamental ideas, as well as to the expert practice of their respective arts: let each listen to the other expound the principles underlying such ideas and practice, and he will not only learn to better appreciate the sister art, but may gain sundry new lights in his own walk. There is no one who has exhausted all that is to be learned in his own science or art; there is still something to be acquired, and if he be endowed with a receptive and tolerably humble turn of mind, he may find food for useful pondering in directions never before thought of by him.

A few weeks is too short a time in which to master any art or science, but it is ample for the obtaining of new ideas, new sources of interest and *means* of knowledge. Especially will such courses benefit teachers, who need to have their own minds fully roused, that they may the better bring all the personal magnetism they are possessed of to influence the minds of their pupils as they *must* do before they can stimulate and lead them aright in the paths of real learning. And along these paths, in the meeting of so favored an association, will not a flood of light be poured, issuing from the "Father of lights," and from that "true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," who is willing to recognize and accept it in aid of his own limited capacities? Charity, humility, receptiveness, and the holding fast to first principles, must be the never-flagging helps in such a meeting. Each one will bring his best, but each one will not take in all that is proffered; still, every one can assimilate somewhat of that which best suits his own needs, and may return home with renewed zeal, and with enlarged knowledge as to the means whereby to accomplish the ends so earnestly desired.

Again, Catholics are too often not aware of the treasures of thought contained in Catholic philosophy, literature, history, art, etc., of the breadth of the horizon commanded by these in so many various tongues, of the purity of its atmosphere, of its out-of-doors feeling unshackled by narrow fashions of thinking and judging. They scarcely realize that they stand with the ground of Truth beneath them, the fresh air of boundless Love and Beauty encompassing them, and the blue sky above, reaching far away beyond their human sight, but studded with reflections of the Infinite.

All along these various ways we have not for one moment lost sight of good manners, good morals, and the conduct of life. Rather have they become more and more conspicuous. To much intellectual culture has been added that "culture of the spiritual sense," that refining and elevating of the entire man, in his senses and his mental grasp, in his tastes and affections, in steadfast will and self-control, in a word, in body and soul, which bring him near and nearer to the Exemplar in the Creative Mind, if we may speak of the Infinite in terms of the finite.

And here we pause in the presence of a beautiful and beloved memory. No one among us can even name the "culture of the spiritual sense" without thinking of the gracious spirit which so beautifully held it up before us as a goal to be tried for. The lovely but accurate methods, the single-heartedness, the wide sympathies of Brother Azarias are as beacon-lights to lead us on to the attainment of the best results to flow from the meeting of the Summer-School.

THE FOBELLO COSTUME IS ATTRACTIVE. (*See page* 178.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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AVE GRATIA PLENA.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Full of Grace! O Flower of snow!
Untouch'd by stain of Adam's guilt;
O House of Gold, by Wisdom built
For His own dwelling here below!
While 'round thee winds celestial blow,
The blessed dews of Paradise
Upon thy spirit, ceaseless, flow;
Its honey in thy bosom lies!

Ah! let us, bee-like, near thee swarm,
To glean that honey for our hives;
Feed on thy sweets, thy fragrance warm,
And store them in our busy lives;
That, clean of heart, we too may grow,
O Full of Grace! O Flower of snow!

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CHRISTIAN UNITY IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

EVILS OF DISUNION RECOGNIZED BY PROTESTANTS.

ONE result of the Parliament of Religions has been, to make it manifest that Christianity alone has any reasonable claim to be a supernatural, revealed, universal religion, demanding the homage of all mankind. Either Christianity is this religion, or there is none. In the second alternative, the idea of Christian unity vanishes. It is a topic of vital importance only for those who embrace and profess the first alternative. The discussion of it is therefore confined to Catholics, and to those other Christians who are so far orthodox in their doctrine as to recognize that there is an objective, genuine Christian religion which all to whom it is sufficiently proposed are bound by the law of God to profess and practise. The evils of disunion among those who profess to believe in Christianity, and the desirableness of the union of all Catholics, Greeks, and Orthodox Protestants in one faith and one church being admitted, both for the sake of Christendom and for the conversion of the non-Christian peoples, it is an interesting question, whether any practical means of effecting this union were proposed at the Parliament.

CHRISTIAN UNION FROM A PROTESTANT STAND-POINT.

We must look into this question from a Protestant stand-point; for, in the view taken from the Catholic stand-point, no practical means of reunion can be imagined except a return of those who are separated from the Catholic Church to her communion. There might be a partial union embracing some or all of the Protestant denominations, by means of a compromise, if they could agree upon its terms. Therefore, there is a question worthy of examination, how far the leaders of these divisions of Protestants are prepared to sink their differences and combine their forces. Some sects are so much alike in doctrine and polity, that their union does not seem at all impossible, if they are sincerely desirous to accomplish it. There is no sufficient reason why the different Presbyterian sections, Lutherans,

German and Dutch Reformed, and Congregationalists should not unite. The same may be said of the Methodists. Baptists cannot unite with Presbyterians or Methodists, unless they change their principles. Protestant Episcopalians cannot unite with any non-episcopal sects, unless they give up all exclusive claim to apostolic succession, or can persuade these sects to submit to reordination and episcopal government. There are no signs of any movement among these great denominations toward a general unification in one great Protestant church; and much less of their absorption into any one of these same sects. Looking at the question from a Protestant stand-point, it is morally certain that their divisions are an irremediable evil. But suppose it were not so, and they could succeed in making one great Protestant Episcopal communion, the great enterprise of the reunion of divided churches, as they apprehend it and desire to see it accomplished, would still remain a disastrous failure, so long as this great Protestant church and the Episcopal churches of the Orient were divided, and all of them separated from the Roman Church. Granting that these Oriental churches should come into the confederation, and that grand Castle in the Air, a Greco-Catholic Church under Eastern and Western Patriarchs with an honorary Primate at Constantinople or Jerusalem, embracing 200,000,000 of members, should arise out of the present chaos; there would not be one Christian Church, but two churches, so long as the Roman Church remained the head of an equally powerful and numerous episcopal body, and the separation and opposition between the two great bodies continued.

A PLAN OF REUNION MUST INCLUDE THE ROMAN CHURCH.

It is plain, therefore, that the prospect of a reunion of Christendom, from the Protestant stand-point, must take in union of Constantinople, Moscow, Canterbury, Berlin, of all Eastern and Western sects, with Rome, by means of mutual compromises.

Of all parties, the Roman Church must make the greatest concessions: concession of supremacy, infallibility, of all general councils since the seventh. The Greeks must give up the seventh, and all who have held to the first six, if they yield to the demands of Eutychians and Nestorians, must give up four of these. In fact, the scheme of reunion on Protestant principles would seem to imply a clean sweep of all creeds, confessions, and dogmatic definitions by ecclesiastical authority, and a re-

construction by common consent of Christianity from top to bottom, distinguishing all its essentials and fundamentals from accidentals, and human opinions. How this is to be done, is a matter for those to explain who look forward to such a consummation as possible. Looking to the history of the Chicago Parliament for some light on the subject, we find a few remarks by Dr. Barrows, and a long paper by Dr. Schaff, but nothing else which is more than vague and desultory observations.

DR. SCHAFF'S PLAN OF REUNION.

Dr. Barrows, in his "Review and Summary" (vol. ii. p. 1573), has written as follows:

"One effect of the Parliament will be to bring up more prominently than ever the question of the reunion of Christendom. Dr. A. H. Bradford has said: 'Never again, after the participation of the Roman and Greek Churches in this great gathering, will the union sought be merely a union of Protestant sects. . . .' The addresses of Dr. Schaff and Canon Fremantle are classics on this great subject of the reunion of Christendom, but the assembling of the Parliament was itself the greatest blow in the present generation to schism and narrow Christian sectarianism."

So far as Canon Fremantle's paper is concerned, it contains nothing definite or precise, but is composed of vague generalities.

There is much of the same kind of rhetorical rhapsody in Dr. Schaff's paper, but he does, sometimes, speak to the point and with a definite meaning. He is rhetorical and even eloquent in his panegyrics upon all sections of professing Christians, not excluding Unitarians, Universalists, and Quakers from a small share in his universal benevolence. The Roman Catholic, Greek, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Baptist churches are all "glorious" churches. Those sects which he cannot include within the limits of orthodoxy have nevertheless a certain justification and merit for protesting against gross or exaggerated forms of orthodoxy. He says: "There is room for all these and many other churches and societies in the Kingdom of God, whose height and depth and length and breadth, variety and beauty, surpass human comprehension."

In respect to the union of Protestant sects, Dr. Schaff em-

phasizes the programme of the Pan-Anglican Synod, at the same time declaring positively that the non-episcopal bodies will never accept the high-church doctrine of the historic episcopate and expressing the hope that the demand of the bishops to submit to an episcopal reorganization will be dropped, as a term of communion. The fact that the high-church party is becoming more and more dominant makes this very unlikely.

Dr. Schaff perceives, however, that "if all the Protestant churches were united by federal or organic union, the greater, the most difficult, and the most important part of the work would still remain to be accomplished; for union must include the Greek and Roman churches. They are the oldest, the largest, and claim to be the most orthodox; the former numbering about 84,000,000 members, the latter 215,000,000, while all the Protestant denominations together number only 130,000,000.

"If any one church is to be the centre of unification, that honor must be conceded to the Greek or the Roman communion.

"First of all, the two great divisions of Catholicism should come to an agreement among themselves on the disputed questions about the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit, and the authority of the Bishop of Rome. On both points, the Greek Church is supported by the testimony of antiquity, and could not yield without stultifying her whole history. Will Rome ever make concessions to history? We hope that she will."

Dr. Schaff has made one great stride toward overcoming the difficulty of reunion. By one magisterial dictum, as if history were speaking by his mouth, he gives the gain of the cause to the Greek Church, and prescribes the terms of an agreement which consists in the submission of the Roman Church to the Greek Church, leaving the latter master of the field. Of course, if the Pope is willing to accept the arbitration of Dr. Schaff, as an unerring interpreter of history, he gives up his supremacy, and with it all the ecumenical councils except the first seven, recognized by the Greeks. The Vatican Council with its definition of papal infallibility is swept away with the rest. Nevertheless, Dr. Schaff is apprehensive that this council will be a serious obstacle in the way of union. He turns the flank of this fortress, however, by a piece of logical strategy which is phenomenal, and quite equal to Hegel's treatment of the principle of contradiction. The decrees of the Vatican Council, he says, "can refer only to the Roman Church. The official deci-

sions of the pope, as the legitimate head of the Roman Church, are final and binding upon all Roman Catholics, but they have no force whatever for any other Christians." What is the meaning of this? Is it, that they are really binding upon Roman Catholics, or only supposed by them to be binding? Dogmatic decrees, if they are really binding, are proclamations of revealed truths, and therefore binding by divine authority on all to whom they are sufficiently proposed. Otherwise, they are not binding upon any one, except in so far as men are bound to obey the dictates of an erroneous conscience.

Dr. Schaff proceeds: "What if the pope, in the spirit of the first Gregory, and under the inspiration of a higher authority, should infallibly declare his fallibility in all matters lying outside his own communion?" This is one of the most extraordinary sentences ever penned. Is the Pope supposed to continue to claim infallibility within his own communion, or not? If not, the whole passage is unmeaning. If he does, since he does not and cannot claim infallibility except in matters pertaining to faith and morals, he cannot proclaim decrees as binding on all who are in his communion, without at the same time demanding the obedience of all baptized Christians. For all are *de jure*, even if not *de facto* belonging to his own communion, and can have no other valid excuse for refusing submission to his supreme jurisdiction and infallible authority, except invincible ignorance. Dr. Schaff then proposes that the Pope should "invite Greeks and Protestants to a fraternal pan-Christian council in Jerusalem." A general invitation was actually given to the Councils of Lyons, Florence, Trent, and the Vatican; and would be willingly given again, if the adjourned Council of the Vatican should reassemble. It is not, however, a Catholic ecumenical council which Dr. Schaff has in view. He has previously determined that the Pope must descend from his throne. The Eastern patriarchs, the Latin, Greek, and Anglican bishops cannot be supposed to maintain their hierarchical superiority in a fraternal, pan-Christian council, or to exclude the presbyters of various descriptions from an equality with themselves. When all are assembled in a great Christian Reichstag, an ecclesiastical House of Commons, representing the universal empire of Christianity, they will have a colossal work before them—the reconstruction of the Christian religion from its foundations. This work must be at least begun by the great Parliament of Religions, and when it is carried forward to its accomplishment; "the reunion of the entire Catholic Church, Greek and Roman,

with the Protestant churches will require such a restatement of all the controverted points by both parties as shall remove misrepresentations, neutralize the anathemas pronounced upon imaginary heresies, and show the way to harmony in a broader, higher, and deeper consciousness of God's truth and God's love."

Dr. Schaff's idea of this reunion is one which does not include in its scope unification in one universal organic whole. It is the idea of an Evangelical Alliance between distinct denominations, mutually extending the right hand of fellowship to each other.

"The historic denominations are permanent forces, and represent various aspects of the Christian religion which supplement each other. The world will never become wholly Greek, nor wholly Roman, nor wholly Protestant, but it will become wholly Christian. Every denomination which holds Christ the Head will retain its distinctive peculiarity, and lay it on the altar of reunion, but it will cheerfully recognize the excellence and merits of the other branches of God's Kingdom."

This, however, is not yet the ultimatum. After the harmonious adjustment of differences on the basis of a common orthodoxy, "the whole system of traditional orthodoxy, Greek, Latin, and Protestant, must progress, or it will be left behind the age, and lose its hold on thinking men." *

REUNION WITH THE ROMAN CHURCH ON DR. SCHAFF'S PLAN IMPOSSIBLE.

Leaving aside all consideration of the likelihood of Greeks and Protestants joining in a confederation or alliance of this sort, let us consider, what reasonable expectation an intelligent and well-informed Protestant can have, that the Roman Church will become a party to the compact.

Let us suppose then that the terms of the compact have been arranged and agreed to, by all the great Protestant denominations in the United States. At the basis of this compact there must be a common Creed, recognized by all as containing all the essential articles of faith. Moreover, the essential and necessary elements to the constitution of religious societies which can mutually recognize one another as churches, must be determined. Beyond these essentials of doctrine and order, there is perfect liberty of opinion, and freedom of voluntary

* *World's Parliament of Religions*, vol. ii. pp. 1191–1201.

association, under episcopal, presbyterian, or congregational constitutions, and freedom in respect to forms of worship.

Now, if the Catholic hierarchy in the United States were to enter into this confederation, there would be an aggregate of sects or denominations, on a level of perfect equality, all the different kinds of bishops and elders presiding over their flocks, the various councils, synods, and conventions deliberating on the matters belonging to their separate corporations, and none claiming any divine or ecclesiastical right to override the authority and jurisdiction of other bodies equally legitimate with their own. The ministers of religion, officiating in temples with or without altars, images, and lights, with various forms of vestments or with none at all, using a Latin or English liturgy or praying without book, and preaching all kinds of doctrines tolerated by the creed of progressive orthodoxy, would assuredly fulfil Dr. Schaff's vaticination: "We must, therefore, expect the greatest variety in the church of the future."

Now, the question is: Can any intelligent and reasonable Protestant sincerely believe that the Catholic hierarchy in America, and in the whole world, is going to descend to this level, and become a party to such an alliance? The question is equivalent to this: Is there any ground for expecting that the Catholic Church will become Protestant? For, although Dr. Schaff has said that the world will never become wholly Protestant, yet, if it does become wholly Christian by a blending and combination of Roman, Greek, and Protestant elements, it must become wholly Protestant, since Romans and Greeks must give up to Protestantism all that constitutes the specific difference of Catholicism.

THE SPECIFIC DIFFERENCE OF CATHOLICISM DEFINED.

It is not the division of the universal church into dioceses, provinces, and patriarchates, under the primacy of Rome, nor an elaborate ritual, nor even a systematic theology, which makes this specific difference. It is the principle of supreme authority in faith delegated by Jesus Christ to the apostolic hierarchy. Jesus Christ is the Divine Mediator through whom the truth and grace of God are transmitted to men for their salvation. Orthodox Protestants confess this. He sent the Holy Spirit to consummate his redeeming and sanctifying work. They confess this also. He delegated a share in his mediatorial office to an apostolic order to which he committed all the truth revealed from the beginning of the world with the gift of infalli-

bility in teaching this truth; and to which he committed the custody of the gifts of grace enshrined in sacraments, with the power of administration, together with legislative and governing authority in the spiritual and ecclesiastical order. This delegation was permanent in the sacerdotal hierarchy of apostolic succession, constituted under the supremacy of St. Peter, prince of the apostles, and his successors. Orthodox Protestants deny this delegated mediatorial office of the apostolic order as a whole, but most inconsistently admit it in part, and thus leave their cause at the mercy of rationalists. They admit a special commission of the original thirteen apostles to promulgate the Christian religion and to complete the Scripture by writing the New Testament. But they deny their sacerdotal character and their power to transmit to successors their special commission which was personal and temporary. The idea of a Christian priesthood, having authority in faith and the administration of sacraments efficaciously conferring grace, is swept away and effaced. Each individual is immediately taught by the Spirit to find the faith in the Holy Scriptures, and immediately sanctified by grace, without human intervention, without mediation of church, priest, or sacrament. Now, for such persons, there is plainly no other way of coming to an agreement in faith, except by a comparison of their individual views on the doctrines really revealed in Scripture. It is natural to assume that so much as is very widely and generally accepted as revealed truth is the essential and substantial part of the gospel, and that the rest may be left open to diverse interpretations. But, to suppose that Catholics will consent to adopt this method of arriving at concord, is to suppose that they will abandon the Catholic and adopt the Protestant rule and method of determining what is the Christian creed. It is the Catholic principle, that the Christian Faith is proposed with infallible authority by the church. The teaching authority of the church is lodged in the Apostolic Episcopate. The Apostolic Episcopate is composed of the whole body of bishops who are the legitimate successors of the apostles, united in the communion of the Apostolic See of St. Peter, under their supreme head, the Roman Pontiff. All the dogmas proposed as pertaining to Catholic Faith by this infallible authority are proposed as revealed truths to be believed on the veracity of God, and are therefore in their very nature irreformable. The certitude of each and every dogma is equally firm with that of every other and of the whole system of articles and dogmas of Catholic Faith. To give up one

is to give up all, and to destroy the vital principle of Catholic authority.

There are many such dogmas of Catholic Faith irrevocably proclaimed by the supreme authority of the Holy See and the Ecumenical Councils, and which all the faithful are required to believe as necessary to salvation, explicitly if they are known, and implicitly by those who have not a distinct knowledge of the whole.

Dogmas of this kind are:

1. The mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation.
2. Original Sin.
3. The Canon and Inspiration of Scripture.
4. Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory.
5. The Real Presence and the Sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist.
6. The Seven Sacraments.
7. The Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope.

This is, of course, no complete enumeration of dogmas, but only a selection of some which are barriers to any agreement with Protestants, from one extreme to the other, from Unitarians to Greeks. All the definitions of the councils from the First of Nicæa to the Vatican, and all the dogmatic decrees of the Holy See, must be included in a complete enumeration of dogmas of Catholic Faith. The creed of Pope Pius IV. is the summary of Catholic dogmas to which all bishops, doctors, and members of councils are required to profess assent under oath.

THE CATHOLIC DOGMA AND POLITY UNCHANGEABLE.

I am not at present arguing the question of the truth and right of Catholicism as opposed to Orthodox Protestantism. I intend merely to make a statement of what Catholicism as professed by the Roman Church really is, as a public fact, as a phenomenon in history and in the actual present. And considering its nature, its present attitude toward all forms of belief and opinion, and the present aspect of all kinds of controversies about history, science, philosophy, ethics, and theology, I propose the question to every intelligent and candid Protestant, whether there is any apparent probability that the Catholic Church will leave its actual position and come down to the level of Protestantism, whether orthodox, latitudinarian, or rationalistic?

The Pope, the 1,200 bishops and 100,000 priests of his communion, the religious orders, the universities, doctors, professors,

and learned men, and the whole body of the laity, profess, *ex animo*, all the dogmas proclaimed by the Vatican Council as having equal authority with the Apostles' Creed, and having their foundation in divine revelation. Catholic scholars are fully acquainted with all the reasons, arguments, and objections, from Scripture, Antiquity, Philosophy, and Science, contained in every kind of anti-Catholic polemics. There is nothing new which can be brought forward. And there is no sign of weakening, of timidity, in the advocates and champions of Catholicism.

REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM BY COMPROMISE A VISIONARY SCHEME.

The project of a reunion of Christendom in a grand Evangelical Alliance by the way of compromise is a visionary scheme. Unity in Christendom has never existed except in the form of a great circle or sphere having its centre in the Roman See of St. Peter. All schisms and divisions have arisen by centrifugal movements away from this centre. Catholics believe that this sphere with its centre was established by Jesus Christ, to endure until the end of the world. They have a rational conviction and a religious faith that there is a supernatural, revealed religion, which is the only salvation of the world; that this religion is Christianity; that Christianity is embodied and organized in the Catholic Church, having two fundamental, dominant principles, the Inspiration of Scripture explained and supplemented by a living and perpetual Tradition, and the Infallibility of the Church. They believe in the perpetuity and final triumph of the Catholic Church relying on the promises of Christ. Therefore, they must desire that all who have become separated from the Church should return to her bosom, and that all nations should be gathered into the one fold, under the One Shepherd.

OBJECT OF CATHOLIC PRELATES IN ATTENDING THE PARLIAMENT.

The only object and motive of those prelates and priests who took part in the Parliament of Religions was, to present Catholicism before the representatives of all forms of religion as the genuine and authentic Christianity of Christ and the Apostles; the Catholic Church as the kingdom of God on the earth.

It has appeared to some, that the participation of the Catholic hierarchy in the Parliament indicated some new attitude toward separated Christian societies. Dr. Barrows, in his "Review and Summary" (vol. ii. p. 1573), quotes some sayings of critics, which do not explicity affirm this view, but which seem

to hint at it, indirectly. "One result of the Parliament, says *The Churchman*, is the demonstration of the fact that the American people appreciate religious courage, which was conspicuously manifested by the Catholics. Dr. Munger writes in the *Christian World* (London): By far the most notable feature of the Parliament was the participation of the Roman Catholic Church and the presence of its ablest representatives in this country, and the earnest and genuine Catholicity with which they entered into its deliberations."

Dr. Munger uses the term "Catholicity" in that wide sense which is becoming common, and is nearly synonymous with "liberality." He means to say that the Catholic speakers showed a disposition which was candid and amicable toward other religionists, leading them to avoid exaggerating diversities and differences, and to make the most of similarities; in a word, to adopt the *irenic* rather than the *polemic* method. This is precisely what the late Cardinal Manning frequently and earnestly recommended.

The polemic method sets forth the errors to be combated in as clear a light as possible and separated from the truth with which they are mixed. It attacks them in front and refutes them by bringing the contrary truths into opposition, and by showing false or even absurd conclusions as logically deducible from their premises. The irenic method takes hold of the truths which are held by opponents, and points out their logical connection with other truths which are rejected. Polemics are often violent and bitter, irenics are calm and conciliatory. It is not desirable or possible to abandon altogether the polemical method in controversy, but it is much to be desired that it should be tempered with an irenical spirit, and that the irenical method should be employed by preference in many cases and to a great extent.

The Parliament of Religions was dominated by this irenical spirit, and it was certainly an unprecedented instance of amicable conference rather than controversy, not only of Catholics, Greeks, and several denominations of Protestants, but also of Jews and pleaders for various heathen religions. It must be admitted that there was something in the attitude of all these different religions toward each other, and in the amicable relations of their representatives, altogether different from the scenes in past history, when their polemics were waged, not with the arms of reason alone, but with weapons of war on the battle-field, and in fierce political conflicts, with soldiers, statesmen, and kings as their leaders. Those troublous times have in a great mea-

sure passed away. An era of mutual toleration and to a considerable extent of religious liberty has succeeded. It is only by peaceful means that the gospel of Christ can be propagated, and only by intellectual and moral forces that men and nations can be brought into religious harmony and unity.

In our own happy republic, religious liberty and equality are fundamental principles of the civil and political order. A cordial acceptance and a practical carrying out of these principles prepares a common ground where men of different religions can meet in amicable relations, and co-operate in many good works which are patriotic, philanthropic, and scientific. During the past three centuries Catholics in the English-speaking countries have been under the ban of a civic and social excommunication which has forced them into an isolated position. This has been gradually relaxed, and almost entirely abolished, so far as legal and political disabilities are concerned. But animosity and distrust have survived, as an heirloom from the age of persecution. This animosity has been passing away during the most recent period, and a different, more amicable attitude toward the Catholic Church has necessarily had its counterpart in the attitude of her representatives, for instance in the Parliament of Religions.

It is more remarkable that the Catholic prelates were invited to this Parliament and received on such honorable terms, than that they accepted the invitation. This opportunity was given, and others are continually arising, for gaining a hearing for the Catholic cause from our fellow-citizens. Hostility to Catholicism is to a great extent due to a misapprehension of its principles and doctrines. Those who believe in Christianity as a supernatural, revealed religion, in the Divinity of Christ, and the Inspiration of the Scriptures, are more on the Catholic than the anti-Catholic side in the great impending controversy, and they ought to be with us, openly and formally. The old disputes between us are nearly obsolete, and the great contention now, is for Christianity against an un-Christian and even anti-Christian philosophy of naturalism, secularism, revived paganism. All who worship Jesus Christ in spirit and in truth, and who desire that his kingdom may prevail over this crypto-paganism, and all the pagan religions of the world, must desire that all Christians should be united in one church, under one banner, and at least pray for this most desirable consummation, which can only be effected by the power and grace of God.

ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—IV.

By Walter Lecky.

ONE beautiful July evening our boat lay at anchor in that beautiful sheet of mountain water called by the natives Round Pond, by the few fastidious New York sportsmen that annually visit it Indian Lake. We had whipped the pond from early morning—I speak in the plural, for Billy Buttons was my guide—and without a nibble to keep hope in expectancy. The burning sun had skin-furrowed my cheeks and pricked my flesh, while legions of singing mosquitoes had called and held their irritating conventions on the tracks old Sol had made. I was uneasy; Buttons noticed this, for he grasped the paddle and with a few quick passes brought the anchor-rope within my reach, shouting as he did so, "Doctor, pull her in." A few jerks and I landed the anchor, an awkward-looking stone, encased in black mud, in the bow.

"Where are you bound for, William?" I asked.

"For Charley Pond, doctor. There's no use in fooling any more here. The little fellows we don't want, and the big fellows ain't in the biting humor; and what's more, fish on a tarnation hot day like this, doctor, ain't frying in the middle of the lake; they're gone up the brooks to cool. You'll find them skulking under the elders. What a tarnation day this has been, doctor, but here goes!" And Buttons, taking the oars, touched the waters, making scarcely a ripple, and away went the boat.

It may be foolish, but so beautiful was the motion of the boat under the artistic guidance of Buttons that I thought it was alive. Buttons had some like thoughts, for he said: "Doctor, I haven't much in this world, but if she (the boat) would go to pieces on one of those floating hemlocks it would be the death of me. She's as skittish as a kitten, doctor. There's no duck in these waters that can do the bowing act with her. She's a rattler, you may pin your faith to that every time. What do you think, doctor?"

I simply answered, "She's all you say. Stumps ahead, William."

"She'll dodge them by the bushel," was Buttons's assuring reply.

We had passed out of Indian Lake into a narrow channel dangerously dotted with half-burnt pine logs. The edges of this channel were lined with a scrubbish growth of dwarfish elder, "home of the foxy three-pounders," to cite Buttons's passing comment. From these elders floated long trailing, sun-burnt yellow moss, like the dishevelled hair of some village beauty. Guarding this dwarfish growth rose many a mile of stately spruce and pine, half a century ago the home of troops of yelping wolves, now the play-ground of the red squirrel and his lesser friend, the chattering, greedy chipmunk. This channel has two branches, one broad and deep, called the Salmon, the other gradually becoming narrower and narrower until the occupant of the boat can comfortably touch either bank with outstretched arms. This channel is difficult of access, but under the masterly skill of Buttons difficulties of this kind were converted into pleasures. Our way led by this channel. Buttons, as was his way when he scented sport, broke into song as naturally as a bird. I remember a few lines of it:

"Chantons, chantons l'air du depart
Nagez rameurs car l'onde fuit,
Le rapide est proche, et le jour finit."

As an answer to this Canadian boatman's song came the quick sound of the chopper's axe, mingled with a weak human attempt to follow the lusty song of William Buttons.

"Get a hold on that twig, doc., and jerk us off that darned stump," said Buttons, rising in the boat and leaving the weary chopper to indifferently continue the song. The paddle was exchanged for an oar. "That's good, doc.; another jerk and she'll get there as sure as my name is Buttons. Ay, there she goes as straight as a pin. See how she shakes her noddle. Charley Pond, doctor—don't you see it peeping atween the bushes like a cat's eye in the dark."

Then addressing himself to the boat: "Don't be rubbing your nose against every stump you meet, or, my pretty pet, you'll have a face on you as black as a crow's wing coming home." The boat steadied herself as if obedient to her master's will, skilfully avoided a huge log, and with a saucy skip made her first bow in Charley Pond. The little lake is wooded to the very shore with the finest specimens of spruce, tamarack, and pine. It is rimmed with soft mountain moss in many a tangled form, whose bright hues strangely mingle with the

shadow of its guardian trees. A few canvas-back ducks sporting in its waters eyed us long and curiously; then, with a quick wing splash and broken chatter, they rose, circled above us, stretched their necks, and, as Buttons said, "struck camp somewhere else." Our boat by this time was close to the opposite shore, about twenty feet from it, by the side of a wind-fallen pine that ran into the lake.

"Doctor," said Buttons, "get your anchor unfastened and hitch your rope to one of the branches. This is a great place for trout, if those cursed bull-pouts will go asleep and leave the bait alone. All fixed good. Why, doctor, you're the genuine stuff; what Hiram Jones used to call 'Israel's cream'; me and Cagy were the buttermilk. I'll be bound to make a fisher out of you; throw me down the bait. How would a minny go? Give me your hook. It's baited; throw it in; no splashing—gently, doctor. By cracky! you have a bite; go easy, let him drown himself. Good! keep your line tight, he's coming on the run. Hold on; keep a stiff upper lip, doctor, and I'll get the net under him in a jiffy. Conscience, doctor, he's a beauty! a good two pounds if he's an ounce."

Encouraged by the commands and comments of Buttons, who caught trout after trout with the utmost unconcern, now and then slyly dropping one of them into my basket, I soon was in such a jovial frame of mind that my poor sick patients were forgotten, and I found myself proposing to William Buttons to build a bough shanty, and spend a few days in this most delightful retreat.

"Nonsense!" was William's reply. "If you would do that folks would think you were out of your head. They would be a-hunting and scratching for you all over the country, and of course come here. Then what would happen? Every crank in these woods would go a-fishing in Charley Pond and spoil everything. No, doctor, we'll soon get a gait on us; besides there's a squall a-working to us. Unhitch the rope; I'll make for Dory's camp until it's over."

I never dispute the weather knowledge of an Adirondack guide. A dark cloud passed over the lake, a few quick, sharp thundershots and a serpentine ribbon of brilliant lightning skimmed the bosom of the lake as lightly as a swallow's wing. The wind rose, at first like the chattering of birds; then, grasping the pine-trees and swaying their branches, sang untranslatable requiems.

The placid waters jumped, curled, and lashed the shore,

rimming the lake with creamy slobber. A few drops of rain, then a quick thunder-clap, and the drops became torrents, whipping the already infuriated lake. A few frogs croaked their unmusical benisons, while we quickly pulled shoreward and hurriedly sought refuge in Dory's camp. And what a refuge!—but any port has its shelter in a storm—Dory's was a sorry sight. The roof leaked, and the wind, charged with rain, took its own way through the doorless and almost roofless camp. Buttons minded little wind or rain. "It was," he remarked, "a little summer coughing-fit, that would soon rid itself by a good rain-spit." He busied himself in making our quarters comfortable, by quickly erecting, with pieces of worm-eaten boards and barked slabs, a comparatively comfortable abode. A few cracker-boxes, stuck on their end deep in the gluey mud, became chairs, while a broad board resting on our knees was a handy table. This done, "She may growl all night, doctor," said Buttons, opening a can of dried beef, while I cut a loaf with his big, long, coarse-bladed knife-of-all-work into huge pieces. An Adirondack guide wants none of your thin society bread slices. There is a charm in puffing out the cheeks with as much bread as the mouth can hold—that is, as Cagy says, "giving play to the grinders." When Buttons was dry he pushed the table to me, went out, threw back his head, and took, as he said, "a whack at heaven's spill." It was of little account that the rain fell equally on the other parts of his face, as Buttons claimed that all the skin-furrows drained into his mouth. Every man to his taste. I admired Buttons's way of drinking, but I could not follow it; so as soon as Buttons was seated I transferred the table, upturned the beef from the can, caught some of the "spill," and took, as they say in these parts, "a long pull and a steady pull."

That pull finished one of the best meals in my life. As I sit in my office these long winter nights, penning these old memories from my diary, sickened by medicine smells waiting for some unfortunate, what would I not give for such another meal with Billy Buttons at Dory's? Oh, Charley Pond, Dory's, heaven's spill, and Billy Buttons! somehow or other you make me sad to-night. When I was a younger man I wrote in my diary, Glad days are sad memories. I caught that sentence one day passing Owl's-head. It came to me—broke through my headful of prescriptions. I let them go, and gleefully bagged it. I could not help saying to Toby, "I have got a good thing." Speaking even to a horse eases a fellow's mind.

"None of your pies and puddings to kick antics in my stomach after a good meal, but a good smoke and plenty of good guff," is a saying of Cagy's much quoted by Billy Buttons.

Buttons is not the man to quote a phrase and go contrary to it. While I was emptying the beef-can he unrolled his big black plug of tobacco from his deer-skin pouch, cut little bits from it, placed these in the heel of his left hand, grinding them with the knuckles of his right. This done, "Take your seat, doctor," said Buttons, "pull out your pipe and fill it. I have crushed enough for two."

No man is quicker for a pipe than I. Soon our pipes were in working order. Suddenly the smoke ceased in Buttons's; it was a way he had of being solemn. "Doctor," said he, "I'm a-thinking mighty heavy."

"What are you thinking about, William?" I asked.

"The only thing an old rounder like me thinks about—old times, old times; about the first time I came to Charley Pond, and built this camp; now it's gone to pieces. I feel for it, doctor; it seems to have something to do with me, but I can't cipher it out in talk. I feel it just the same. It's out of 'kilter,' and I'm going the same way—that's how I size it." Buttons hung his head. I watched my pipe-smoke, and listened to the wind. Gradually Buttons's head assumed its ordinary position, and the smoke rose in his pipe. His cheeks were wet.

"I wish I was a scholar," said Buttons, drawing his glazed coat-sleeve across his face. "I would write a book."

"What would you put into it, William?" I eagerly asked. "A bear story?"

Buttons answered angrily: "Bear stories for New York sports—the more the better. This story is for myself, and a fellow doesn't want to fool himself with lies. It is a bit of a woman story that has hankered around my heart a good many years; when you would hear it you would know why I brought you here."

I frankly admitted that the life of a country doctor lends itself to inquisitiveness—I believe that is the way I put it in my diary. I could not sleep without knowing that story. Would Buttons tell it? How could I start him? Buttons solved the difficulty.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm not the man to keep a story from you, and I see that the bluster outside will last while I'm

telling it; so here goes: a man must have a beginning to a story. One night while I was sitting with Cagy by Jim Weeks's big office-stove swapping deer stories an old gentleman, a young lady, and a little girl came in. 'They're city folks,' said Cagy. I planted my eyes on them. 'So they be,' says I; 'at least they have that air about them.' 'Some of us is in for a job,' says Cagy; 'they'll surely want a guide.' Just then I heard my name called by Weeks, and over I went to his desk. 'Billy,' says he, 'don't you know that old gent that's just gone up-stairs for the night?' 'Not from Adam,' was my word. 'Why, Billy, that's queer,' said Jim. 'That's old Jenks from New York, the father of the boy that shot Skinny's husband. 'He wants a guide for the summer. Be ready with your kit; he'll make an early start.' 'What direction, Jim, is he pointing for?' I asked. 'He wants a quiet place,' said Jim, 'where he can build a camp and be entirely alone. His daughter is consumptive, and it is more for her sake than anything else. I have sold him our old board shanty at Charley Pond. You will soon make it slick as a new pin. Cut away all the brush. Spick her up in good shape. You'll find a scythe on the shed roof. If you need any tools you'll find them in Bill Whistler's log-house a-back of the shanty.'

"Times were bad. I was glad to get a job; so I sat up all night mending my old clothes and shining my gun. By the break of day I was at the hotel. Old Jenks was ready, and away we went. It took us about six hours to get here, as in those days the little channel was more blocked than now. Berry and La Jeunesse came along to make the carries and clean out the channel. Jenks was delighted with Charley Pond. He ordered the board shanty to be pulled down, and a log-cabin built in its place. We could tent until the work was done. The camp was to be called after his daughter, whose name was Dory. In a week all was ready—a regular dove's nest, and we took possession of it: Professor Jenks, his daughter Dory, the little girl Milly, and your true friend, William Buttons. It was then I began to cast my eyes around, and see in what company I was. Maybe you think I was not taken off my feet when Jenks told me that Dory was as blind as a bat—that her eyes were full of cataracts! I could hardly believe it, as her eyes looked natural and she used to find her way through the brush. She was as handsome as a picture, doctor, and as good as God ever made. Every morning I used to watch her leaning against the trunk of a tree listening to the

robins. Sometimes they would be sleepy, bobbing their little heads; then she would sing, and all at once they would shake their wings, peck their bills on the branches, and start in song. Then she would laugh—a very merry laugh at first, but the tail of it, doctor, was like the cry of a loup-garou. I have often heard the owls answer the tail of that laugh. Every day I took her on the lake, gathered fresh moss for her, baited her hook, told her stories of the voyageurs. She was a fine fisher—knew how to hold her line, and when to snap. When we came near logs she would say, 'William, where are they? How deep shall I let my line?' I would tell her, and no man that I have ever seen in these woods, with his eyes wide open, snarled his line less than Dory Jenks.

"She liked the lake in a storm. She said she could understand the 'music of water and wind-songs; that everything was full of music.' I remember how she used to sit by a little brook, with her small white hands gloved in the soft green moss, listening to its prattle, mocking its song. In those times I used to sit near her, my heart making as much noise as the brook, my eyes content—watching her every move; and some kind of a feeling, that I never had in my life before, creeping through me and making me happy. I wanted nobody around her but myself; not even Milly, who was, as Dory told me one summer night after I had sung to her guitar a little song that ends

'Je n'ai ni bien, ni rang, ni gloire,
Mais j'ai beaucoup, beaucoup d'amour,'

a New York waif taken from the streets, daughter of a drunken Spanish cigar-maker. I'll never forget that night, doctor; the sky was the color of smoke rising from the chimney on a frosty morning; one little star, about the size of a dollar, was like a gold pin stuck in a white woollen scarf. The lake was calm, trouts were jumping here and there, a crane was sleeping on a pine-log, a few night hawks were buzzing along the shore. 'It's glorious,' said Dory; 'I forget my pain. Sing, William, one of your dear old songs; I'll accompany you with my guitar.' I had many songs, but I sorted out the one with the lines I told you, because I wanted to say something I had in my heart by some other body's mouth. After the song we sat there until Milly waved a red lantern, a sign to come in. I was angry with Milly and said she knew too much for a child. 'Not so,' said Dory, 'Milly is my girl—and promise me, William Buttons, if

anything happens to me and pa—of course I know it won't, but if it should—that you will befriend Milly. Just promise, William Buttons—mountain hearts keep promises—say you will, William Buttons.' I promised; she pressed my hand; a thrill of wild delight passed through me at that moment.

"Months passed away. 'Dory was,' said Professor Jenks, 'gaining strength every day, finding new life in the woods.' Daily he thanked me for my kindness to his daughter, promising to well repay all my service. His talk stabbed me. What had money to do with the services I rendered to Dory?

"The snow came one morning like a handful of flour thrown here and there on the ground and on the brush. 'It was a good day for a deer hunt,' said Jenks. 'Bull Whistler was going out, Cagy was to meet him at the burned land; would I not take Dory in my boat and guard the pond? Dory's one wish was to shoot a deer. She would be safe with me.' 'I would lose my life for her, professor,' I replied. 'Of course you would, kind fellow; all you guides are most devoted to your parties. I shall repay you, have no fear, William; your kindness to my poor Dory will not go unrewarded,' said Jenks. My blood was boiling; does Jenks think that I have no feelings, that I am like all the guides, that guides merely work for money?—would lose their life for it! I muttered. Jenks shouldered his gun, kissed his daughter, and started for Whistler's. I righted my boat, helped Dory to her seat, and pushed out from the shore. It was a clean-cut day; a little sharp, but just the thing for a hunt. A loud whistle told me that Whistler and Cagy had met. 'Shall we soon see a deer?' said Dory. 'That depends,' said I, 'on three things—if Cagy finds a track, if the other men miss him, and if he comes here.' 'So many ifs, William, that I fear we shall see no deer to-day,' said Dory, fingering her gun. 'Don't give up hope, Miss Jenks,' said I; 'Cagy knows I am here, and unless he's changed a good deal Mr. Deer will have to visit William Buttons.' 'Hark! don't you hear a hound away off?' said Dory, looking in the direction of the sound. 'I do, Miss Jenks,' says I; 'it's Cagy's dog, Mickey.' 'What music he makes! the whole woods are filled with his voice, noble animal—now he stops!' said Dory. 'They are in the swamp, Miss Jenks; the deer is circling; there he goes—hear the dog coming this way? You will soon hear some shooting—that is if they are on the right runaways.' 'I don't hear the dog, William—I do hope he will bring him here,' said Dory, moving restlessly in her seat. 'Hear him now, Miss Jenks? That deer never was

born that could lose Cagy's dog; he lost him in the poplars, but it was only for a minute. Listen! the deer is taking a sweep; the dog will hang to him, he's bound to water him, trust Billy Buttons—Cagy would shoot a dog that would give up his deer. Bang, bang—six shots—they didn't get him—too many cracks; Miss Jenks, he's coming on the dead run for Charley Pond. Keep quiet and he'll get more than he bargained for.' The word was no sooner out of my mouth than a huge buck came to the edge of the lake, stood for a moment with pointed ears listening to the coming dog, shot his eyes around the lake, plunged in and swam for the opposite shore. It was but the work of a moment to cut off his retreat by getting between him and the shore. He saw this—deers are no fools; his eyes flashed like lanterns in the woods in a dark night, his body was all nerves, and turning on his back track he was making for the shore. One glance was enough; the dog had come to the lake, savagely growled, closely scanned the water, and saw a moving spot. He was too old in the business not to know what that meant—a lively bark to warn his master that his prey was secure, a dance of joy, a plunge, and Cagy's dog, the best that ever put foot to clay, was swimming towards him. Now was the time. I came as close to Dory in the boat as was prudent for our safety, and stretching my right hand, guided the barrel of her gun. The deer was but a rod from us. 'Shoot,' I cried, and the sharp, pleasant clang of the Winchester rang over the lake and went a-rambling in the woods. A sharp cry from Dory and, quicker than I speak, our boat was struck by the deer's antlers, capsized, and Dory and I in the lake. My first thought was of her; there she was struggling for life, ready to sink. I quickly grasped her, held up her head, and, with a few strokes, brought her ashore.

"Whistler, Cagy, and her father had returned; they heard my story, sent for Mrs. Whistler, tried every means to revive her, but"—a tear started in Buttons's eye—"she died in two hours after, doctor. Just before she died she opened her mouth just a little bit and said: 'Charlie.' That word, doctor, made me stagger. I wanted her to speak again, but it was not to be.

"We buried her in Squidville graveyard, just under the big white beech-tree; it was my way. Her poor old father had lost his mind and could not give an order about the grave. Weeks took him to New York; that was the last I heard of him. The beech-tree—yes, I picked that place out just because I thought of how she used to lean against the trees and listen

to the birds' songs. It is the biggest tree in the graveyard, and singing birds, doctor, like big trees—they want a height when they pitch their voices. I planted rose-trees, but they died for want of sun—the big beech would have no other mate in guarding Dory's grave. Years after, when in Montreal, I bought a piece of marble, made them cut on it 'Charlie,' and put it at the head of Dory's grave. People thought it was strange, so may you; but that matters little. I always say that strange things are only strange to those who don't understand them.

"That's my story. That's why I am here, brought by a fading memory. Dory's camp is a ruin, and I, Billy Buttons—but no use in complaining; life is rather short for that. Fill your pipe, doctor, and let us go; that rain-spit is over."

We righted the boat and pulled out. The lake was calm, the ducks had returned, the moss was arrayed in a bridal dress of slobber, a robin from a tall pine sang us a parting song. Out of Charley Pond and down the narrow channel glided our little boat, Buttons smoking and thinking mighty heavy, the country doctor impatient to pen an old guide's story.

THE SACRO MONTE AT VARALLO.

By E. M. Lynch.

OF some marvels people say: "They are more easily imagined than described"; but it would be almost impossible to imagine the Sacro Monte, and it is very difficult to describe it. It may be called a Testament in terra-cotta and fresco, to give a rough idea of this "Sanctuary." Seeking for an analogue, it may be said the Sacro Monte has more in common with Ammergau's "Passion Play" than with anything else with which the human mind has been busy in our day.

The mount itself is a mass of granite that towers above the ancient and picturesque town of Varallo, and it is crowned by a most original group of chapels (they are perhaps better called temples), each built to contain modelled figures and paintings representing a scene from the Bible. The spectators kneel in the porches of the temples and look upon the groups (which are as vividly realistic as possible) through openings in a glazed grating.

Some of the temples are national property: that is to say, the art-works contained in them are considered so precious that the state has become their guardian. These are the temples decorated by Gaudenzio Ferarri, Tabachetti, and D'Enrico.

Mr. Samuel Butler, known to fame as the author of *Erewhon*, has devoted a considerable part of twenty years and a thick volume (*Ex Voto*) to the art of Varallo, which, he maintains, is the "fine flower" of the Italian Renaissance, in its most notable period—the time of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raffaelle. Mr. Butler is also the author of *Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino.* The importance of the Varallo Sacro Monte, he says, secluded it from his earlier work and determined him to give it a volume to itself. He affirms that he would rather be the creator of some of Tabachetti's work at the Sacro Monte than have wrought the famous Michelangelo chapel at Florence. His admiration of Gaudenzio Ferarri's art is scarcely less warm. But all the world does not unhesitatingly adopt Mr. Butler as the ultimate authority in questions of taste. Colored statuary jars upon the æsthetic sense of those who are severely artistic.

THE MOUNT IS CROWNED BY BEAUTIFUL CHAPELS.

Dr. Miles, the honorary secretary of the English and American Archæological Society in Rome, strikes a true note (in his *By-ways in the Italian Alps*) when he says that these scenes, which Christians of all denominations agree cannot be presented too forcibly to the popular mind, should be judged by the light of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when "illiterates" formed the majority in all countries. Books were indeed "sealed" to the populace. And what preacher could tell the story of the Passion to ignorant hearers with half the force of this appeal to their eyes? Dr. Miles quotes some of Mr. Butler's rhapsodies about Gaudenzio Ferarri without giving his unqualified adhesion to them, saying the opinion is interesting as that of a cultured man and a diligent student of Italian art.

Gaudenzio's is a strangely naive style. The Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at the foot of the Sacro Monte, contains what is by many considered his chief work at Varallo. Twenty-one incidents in our Lord's life are painted in *tempera*, on the panels of a mural screen that stands between the monks' part of the church and the people's part. This fresco was begun in 1510, and, as the inscription avouches, finished in 1513. It covers a space of 34 feet by 26 feet, and recalls Luini's fresco, which has made the Church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, at Lugano, famous throughout all the lands where art is reverenced.

The Crucifixion forms the central subject, and fills at least twice the space of any other. The panel representing the arrival at Calvary represents Christ kneeling near his cross, which lies upon the ground; and it is characteristic of Gaudenzio's art that he paints a little child, in play, running down that "sacred wood," that "noblest tree," his mother steadying the little creature by holding tightly to his frock. In the effort after verisimilitude this artist is constantly found introducing such touches of nature. The mother is dressed in an outlandish manner—doubtless Ferarri's notion of the height of the fashion in Jerusalem in the beginning of our era. In the temples laughing pages at the court of Herod; executioners with the *goître*, the swollen throat so common in the Alps; court jesters with dogs, and portraits of living celebrities are brought in also for the purpose of giving life and reality to the representations.

But to return to the mural screen: Mr. Lund, in his interesting *Como and Italian Lakeland*, says of this painting, that the panels containing the Washing of the Feet and the Deposition are the best, as to composition and drawing, after the Calvary subject, "in which the master's power culminates, though the

representation of armor and harness in relief weakens the general effect." Ferarri and his friend Pellegrino da Modena, Mr. Lund notes, appear in the dress of pilgrims on the right. Blue is strangely absent from the work, and yellow and bright green are used prodigally. In a mural inscription, "the painter patriotically identifies himself with the Valsesia, despite his studies in the most famous schools of his time.

1513. GAUDENTIUS FERARRIUS VALLIS SICCIDÆ PINXIT
HOCOPUS, IMPENSIS POPL^{I} VARALLI AD $\frac{I}{X}$ GLORIAM.

G. F. of Valsesia painted this work at the expense of the people of Varallo, to the glory of Christ."

It is to be regretted that no record is kept of the number of visitors to the Sacro Monte. None are called "pilgrims," by the guides and other officials, unless they come in an organized procession. These pilgrims generally arrive from a considerable distance, and often by special train, and are generally led by their parish priest, with representatives of all their confraternities, and a large display of banners. On the night of last 14–15th of August thousands of peasants trooped into Varallo from the surrounding districts, and slept on the hill-side, in the porches of the fifty temples, in gateways, and in two of the churches of the town, which were thrown open to them when every other shelter was occupied. I asked two guides how many came for that feast, and they said: "No pilgrims at all; only *contadini*, who were not pilgrims because they were not in bands and carried no banners." But there had been one pilgrimage of about eleven hundred souls since the *festa*, I was told; and a smaller gathering, seven hundred and thirty, from distant Lucca.

It was touching, the morning of the Assumption, to see all the gentle, weary faces of the women of one lake-district—distinguishable by the wearing of the historic "Lucia" head-dress. They rested in the intervals of their prayers wherever they could, their pillow often a marble step, pillar, or balustrade; and their sleep seemed sweet! Most of them had a basket containing a loaf and a bottle of country wine, as provision for their journey. Many carried pretty, fat children in their arms, or tied in shawls on their backs; and some supported old people, or blind, weak, or crippled pilgrims. Part of the costume of the lakes is a wooden shoe, in which it is almost impossible to mount or descend the steep way, paved with sharp stones that render unnecessary the penitential peas in the shoes of the

olden time! It was edifying to see the peasants carrying these *sabots*, and picking their painful way, with unprotected feet, down the stony path.

The crowd was always edifying and decorous, besides being picturesque beyond expression. Twelve valleys in the Valsesian district have their special, traditional costumes. Bright colors, beautiful lace, short skirts, and quaint forms are characteristic of them all. The dress of Rimella boasts gold braid as one of its distinguishing features —not mere yellow trimming, but glittering trappings, suggesting military uniform. The Fobello costume is, however, the one that most quickly arrests attention. The scarlet, dark blue, and white, of which it is mainly composed, are harmonious in themselves, and are further enhanced by parti-colored embroideries and handsome thread-laces. Every *Fobellina* wears a *grembiale*, a sort of apron, with the uses of an Oriental's sash; and curious *calzone*, or trowser-legs, fastened about the knee by a leathern strap, and turned up deeply at the foot with tassels and rich silk embroidery. Mr. Lund says: "Many of the wearers have such fair complexions and such pretty faces, such an elastic step and noble carriage, as to give piquancy to the cos-

THE HISTORIC "LUCIA" HEAD-DRESS.

tume beyond its own merits. The *bel sangue* of the maidens of Fobello is famous throughout Piedmont." But it has been questioned whether the perfect freedom allowed by the short skirts and uncramped bodices is not a cause of that grace and agility in the Fobelline which are supposed to lend a charm to the local costume. No matter the cause, it is certain the eye is delighted by the results; and a crowd of costume-clad *contadine* carries the spectator to an elder world—to ancient manners, strange customs, racier minds, than those of the modern world. And all the feast days bring hundreds, if not thousands, of these picturesque peasants to the "Santuario."

A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

A German said to me that none but the descendants of the Teuton still clung to national (or cantonal) costume; and it is true that there is a large infusion of German-Swiss blood in these valleys. German has only lately ceased to be the language of the parish schools and of the pulpit in Rimella. The dwellers in Alagna, Rima, Macugnaga, and many other villages, still speak the peculiar dialect of the Davoserthal—a dialect which the learned pronounce identical with the German of the *Niebelungenlied*. It is said to have been the German element in

the population that determined, if not the erection, at least the extension, of the Sacro Monte at Varallo rather than elsewhere. In the sixteenth century the Valsesians, according to some historians, had already shown a certain heretical tendency; and they were a people well worth making every effort to save—vigorous, sturdy, independent as they were, and endowed, by their mixed descent, with many of the best points of the South and of the North. Mr. Butler calls them "Italians—but Italians of the most robust and Roman type." "It may be noted that the movement set on foot by Caimo extended afterwards to other places, always, with the exception of Crea, on the last slopes of the Alps before the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont begin. Varese, Locarno, Orta, Varallo, Oropa, Grazlia, St. Ignazio have, all of them, something of the spiritual fortress about them, and, I imagine, are all more or less directly indebted to the Reformation for their inception."

The author of *Como and Italian Lakeland*, who in all things savoring of controversy is a pleasanter writer than Butler, is struck by the cheerful piety of the pilgrims who frequent the guest-house at the sanctuary gates, or rest in the cool *loggia* (or piazza) of that modest hostelry, or who picnic on the shady green outside; and though he has been for years English chaplain at Cadenabbia, he honestly says: "It is a sight for reflection to see *the great stream of men, women, and children thronging up the wide, steep road*"—a shallow staircase cut in the steep cliff; a crowd reciting prayers, sometimes singing canticles; and, when even silently toiling upwards, clearly full of faith and devotion. The ascent zigzags upwards for 270 feet under the grateful shade of chestnuts. On the summit, about the year 1486, Bernardino Caimo, a Minorite monk, aided by a rich and pious gentleman of Milan, erected a fac-simile of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which he had visited by order of Pope Sixtus IV. Caimo intended to reproduce all the holy places, of which he had brought away accurate measurements; but he died before accomplishing his task. The Monte Sacro, for many a year, was simply known as "The Holy Sepulchre." Over the entrance gate is the inscription: "Hæc nova Hyerusalem vitam summosque labores atque Redemptoris singula gesta refert" (This new Jerusalem records the life, the supreme labors, and the several deeds of the Redeemer).

The first temple represents the Temptation of our first parents; the second, the Annunciation; the third, the Visitation;

the fourth, St. Joseph's first Vision; the fifth, the Adoration of the Magi; the sixth, *Il Presepio;* the seventh, the Adoration of the Shepherds; the eighth, the Purification; the ninth, St. Joseph warned to fly into Egypt; the tenth, the Flight. The Massacre of the Innocents—a terribly detailed rendering of a fearful subject—is the next in order. In those temples where the flat and the round work are in closest combination—that is to say, when the plastic groups merge into the frescoes of walls and ceilings—the notion of an actual scene is, of course, more completely realized; and of all the artists employed on the Sacro Monte Ferarri best carried out the double task. Nearly every temple is renowned for the particular favors which pilgrims have obtained in answer to prayers offered there. The graces most hoped for at the Massacre temple are chiefly the cure of sick children. Christ tempted; the woman of Samaria; the raising of Lazarus; the entry into Jerusalem, and some of Christ's miracles occupy the temples that precede the long series of Passion subjects.

Dotted about the garden-grounds surrounding existing temples are little crosses on pillars marking the site of temples yet to come. There should be, one day, the Baptism of St. John, and the Dispute with the Doctors of the Law, when a new benefactor appears to add to the sanctuary's shrines; and the places for these and other buildings have long been laid out. Possibly the combined gifts of the multitude will, at a future date, amount to a sum sufficient for such erections—for the many pilgrims give, out of their poverty, a gift which, in the aggregate, is large.

Of the good effect of the sights of the Sacro Monte upon the pious peasants forming the bulk of the visitors there can be no doubt. I have watched the awe-stricken, compassionate faces passing from temple to temple, many and many a time, and heard the tone of prayers that came from the very hearts of the pilgrims. The good country-people looked as if never, till the day of their pilgrimage, had they so fully realized the Gospel history. Varallo is, in fact, a new revelation to these simple souls.

The Church of the Assumption rises above the highest of the clustering temples, and interiorly is of extraordinary richness—the votive offerings taking, in many cases, the form of decorations for this church (there are also numbers of touching *ex votos*—crutches left by cured cripples; models of hands,

in silver or in wax; and pictures of dangers overpast, in this church and many of the temples), and, day by day, a splendid white marble façade is rising upon the *chiesa maestra* to show that the Ages of Faith are not yet past and gone. This façade, which will cost from 200,000 to 220,000 francs, is the gift of a rich and public-spirited Valsesian, Cavaliere Durio, and when finished (as it will be in the late summer of 1894, if all goes well) it will add an imposing feature to the crowning point of this singularly interesting place of pilgrimage.

THE CHAPEL ON THE MOUNT.

On the occasion of my last visit to the Sacro Monte an old woman with a distaff sat thread-making at the foot of the rapid ascent. She looked charmingly old-world—indeed, she suggested the Greek Fates to me! I asked if I might photograph her with my American hand-camera. Her reply was amusing: "I shall be eighty-six if I live till next Epiphany, and in all my days I never heard of such a thing as portraits coming out of that little box!" The bright old face expressed ten times the astonishment conveyed by the words.

CARMINA MARIANA.*

SOMETIMES one is inclined to think that we are entering or have already entered a Renaissance of religion. That name is historically connected with the older reawakening into life which attained its growth nearly four hundred years ago. Call that outbreak of the human spirit what you will—the exclusive worship of things physically beautiful, or the substitution of the natural for the supernatural in the ideals of art and literature, it was, nevertheless, a new birth of the human intellect. So distinctly different from the middle ages which preceded it was the Renaissance, that it shocked the best men of the time; and yet in its types of beauty, and even its pagan spirit, it still maintains the first place it so suddenly assumed at the end of the fifteenth century. There are those who would even recur to it for a complete system of general culture; as, for instance, Walter Pater, Neo-pagan, a modern Hellenist—a writer whose exquisite beauty of style charms you into a very dreamland of the past.

But after all that older awakening into birth was nothing more than the worship of the natural. Whatever was beautiful in nature, whatever was beautiful in man and his works—this was proposed as the end and object of man's aims and aspirations. Protestantism was powerless to lift men out of this humanism. How could it do so being purely human itself? The Council of Trent and the Jesuit order, two of the most distinct evidences of Divine Providence, the world has ever witnessed, saved religion from the destructive influence of the pagan ideal. But even Trent and Ignatius Loyola did not drive forth from the hearts of men that tendency to naturalism which the Renaissance engendered. The English-speaking world especially gradually fell into a state in which man's grosser qualities of excellence are made the instruments of endeavor. This modern condition is the Renaissance indeed, only shorn of its passionate love of the beautiful, its general culture, its cultivation of the fine arts. We are in a rapid naturalism of industry and thrift and money-getting which leaves but little room for things

* *An English Anthology in Verse in Honor of or in Relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary.* Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. New York: Benziger Bros.

beautiful in music and poetry and art, and no room for things spiritual.

But, in protest against this, we greet with joy the evident signs of a new birth both intellectual and religious. The Oxford movement, which stands for men and times and intellectual activity, was the beginning of what I would wish to call a Renaissance of religion. Surely one may say that the Oxford movement, which for so many thousands of choice spirits was the beginning of eternal salvation, leading them sometimes slowly, sometimes by rapid stages within the fold of God's Church, was a veritable dawn of an age of spiritual awakening. It is more than probable that we have yet only seen the beginning. In this country the cleaving asunder of the rock of Calvinism, the mental unrest and strife, the trials for heresy of men prominent in Protestant pulpits, the Christian Endeavor and like organizations, the Salvation Army—vulgar, indeed, in methods, but very earnest and sincere—all this indicates too profound a stirring of men's souls to be other than divine in its causes.

Consider, too, that the present generation has beheld something like the return of general recognition by men and nations of the papal office of world-teacher in the person of Leo XIII. The inception of mission work to non-Catholics, the intellectual activity among us of which reading circles and summer-schools are but external signs, a vigorous controversy on the need and methods of Christian education—beyond question, these and like events show a revival of religion and an interest in things spiritual altogether extraordinary. This is consoling and encouraging.

Individuals count for little in general movements unless by virtue of their supereminent qualities of heart and mind, but they are all in greater or less degree types of their class. Among the many who came into the church, either on the tidal wave of the Oxford movement or on the natural flow of the tide which that movement created, is Mr. Orby Shipley. Here are his own words concerning his conversion:

"Will you now permit me to say," he wrote in November, 1878, to the London *Times*, "that the report which has lately appeared in some of your contemporaries is true? After much thought and consideration I have felt it my duty to leave the Church of England, and I ask you to allow me to occupy a small space in your paper in order to give some reasons for

this momentous change in my religious life. I cannot otherwise reach many with whom I formerly worked, or to whom I once ministered, and I shall be grateful, sir, for this exercise of your kind liberality.

"The cause of my taking this important step was, so far as I can perceive, a simple following of Catholic instinct to its legitimate and, in my case, logical conclusion—of course at the call of God. It certainly was not due to personal influence, for though I have never willingly lost a friend, yet practically I have not been enabled to remain on intimate terms with any who have preceded me whither eventually I have been led. Nor has it been caused by controversy, which I have studiously avoided. Nor has it been, save indirectly, from any outward reason. The result has arisen mainly from a silent, gradual and steady inner growth of many years in religion. I have long held, I have long taught, nearly every Catholic doctrine not actually denied by the Anglican formularies, and have accepted and helped to revive nearly every Catholic practice not positively forbidden. In short, intellectually and in externals, so far as I could as a loyal English clergyman, I have believed and acted as a Catholic.

"All this I have held and done, as I now perceive, *on a wrong principle—viz., on private judgment.* When I became convinced that the *right principle of faith and practice in religion was authority;* when I saw clearly that it is of less moment what one believes and does than *why* one accepts and practises, then I had no choice as to my course. The only spiritual body which I could realize that actually claimed to teach truth upon authority, and that visibly exercised the authority which she claimed, was the Church of Rome. For the last time I exercised my private judgment, as every person must exercise that gift of God in some way and to some extent, and I humbly sought admission into the communion of the Catholic Church. . . . I have never had anything to unlearn, but rather have ever advanced in divine knowledge. I gave myself to be led, not whither I would, but where I was constrained to go, and at last, and after a painful period of conflict, I have gone from whence God had placed me to whither he has been pleased to lead me."

These extracts from Mr. Shipley's letter announcing his conversion illustrate the reality of that new birth of God's truth,

in both the inner and outer life of Englishmen, to which reference has been made: not simply the fruits of controversy or even of God's ordinary care for honest souls in error, but the persistent impulse of divine grace in a whole nation.

But it is the fact that Mr. Shipley has lately put forth a volume of delightful poetry that has connected him in our mind with this Christian Renaissance, for the cultivation of religious verse is one of its works. Keble's *Christian Year* is one exemplification of its excellence, and Faber's poetry and poetical prose another. Mr. Shipley's *Carmina Mariana* shows how general and various it has been on the fruitful subject of the Mother of God. And though the selections range from Chaucer to Tennyson in this book of compilation, yet much of it is modern and not a little of quite recent date, and indicates the extent of Catholic influence on the poetical natures of our day.

Mr. Shipley tells us in his preface that *Carmina Mariana* is the result of some years of labor in collecting, choosing, and arranging materials for an anthology of English poetry, in a wide sense of the word, from the formation of the English tongue to the present date, being made up of pieces wholly or partially inspired by the Blessed Virgin. As one looks through this volume of poetry there comes to him a sense of wonder at the care, patience, and conscientious research far and wide, necessitated in its compilation, nor is one less impressed by the excellent judgment and poetical taste that the editor has displayed in his selections.

To have an idea of Mr. Shipley's aim in the publication of this volume, we should understand that the principle upon which he has acted, in contradistinction to some other collections, is that poetical merit shall not be the first, nor the main, qualification for admission to this anthology. Merit is only one of the factors which combinedly have guided the choice here exhibited of verse in honor of, or in relation to, our Blessed Lady. *Carmina Mariana* professes to be a work of piety, and certainly is one; but it is no less certainly a work of art; and the attempt to combine merit with edification constitutes its claim to existence, and will best recommend it to Catholic readers. This two-fold design of the book will insure a certain amount of intelligent appreciation for its acceptance. For, whilst some of the most beautiful poems in the language, having Mary for their central idea, appear here, nothing has been

printed which may justly be said to be wanting in edification. Of course, the merit displayed by so large and varied a collection of verse, old and new, must be different in degree. But, whilst a phrase, or a rhyme, of which severe criticism might complain, has been insufficient to deprive the collection of an otherwise meritorious and edifying poem; it is certain, on the other hand, no amount of depth of thought, or felicity of expression, has been allowed to condone for verse that is distasteful to the moral sense, or is erroneous in religious belief. In short, the simplest form of verse, and the highest efforts of poetical talent, in connection with the sacred person commemorated, appear side by side in this anthology. This should secure the book a large circle of readers among the spiritually-minded.

It is impossible within the scope of this paper to give any extended review of the literary value of this volume. Nor is this necessary, for a list of the authors from whom the poems are taken goes far towards fixing the general standard of excellence. English poetical writing in all its great and varied extent, both original and in translation, has been made to pay tribute to the work. Magazines and newspapers even have been ransacked, and wherever a gem lay hidden Mr. Shipley has brought it forth and given it a setting in this volume. Manuscript collections have been examined and unpublished remains have been used in his research. He has reached across the Atlantic, and amid a newer and more unconventional life, and hence one favorable to the poetic temperament, he has sought matter, and not without finding it. His industry is beyond all praise, and the result of it is a charm of song for the elevation and instruction of devout minds. Simply looking over the table of contents and noting the names of authors is an interesting study, and our own American poets are well represented.

We shall give only one quotation. It is from Coventry Patmore's "The Unknown Eros." Mr. Shipley might have printed it on his title-page by way of dedication, as an expression of his own piety toward our Blessed Lady.

"Ah, Lady elect,
Whom the time's scorn has saved from its respect,
Would I had art
For uttering this which sings within my heart.
But, lo,
Thee to admire is all the art I know.

My Mother and God's, Fountain of miracle,
Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell
In such a song
As may my guide severe and glad not wrong.

. . . . . .

"Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night.
And thou thine own dear frame, Thou only Fair,
At whose petition meek
The heavens themselves decree that, as it were,
They will be weak.

"Thou, Speaker of all wisdom in a Word,
Thy Lord;
Speaker, who thus couldst well afford
Thence to be silent—ah, what silence that
Which had for prologue the Magnificat.
Oh, silence full of wonders,
More than by Moses in the Mount were heard,
More than were uttered by the Seven Thunders;
Silence that crowns, unnoted like the voiceless blue,
The loud world's varying view,
And in its holy heart the sense of all things ponders,
That acceptably I may speak of thee,
'Ora pro me.'"

The dedication is to Cardinal Manning in these words: "To the revered memory of Cardinal Manning, prelate, philanthropist, patriot. To whom, amongst other gifts and graces, was granted to be in his friendship kind, faithful, and true; who encouraged the idea of our Blessed Lady's Anthology and counselled its development: this book is gratefully dedicated."

The fact that *Carmina Mariana* has already reached a second edition shows the deep impression it has produced.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

By Helen M. Sweeney.

Part II.

TWO years had slipped by since Christine had broken her engagement to Alvin Dermott. She had gone South for a time after it, and had returned to find that his old circle knew him no more.

She made no direct inquiries concerning him, but was led to believe that he had gone back to California. Shortly after her return Mrs. Lowen became a widow, and for the summer she and Christine had taken a house together on the Hudson, a little above Albany. They had delayed their return to the city while the exquisite Indian summer held the land in thrall with its golden days and star-spangled nights.

At the city of Albany navigation on the Hudson practically ceases. A few miles farther up is the Troy dam, a wonderful barrier that holds back the upper waters of this noblest of rivers, and lets them spread out into a placid, lake-like sheet, a delightful spot for pleasure-boats of every description.

Mrs. Lowen and Christine had for their guest on this quiet afternoon their old friend Knox, who was, as he said himself, giving them proof of his muscular friendship, as he rowed them with strong, swift, steady strokes almost to the Mohawk, that here empties into the larger stream.

They had turned and were floating back with the current, talking quietly with long pauses between as friends of long standing can.

"Those trees are silent moralists," said Knox, indicating the glowing foliage that lined the western bank. "If we, too, could only grow old as gracefully and beautifully as they do."

Christine dreamily listened, letting her thoughts glide back into the past as softly and easily as the boat was running with the current.

"Look out!"

Too late. A horrid grating sound, a swerve to the right, an instant's indecision, and the boat slipped over the cross-bar.

Down, down it went on the slime-covered logs that formed the incline of the dam.

A horrified shriek from Mrs. Lowen, a smothered exclama-

tion from Knox, and Christine saw the oars slip from his nerveless hands.

The frail boat slid still farther, silent, noiseless, on its way to certain death.

She sat perfectly still, frozen with fear, her wild frightened eyes fixed on the blanched face before her.

She noted with a strange intentness that one oar had curved in, and its blade had caught between two of the logs that formed the slope, arresting their motion.

Two-thirds of the boat shook and quivered over the angry waters churning in milk-white foam thirty feet below, and only an oar-blade between them and eternity.

There was not a word spoken. After the first outcry Mrs. Lowen had crouched, silently weeping, on the bottom, her eyes hidden in Knox's arm, which he had thrown around her.

No one from the shore seemed to have noticed them. They hung alone between life and death.

Christine tried to pray. She could think of nothing but O God! O God! and she murmured the Holy Name over and over again in agonized appeal.

All the horrid details of the coming end flamed before her —the mangled bodies, the long search, the— Hark!

It was a dog's bark.

Sweeter music never sounded in human ears. Christine mechanically turned her head and saw a collie trotting out on the slippery cross-bar, barking as he ran. When he had attracted their attention he turned and flew back, the rising waters now nearly to his knees. He dashed himself against the window of the life-saving station, there for the rescue of just such adventurers, and the keeper looking out saw their peril.

It took but a few moments to spring into the tiny tug-boat, calling as he ran for volunteers.

By what we term a strange providence, Alvin Dermott had that day arrived in Albany and was near the scene of the accident. To his credit be it said, he did not know whose life was in danger, but was among the first of the few men on the rescuing tug.

"Steady now, steady! Not too quick!"

Inch by inch the sharp prow crept nearer to the treacherous cross-bar.

"Here, catch!" A rope was flung across the dangerous space.

Heavens, they missed it!

"Again!"

It just grazed the stern, where Christine sat numb and still.

"Once more!"

Knox crept cautiously up, stretched over Christine's lap, made one more desperate effort and caught it, as the tried blade snapped in two.

The women never knew just how the rest was done. Christine was dimly conscious of hearing her name called in a passion of love and gratitude, could just feel hot tears and hotter kisses rain on her cold face, then merciful oblivion closed around her.

For five long weeks she lay at death's door. The shock to her nervous system was such as to send her again to the edge of the grave from which she had just been snatched.

As life and health returned, slowly and with effort, she took up the story of her days.

She asked no questions and was told nothing of the strange aptness of Alvin's presence on the life-saver's tug. But his eyes and tones haunted her sick fancy like the outer fringes of a dream. She was not altogether surprised when one day Mrs. Lowen asked her to see him.

Christine looked out upon the snow-clad hills, a strained, wistful look in her lovely eyes. She wondered if Mrs. Lowen knew, yet dared not ask for fear she did.

"Why should I not see him?" she asked.

"Why indeed, my dear?"

He came in, feeling out of place in the white sanctity of her room. The lace at her throat fluttered like a bird struggling to be set free.

He took her hand in his, too moved to speak, and devoured with his eyes the sweet, wasted face that still was the one face in all the world for him.

She looked up at him in her extreme weakness, the tears filling her eyes. As the big drops wet her cheek, he knelt beside her and put both strong arms about her.

"Christine, Death himself has given you back to me. My life has been one big empty hole without you. I need you, dear; I can do nothing without you."

He felt he was a brute to trade on her weakness; he despised himself for taking advantage of the strange turn of events that had brought them together again. But oh! the sight of her was to his hungry eyes the very breath of life. The touch of her hand, the soft fall of her dress, the clear, honest eyes as she looked up at him, stirred again all the old currents of deep feeling, and everything was swept away.

Day after day he came, and always the same bitter-sweet story: "I am weak; I need you."

To no true woman's heart has that appeal ever been made in vain. She knew she was risking her life's happiness; she knew she was going forward into that unknown land with open eyes; she knew she was retracting all the arguments she had set up two years ago; she knew she was sacrificing all to become his wife; and yet she did it, for she loved him.

The night before they were married she went with him to the little church on Green Island, where they were to be married quietly.

The church was dark and empty when they went in. They knelt together at the altar-rail, where to-morrow they were to be made so indissolubly one that no power on earth or heaven could sever them.

She bowed her head on her clasped hands, and prayed passionately for strength and help. He threw his arm across her shoulders. "Christine," he whispered, with white face and tear-dimmed eyes, "I am afraid!"

Instantly her courage returned. She looked toward the altar where the dim rays of the sanctuary-lamp fell on the carved figure on the cross.

"O God!" she said aloud, though he scarce could hear her, "help my poor boy to keep his promise. Promise Him," she said, turning to Alvin, "that you will not touch liquor again."

Reverently and earnestly he repeated, "I promise thee, O God."

As they left the church he felt that that was the real marriage. They might stand before the priest on the morrow and take upon them the holy vows, but the essence, the oneness was theirs to-night.

They went to Pasadena on their wedding-trip. As Knox turned away after seeing them off, he said to Mrs. Lowen: "Now he's all right. If any one can make a man of him, she can."

"You don't think of her," said Mrs. Lowen.

"Oh, yes, I do! Every woman likes a 'case' to handle. She'll come out all right. She loves him, and just as that love conquered before it will again."

It had conquered. Never were two so completely happy as they were during that halcyon year. As the days went on she found more and more to love and admire in the warm, glowing nature expanding under the sun of perfect happiness.

They remained in California. She had never fully recovered

from the nervous shock she had had, and his talent speedily made a place for him in San Francisco. He soon had a large class of art-students about him, pushing their eager way to the front.

Their little home was a paradise—a very Eden for perfect love; and like it, too, of short duration.

One night Christine nearly slipped away from him as she went down into the shadow of the awful valley, that every woman treads alone, that another little soul may be added to the world. For hours she hovered between life and death, while Alvin waited and watched for some word outside the closed door.

When his little daughter was laid in his arms, and he was told his wife was safe, a great wave of joy rushed through him. Never had he lived until that moment.

He dashed from the house like a madman, and almost knocked down Burton, one of the Palette Club men, in his headlong flight.

"Good heavens! man, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Matter? Nothing's the matter. I am the happiest man in the world. My wife—my child."

"You don't say! I congratulate you. Come down and see the boys."

Of course "the boys," some twenty of them, drank to the mother's health, drank to the father's health, drank to the baby's health, drank to each other's health, and worse—worse than all, Alvin drank with them. Sociability had worked its usual fatal spell, and one more ruined life was laid at society's door.

The old, old story began again; only this time there were added to it a woman's tears and a baby's innocent cries.

What need to dwell on what followed? At first Christine did not despair. She still had an influence over him, and that would often shame him into sobriety, if only for a day or two. But she began to fret as she saw his work slipping from him and his talent wasted. Then her sorrow irritated him, and he grew morose and sullen, sometimes not coming near her for days and weeks at a time.

Then she made her one fatal mistake; she grew cold and indifferent, concentrating all the forces of her nature on her child.

Five long, weary years dragged themselves along. Often she was tempted to leave him, but her Catholicity was too strong for that. She had crossed the Rubicon and was bound to abide by the consequences. Aside from the religious side of it, prac-

tically it was out of the question. She had no near relatives, and every possibility of such a step was removed by the failure of the Cumberland Bank, of New York, in which, her father having been a stockholder for years, all her fortune was placed.

There was nothing for it but fortitude; and as she looked at the little golden head lying on her arm, even her dark cloud had its bright side.

One day he came into her room sober, but with all the degrading marks of dissipation full upon him. The baby ran towards him, the little face all alight with her mother's old lovely smile.

"Hello, youngster!" he said coldly. She drew back and looked at him, surprise and reproach filling the sweet eyes full of tears.

"Come here, darling. Father is not well this morning," Christine said in her soft, sweet mother-tones. But the cold, contemptuous look she cast at him pierced even his sullen mood, and he frowned heavily and began to drum on the window-pane.

"Send her out," he said presently.

Christine sewed on as though she had not heard him, while the child looked wonderingly from one to the other.

He was about to voice an expression when one blazing look from her stopped the dreadful word, and she rose as an affronted queen might, and said gently, "Baby, take mother's work away," and kissed the willing little fingers.

The face she turned upon him was as if cut from stone, so cold and hard it was. He fiercely resented her coldness, yet dared not oppose it.

"We leave here to-morrow," he said, biting off his words; "this place can't hold me any longer. I'm going East."

Her heart leaped up at the thought. She had all the love for her native city that born New-Yorkers always have, but she said nothing. He waited for some word or movement on her part, but none came. Nothing but apathy that was like a wall of ice between them.

"Curse her!" he muttered, savagely biting at his ragged moustache.

"You are more than half to blame for this," he blurted out. "*You* help a man? *You* remember your promises? You—"

Stung into response, she said with all the bitterness of which her voice was capable: "You had better drop the subject of promises. Unfortunately my child and I bear your name and

are compelled, I suppose, to allow you to drag us to the lowest depths of degradation. If your *orders* are complete I would like the use of my room."

He made a miserable effort to retire with dignity, but failed ignominiously.

As he turned to go down the stairs a plaintive little voice said, "Fazzer!"

He turned and caught her in his arms, crushing her against his breast, kissing in rough passion her hair, her eyes, her lips —while she, half-frightened, clung to his neck with tender vehemence.

He glanced up and saw his wife looking at him in cold surprise. He put the child down instantly and pushed her away. They did not see him again until the day they left for New York.

Not until they arrived at the Grand Central Depot did Christine fully realize the change that had come into her life. As the familiar sights and sounds of city life came to her, her heart felt as though it would break with suppressed emotion. Here she was returning to the city where once she had reigned a little queen, and neither knew nor cared where she was to sleep that night. When they turned into a second-class hotel, on one of the side streets, it mattered not to her.

As she lay down that night beside her baby she could not sleep. Throb, throb, throb! till her head felt full to bursting. Presently little fingers strayed across her face and she caught and kissed them.

"Is dis you, muzzer?" she murmured sleepily.

"Yes, darling"; but she felt it was not she; this lump of lead in her bosom was not her heart; these hot, dry eyes were not hers; but, O God be praised! this warm little body cuddled up close to her was hers. This little bit of flesh and heart and soul was what she had purchased with tears of blood. Her weary round of life began again. She thought she had struck bottom, but did not know it until one day she met Mrs. Lowen in a Madison Avenue car. She was elegantly dressed, and with her was a *bonne* with a little boy of about three. Christine shrank back in her corner and hoped passionately she would not see her. But Baby Dermott's sunny smile had attracted the other child, and Christine saw, with a sickening feeling of rebellion, the supercilious nurse draw away the velvet-clad little fellow from the shabby little girl who had presumed to fraternize with him.

As Christine was getting off she heard the mother say, "Come, Knox, and stand by mamma."

"So she married Knox," said Christine, half-sadly, half-bitterly, to herself, as she looked in the mirror when she had come in. "Am I so changed, or did she really know me?" But no blame could be attached to any one for not knowing the wrecked woman of to-day. The white hair that framed the sad, care-lined face was the result of sleepless nights and days filled with shameful sorrow.

Alvin had now become a foreman in a stone-cutter's yard. Even the second-class hotel was too high for them now, and Christine laughed in terrible bitterness as she found herself one of twenty families in a "double-decker" on Tenth Avenue.

"From fifth to double-fifth," she said to herself in grim pleasantry.

Together with the companionship of her child, there was one joy left to her: she still retained her faith.

Often with baby she would enter the great big, beautiful church near her, and would sit for hours, the child asleep in her lap, her woeful eyes fixed on the resplendent window where our Lady, Queen of the Angels, stood surrounded by "wings of flame."

Her troubles did not lessen, but from the silent communion they were made bearable.

One Sunday evening she heard a sermon in that church that changed the whole current of her life. One of the missionary fathers was preaching, his subject "missions."

She heard him with listless attention, her look being fixed on the beautiful candelabra ablaze with lights, far up on the sanctuary steps. Suddenly her wandering attention was arrested.

"We are apt," he was saying, "to think of missions as something foreign to our own vocations. We allow certain orders to do all the mission-work there is to be done. But did it ever strike you, my brethren, that right around each and every one of us lies a missionary field? Within every human soul God has placed a spark to light the path before or behind us. Some of the saints have left trails of glory behind them that glow even yet down the vista of the years. But you need not be a great saint to light the little space around you.

"Even children may be missioners. I remember reading once in a book, which has touched many hearts, a passage that ran somewhat like this: 'In olden times there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction'; we see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led upward toward a calm and holy life, and the hand outstretched to lead them may be the hand of a little child.

"Every wife and mother is a missioner; her hearthstone is her pulpit, and alas! how often her nearest and dearest are the ones who need the work the most. We priests are called in emergencies, we see and hear misery enough, God knows; but the wife and mother often sees more.

"While ours is a voluntary calling, yours is often an involuntary one. You have much to bear, but there is but one word to say—bear it.

"Remember, that at God's altar, in the presence of his minister, you promised to take that drunkard, that gambler, that wretched man for better or for worse. If it is the worse, take hold, do not despair; work, work all the harder, and may God help you both! It may be your vocation to save that sin-ridden soul.

"As for the men—"

But Christine heard no more.

Her brain and heart seemed on fire. What if she had been wrong in her treatment of the man who had been her curse? All the womanly pride in her revolted at the thought, and yet —there is something higher than pride.

God's gentle dew had fallen on her heart, and she left the church with new courage, new hope, new energy to take up again the cross whose weight had borne her to the ground.

How often we see a tenderly nurtured girl leave the shelter of home, and join a sisterhood whose mission it may be to nurse the sick, or to feed the poor, or to teach the negro or Indian. We admire her zeal and devotion. But what sublimity of courage it requires for a dainty, cultured, well-bred woman, through a sense of duty, to turn again to the man who has dragged her in the very dust of humiliation.

The cases are so dissimilar!

And yet the zeal that burns in both their hearts was kindled by the same Divine Hand.

From that night Christine began her mission work. It was not easy. Only God, who alone sees into the depths of a woman's heart, knew how she suffered. Her white, still face showed no more lines, it was heavily mapped already; but the hard bitterness was gone. No smiles were there; but an infinite patience lent its white radiance to this woman's face, and it shone on the poor wretch beside her as his guardian angel's must have done.

Years of dissipation began to tell on him. His wasted frame burned day and night with a ceaseless fever, and the

consumptive's hacking cough went on incessantly. She had not begun her work of regeneration one day too soon.

Three months afterwards he lay on what she knew was his death-bed. His eyes in the sunken sockets followed her as she moved about the room trying, with pitifully small success, to make the miserable place home-like.

"Christine!" There was a note in his voice she had not heard in many, many days. She came and laid her cool palm on his gaunt face. "My poor wife!"

Her tears, which had never flowed for his cruelty, ran freely now at his remorse. The fever was gone, and with it all the fictitious strength it brought.

She slipped away when she could and asked a neighbor to go for a priest. And when he came, and the Blood of the Lamb without spot had cleansed the guilty soul, a great peace settled down on them both. It was the hush of expectancy. In those few days Christine tasted the only real happiness her life had ever known.

He said to her once, "You should have stuck to your 'no,' dear."

She softly stroked the head on her shoulder. "No," she said, "hard as it was I am not sorry now. If you were alone in the midst of danger and temptation, would you be at peace with God to-night?"

"Oh, no!" and he shuddered. "My beloved, you have saved my soul, but I have spoiled your life."

"What matter?" she said, and there was a ring of exultation in her voice. "God saves souls through women's lives!"

His eyes kindled with hers. "Ah, Christine, there are more uncrowned martyrs than those in the canonical list."

Two days later she saw by the paper that a kind neighbor loaned her, that the Cumberland Bank had resumed payment.

She knew that anxiety for her future was a pang added to those of death, and yet she dreaded to tell him of this unexpected good fortune; but she reasoned, good news never kills.

But it did.

At eleven that night he died.

As Christine's tears fell on the cold, quiet face she sobbingly said to the closed eyes that would answer hers no more, "Mine is not a wasted life, love; you are safe and I am happy."

The baby awoke.

"Mother, is my father worse?"

"No, dearest, he is better."

MY INDIAN BASKET.

By Margret Holmes Bates.

LITTLE Leota sits weaving her grasses,
And slim willow wands in the glow of the sun;
Forward and backward her bone needle passes,
Adding the coils till the wee basket's done.

Crooning a hymn that the good Padre taught her,
Blending her voice with the roll of the sea,
Happy and sweet sat Coacoohee's daughter,
Weaving and chanting her *Ave Marie.*

When she has finished the basket she handles,
What a fine price the señora will pay!
Then she will purchase the tallest of candles,
And light up the altar as brilliant as day.

There she sits, rapt in her dreams beatific,
Patient, serene, till her basket is done;
Facing the waves of the mighty Pacific,
Backing the "Mission" that basks in the sun.

And here is the basket. My scissors and thimble
Repose in its depths, without giving one sign
That their snug place of rest might serve as a symbol
Of patient endeavor, quite nearly divine.

Four days' journey eastward the basket was carried—
Fifty-five years ago, if 'tis a day;
My grandmother then was a girl, and married
A dark-eyed *ranchero* of Santa Barb'ra.

And still in the basket a faint odor lingers,
A hint of the mesa when grasses are wet;
And I fancy the dents of the slender brown fingers
And a breath of the hymn are discernible yet.

And oft as I gaze on my work-basket, laden
With spools and with skeins, comes a vision to me
Of little Leota, the Indian maiden,
Who died in the "Mission" that stands by the sea.

REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth.

CHAPTER I.

From Law to Divinity.—Presbyterians in a Quandary.—My Location and Surroundings at the Seminary.—Evangelical Friends in the City.

N the summer of 1842 I was a practising lawyer in Rochester, N. Y., being the junior member of the firm of Chapin & Walworth. Our office was in a second story front room of the Smith Block, so-called, in Main Street, and directly facing the principal hotel in that city. We were doing a good business and I liked my profession well enough. About that time, however, my mind had been turned towards religion more steadfastly than ever before. I felt growing up within me a strong desire to devote myself entirely to the church. I opened my mind on this subject to the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, then rector of St. Luke's, and afterwards Bishop of Illinois. I was a member of St. Luke's choir, and a teacher in the Sunday-school, and was strongly attached to the rector. He encouraged me to follow my inclination, as being both rational and deeply settled, and wrote a letter for me to Bishop De Lancey recommending me as a candidate for orders in his diocese.

Neither my father nor any of my friends made any serious opposition to my purpose, and it was carried into speedy execution. My father's personal library of law-books, a large and fine collection, was sent home to him forthwith; and when I parted with these very little of law remained with me. I myself returned to the family residence at Saratoga Springs, to wait for the opening of the next term of the General Theological Seminary in New York City. I recall only one event which occurred during this interval of any importance to these reminiscences. Although it forms no part of my career at the seminary, I introduce it here because it had some influence upon the development of my mind while there. It brought before me in a very practical shape the question of clerical and mis-

sionary celibacy, a question which afterwards I found much mooted among my fellow-students.

At my father's request I went with him to attend an annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions. I was very glad to do this, for the work of spreading the Gospel in heathen lands had always seemed to me the best and clearest note of true Christian life in that vague and strangely assorted thing which Protestants name the church. Our house was always open to every one that bore the name of missionary. It was one of my mother's chief delights to read the pages of the *Missionary Herald*, although little was ever found recorded there except the establishment of some new printing-press, some new translation and publication of Bibles and tracts into foreign languages, and new "signs of interest" in some individuals among the savages who seldom ripened into Christians.

My father also was fond of attending missionary gatherings, and every morning at family prayers was careful to invoke a blessing upon missionary labors. We children were all familiar with the words of this prayer, which never varied: "We earnestly beseech thee, O God! to give thy special benediction to all those messengers of the Gospel who carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to the dark and benighted corners of the earth." When these familiar words came to the ears of the children of the family they often found us gathered together in a group in the middle of the room, engaged in anything but prayer. It was the signal that "Amen" was imminent, and that it was time to find our way back to our chairs. There, kneeling with our heads to the wall, we buried our faces in our hands like the older members of the family. It is not very edifying to tell of this; the impression of the prayer, however, was not altogether lost upon us. We learned to respect the missionary life as the highest and noblest of vocations.

I had no scruple in attending this convention of Presbyterians with my father. I myself, although I had joined the Anglican Church, was not at this time very Anglican. I was neither a high-churchman nor a low-churchman. I might more properly have been called an Evangelical.

I remember meeting, about this time, an old college-mate—a Presbyterian, I think—who, after hailing me cordially, said: "I understand, Walworth, that you have become an Episcopalian since we met last." I answered, "Yes." "Well," said he, "are you one of the high heels or low heels?" Not willing to be classed with either faction, I answered that I was not aware of

any peculiarity about my heels. "Well," said he, "do you care whether your prayer-books are printed in black letters or red?" "Not at all." My views, in truth, were very broad in regard to Protestantism, and very narrow in respect to Catholicism.

At this annual convention I attended not only all the business meetings of the board, but, as I remember, all the religious services, and did not hesitate to receive communion with the rest.

The principal action of the American Board of Missions at this meeting was one that opened my eyes very much to the practical fruitlessness of Presbyterianism. The standing committee of the board made a public report to the meeting, in which they recommended that thereafter all missionaries sent out to foreign missions should be single and remain unmarried. The reason was that married missionaries have generally large families which engross much of their time and cripple their capacity for missionary labor. It was found, moreover, that the children of missionaries carried abroad, or born there, were not only deprived of the advantages of a good education, but were exposed to the evil influences of heathen immoralities. This made it necessary to send them home in large numbers to be maintained at the expense of the board. Hence the recommendation of the committee to employ only celibates in foreign missionary labor.

The report of this committee fell like a thunderclap upon the assembled multitude. Here was, in fact, an unexpected justification of the Catholic Church in her enjoining a life of celibacy upon her clergy, and in her employment of so many women vowed to celibacy in Christian education. The agitation of the assembly was intensified by the shock given to a large number of ladies present, wives and daughters both of clergymen and of laymen. These women, indeed, formed a majority of the audience present. Such ladies, I think it may safely be said, are generally more interested in missionary work abroad than are their fathers, brothers, and husbands, and more inclined to be generous in its support.

The report of the committee had cast a wet blanket upon the whole assemblage. A silence prevailed which was ominous.

At this juncture looking down from the gallery, I saw my father rise on the floor below to address the meeting. He opposed the recommendation of the committee as a most dangerous experiment, and most injurious to the missionary cause. He dwelt particularly upon the value of woman's work and influ-

ence in the foreign field. This sentiment prevailed, and the unfortunate report was as promptly and effectually suppressed as the guinea-pig in "Wonderland," when "Alice" sat down upon him. I asked my father afterwards how he could bring himself to make such an argument. The facts presented by the report were manifestly true, I said, and the conclusion to which the committee had come was inevitable. No missionary work could prosper with missionaries so handicapped.

"That's true enough," he replied. "Our foreign missions are doing very little. The expense of supporting the missionaries would be greatly lessened if they would go without families and remain unmarried, but don't you see that in that case we would have no missions at all? Women would not be employed, men would not go, and all the enthusiasm at home about missions would die out; besides little money could be gathered to keep them up. Didn't you see how all life was taken out of the meeting by the reading of that report?"

I said: "Yes. But what is the use of keeping up foreign missions among the heathen when the heathen are not converted?" He admitted the scarcity of converts, but in a moody way said: "The thought of foreign missions helps to keep religion alive at home."

Coming from a lawyer this reply seemed to me very strange and unsatisfactory. It avoided the main issue, and easily admitted of a demurrer. The Presbyterians were thus, to my mind, placed in the position of a body of Christians maintaining a great humbug. And furthermore, another question was brought forward to a prominence. If celibacy was practically necessary to missionary work, why not important also to all laborers in the Christian ministry? To admit this was to score a point in favor of clerical celibacy, if not of popery. I was imbued with the prevalent suspicions of horns and hoofs, but from this time forward I felt that in one strong point affecting true Christian life in the church Protestants were far behind.

The opening of the fall term next ensuing of the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City found me at Twentieth Street, in my room in the east building. There were two long buildings at that time, each flanked at both ends by dwelling-houses for the professors.

The institution to which I was now attached was of a much higher order, both in the character of its professors and the scholarly habits of its students, than any other that I knew of

Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, was its president. He was a high-churchman of the highest type. He was a fearless and tenacious polemic, and strongly inclined in favor of the Oxford movement. He was also professor of ecclesiastical polity. The text-book that he used in class was Hooker, with free use of a work by Law, the non-juror, in all that regarded apostolical succession. His classes were not very frequent nor very regular; but the subject-matter of his lectures and recitations was the all-important one to Episcopalians of apostolical succession, and the divine institution of the clergy in three distinct orders.

Dr. Samuel H. Turner was dean of the faculty, and taught hermeneutics. It would be difficult to define his position as either high or low. He was not what could be called evangelical. He hated cant of all kinds, whether nasal or pompous, and when officiating in the chapel expedited his prayers with the utmost simplicity. The students understood him well, and none of them, I think, attributed his carelessness of manner to a want of earnestness.

Dr. Bird Wilson, professor of systematic divinity (at that time we called it dogmatic theology), stood very high in the opinion of the students, though out of class-time he mingled very little with them. He was the "judicious Hooker" of the seminary. He sailed serenely above all the currents and eddies of party wrangling, like the moon above the clouds. His text-book was *Pearson on the Creed.*

Dr. Ogilby was not a very great man among the faculty, but a very strongly marked one. His branch was ecclesiastical history, in which he succeeded Bishop Whittingham. He was enthusiastically high church, and bitterly opposed to what, in common with the most of his class, he most uncivilly called Romanism, and was scarcely less hostile to Dissenters. Ecclesiastical history to this professor was not so much a field of truth as a forest of materials from which he lopped cudgels for controversy. His very pronunciation was devoutly English.

The professor of pastoral theology was the Rev. Dr. Benjamin I. Haight. He heard us preach our sermons in class, and criticised them. His only text-book, as I remember, was a treatise on pulpit eloquence, by Claude, the celebrated opponent of Bossuet. I owe much to this admirable treatise, and know of nothing to equal it. Dr. Haight was for many years the rector of All Saints' Church, in Henry Street, at the corner of Scannel. He was a man of grave deportment—a *via*

media man, safe and cautious, and consequently not over-zealous or vigorous.

Among all the officers of the seminary Dr. Clement C. Moore stands forth most distinctly pictured in my memory. He was the author of the famous verses beginning, "'Twas the Night before Christmas." His residence was a fine old mansion fronting the seminary on Twentieth Street, on a large plot of ground with pine-trees. There it was, I am glad to believe, that as he himself tells us, when

> "Mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap
> Had just settled ourselves for a nice winter's nap,"

Santa Claus interrupted him by coming down the chimney with his pack of gifts. Santa Claus himself could not be more welcome to children than was this odd and genial man upon his appearance in the Hebrew class. He was very peculiar in his ways; but one great feature of his peculiarity was, that he was utterly unartificial. He was droll, but unconsciously so. He never joked in the class, but always something made the class-room seem merry when he was in it. He was a true scholar in Hebrew. His knowledge of Hebrew words did not seem to be derived from the dictionary alone. He knew each word familiarly, and remembered all the different places where it occurred in the Hebrew Bible, and so could prove its significance in one place by the meaning which necessarily attached to it elsewhere.

After this brief introduction of the reader to the members of the faculty, I now turn back to my own room, with its surroundings, and to my first impressions of the institution. The main hall in the east building led from the front then on Twentieth Street to the rear, and was crossed by a lateral hall somewhat narrower. My room was in the second story on the west side of the great hall, with windows looking out upon Twentieth Street. Alfred B. Beach, my room-mate, and I occupied this apartment as a study-room, and each had a separate sleeping apartment behind and connecting with it. Beach still lives, and is rector of St. Peter's Church in New York City.

Across the hall, directly opposite our door, was the room occupied by Arthur Carey, a memorable young man, whose influence upon my own life has been very great. I shall have frequent occasion to recur to him in these pages.

On the opposite or west side of my study, and divided from it by a partition wall, was a room occupied by James A. McMaster, the door of which was reached by the smaller passage already mentioned. Beach and I were thus flanked in between two leading spirits of the seminary, widely differing in natural character, but both far advanced in that current which soon afterwards carried so many Anglicans into the faith and communion of the ancient church.

McMaster was an old acquaintance whom I had known at Union College. He entered the freshman class of that institution when I began my junior year, and I remember well the amusement which, as an eccentric lad fresh from the country, he excited amongst his fellow-students. His unusual height, for even at that time he must have been very nearly six-feet-two, his thin face, prominent nose, eagle eye, and impetuous manner made him conspicuous at once among his companions. They soon found out, however, that he was no ever-green, but one born to command respect. His position at the seminary in Twentieth Street was already a well-defined one; and although disliked by many for his aggressiveness, no one ventured to look down upon him.

He was the first to open my eyes to that peculiar atmosphere which all who came to the seminary must necessarily breathe. Some called it Catholic; some called it Romish and superstitious; some called it a spirit of reform, and return to true doctrine and genuine piety; and others regarded it as a relapse into religious darkness and barbarism. Whatever it might be, however, the seminary was recognized by all as the focus of a new religious life in the Episcopalian body. It was not low-churchism, neither was it "high-and-dry."

McMaster entered my room one evening soon after my arrival, and was in conversation with me for an hour or more. He chanced to use the expression of "baptismal regeneration." It was something perfectly new to me, strange though it may seem, for I was now already an Episcopalian of some five years standing. "What do you mean?" said I. "Baptism is simply a ceremony—something outward and visible to the eye. Regeneration, however, is the new birth—a change of the soul into a new life. The two words, therefore, put together, signify nothing." My friend, however, insisted that the two words expressed very properly a true Christian doctrine, and one clearly contained in the Holy Scripture. He referred to the baptism of St. Paul, and quoted the words of Ananias: "And now why

tarriest thou? Rise up and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." From this text he argued that baptism, duly received, carried with it the pardon of sin, and that the pardon of sin to Saul involved a new birth given to his soul. I doubted the correctness of this citation, and although McMaster looked for it in the New Testament, he was not able at the time to find it.

New as this doctrine of baptismal regeneration was to me, and unconvinced as I remained notwithstanding my friend's argument, the very statement of it fixed itself so firmly in my mind that I remained for a long time sleepless during the night revolving the question, and unable to dismiss it. I took the first opportunity I found to cross the hall into Carey's room and ask him to explain what McMaster had meant.

"I see," said Carey, "that this doctrine appears to you absurd. One thing, however, you will be obliged to acknowledge, that it is the doctrine of the church to which you belong." He then opened the Book of Common Prayer and read to me the words of the baptismal service pronounced by the priest directly after applying the baptismal water to the child, which run as follows: "Seeing, therefore, that this child is now regenerate, etc." He then read to me also the passage from the Acts of the Apostles, which McMaster had not been able to find, in which the Apostle Paul gives to the people an account of his conversion and baptism. And we conversed together a long while on this subject. I was not convinced at once, for the idea of grace conveyed to the soul by means of a sacramental ceremony is something utterly inconsistent with the ordinary training of a Protestant mind. I could not, however, dismiss it from mine, and it was not very long before I received it undoubtingly and with a firmness of conviction which could never afterwards be shaken. It was the entering wedge of a new faith, far broader and deeper than any I then conceived of as possible.

A very interesting and valuable society had been organized amongst the students for the discussion of theological and other questions belonging especially to the clerical profession. Arthur Carey presided over it at that time, and its debates were well attended by all the prominent students of every shade of opinion, puseyites, evangelicals and independents, high-churchmen, low-churchmen, and no-churchmen-at-all, all gathered together to maintain their distinctive views. I was attracted to one of these meetings soon after my arrival at the seminary, and the debate which took place opened before me a new world of

surprise. The question as debated turned chiefly upon this point: Whether Protestants, congregated in folds not covered by the Apostolic Succession, were Christians. I was amazed to find that a very strong array of speakers, if not indeed the prevailing sentiment, was unfavorable to dissenters as forming a part of Christendom. In all my experience I had hitherto never heard such a point raised. I was shocked as well as amazed, and before the debate closed I took occasion to rise and express my wonder. I was too young in theology to make the necessary distinctions which belong to such a question. I used only the *argumentum ad verecundiam.* I said that I was the child of Presbyterian parents and that I recognized several of the speakers as having been brought up in that denomination. I thought that some of the opinions expressed there so strongly and freely would sound very strangely at the firesides from which they had come. I acknowledged my inability to deal with the question very logically, but I felt sure that there was a mistake somewhere. Some apologetic explanations were then made for my benefit by the speakers whose remarks had surprised me, but they failed to give me any new light or diminish my wonder.

Carey, the president, was the last speaker. It was his part to sum up the debate, and he did it with a power, a gentleness, a thoughtfulness and discrimination, which were characteristic of himself and marvellous in one so young. He drew distinctions in defining the words "Church" and "Christian" not very unlike such as would be drawn by a Catholic "to the manner born." His doctrine was all on the High-Church side, and gave no countenance to what is known as Evangelical Protestantism; but there was no wounding in his words, they had in them no personal sting, though some of the speakers must have felt gently rebuked by them. I conceived a strong admiration and love for the young man which has never left me since. One evening, shortly after this debate, I was sitting alone in my room when Carey entered. I was unoccupied. I could not read evenings, for my sight had begun to fail—a trouble which, dating from that time, has followed me with variations during my whole life. Carey expressed his sympathy at the condition of my sight, and asked if I would not like to have him read to me. I accepted his offer eagerly. He took up a copy of the New Testament which lay upon my table and commenced reading from the Gospel of St. John, opening at the fourteenth chapter and reading through to the end. I had never before

then appreciated so fully the solemn beauty of the Holy Scriptures. Carey was an admirable reader, keeping midway between a tedious monotony and all extravagance of expression. His voice was low and sweet, and had a quietness of suppressed feeling in its tones which was magnetic. He made no comments on anything he read, but let the sacred page tell its own story. I never read those chapters now, particularly the three containing our Lord's discourse after the Last Supper, but my thoughts go back to that memorable evening, and I see Carey's kindly face before me and his hair glowing like gold in the lamp-light. His influence over me was at once established, and I thank God for it still.

McMaster was a man of a very different mould from Arthur Carey, although perhaps the most intimate friend that he had at the seminary. He also exercised a strong influence in the movement towards Catholicism. If he did not bring down much game, he was very effective in starting it, and was always ready for a discussion.

One day Harwood, a student belonging to an advanced class, was visiting my room-mate and myself, and broached some opinions which Beach, a staunch high-churchman, looked upon as unsound. Neither he nor I could maintain any discussion with a student of Harwood's experience. Beach was glad to call in reinforcements. He had heard the step of McMaster passing along the hall on his way to descend the stairs. Going quickly to the door, Beach called him back, saying, "Stop, Mac, I want you! Here's Harwood. He says the Ecumenical Councils are not infallible." McMaster turned back at once. He strode into the room and, throwing his long leg over the back of a chair and resting his arm upon his knee, he fixed his eagle eyes upon Harwood and vociferated: "Where are your grounds?" Harwood was not a man to be alarmed, and immediately a hot discussion ensued which lasted until both parties had expended their ammunition. Beach and I remained prudently silent.

I was not a classmate of McMaster's, being in my first year when he was in his third, and can give very little account of him in regard to his proficiency in the regular studies of a seminary course. He was certainly a great reader and was very fond of reading rare books, especially books by Catholic authors, or of old-fashioned Anglican divines, little known to Episcopalians of the present day. The library of the institution afforded many notable books of either class. Among these I remember the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas and the *Catena Aurea*. These

furnished him with an artillery of heavy guns very formidable in controversy. While busily occupied in his room one day with a volume of St. Thomas on the table before him, he was interrupted by a sudden rap at the door. Knowing it to be locked, and not caring to be interrupted, he made no answer; the knock was repeated, to as little purpose. The knocking still continued, and, it becoming evident that some one was there who believed him to be in and was determined to get admission, he turned his eyes towards the door and saw above it, looking down upon him through the transom, the face of his brother, a Presbyterian clergyman. This brother was as tall as himself, and the door was no screen between them. Seclusion was now hopeless. Our mediæval student was obliged to turn his attention from the Angelic Doctor to Dr. McMaster, of Ballston Spa.

James A. McMaster will, no doubt, figure for a long while in the history of Catholic progress in this country as a prominent actor. It is probable that some friend—better acquainted with the events of his later life—will write his biography as it should be written, with care and study. I must, therefore, be pardoned if I pass over the more serious events of his career, and more valuable traits of his character, and endeavor to place him before the reader in such strong lights and shadows, and such colors, as to present a lively picture of the man, but not an analytical study.

I may as well say here that I found myself occupying a somewhat anomalous position among the students of the General Seminary. I was no churchman, either high or low; I had taken no interest in the Oxford movement, and had very little conception of what it was. The accidental circumstance, while studying law at Canandaigua, of boarding and lodging nearly opposite an Episcopalian church, and of having its organist for a fellow-lodger, had led me to join its choir and attend its services. This I continued afterwards by mere habit until 1839, when I received confirmation at the hands of Bishop Onderdonk at St. Paul's Church, Albany. I was at that time prosecuting my law studies in the office of Stevens & Cagger, of that city. Dr. Kip, afterwards Bishop of California, was at that time rector of St. Paul's, and I had become a singer in his choir and the superintendent of his Sunday-school. No questions had been put to me as to what I believed or did not believe. I found myself in the Anglican Church with apparently the full liberty to believe what I liked and to change my belief un-

questioned. I had, no doubt, some very strong religious convictions, which I think I would have maintained at the cost of my life; but with these convictions I could without scruple have become a Presbyterian or Methodist as readily as an Episcopalian. Such a man cannot be classed as a churchman. I do not think I could very properly have been styled an Evangelical. In the matter of "justification by faith only" I was scarcely a staunch Protestant. That doctrine seemed to me Antinomian and consequently immoral. I knew that many Protestants acquiesced in it who did not practically rely upon it, but I would have been unwilling to profess it in any distinct language if this had been exacted of me.

Under these circumstances it can easily be understood that I had no bias which kept me from associating freely and intimately with any student, whether dryly high or evangelically low, ritualistic, puseyite, or of still stronger Romanizing tendencies. I readily formed friendships with any one, whether in or out of the seminary, in whose personality I saw the measure of a well-made man. Among my most familiar associates was my cousin, Charles Platt, who was one year in advance of me. He was the son of Commodore Charles Platt, of the United States navy, and a candidate of our western diocese. In that same class were to be numbered William Everett, who had commenced life as a medical doctor and is now pastor of the Church of the Nativity in Second Avenue, New York City. Harwood was a prominent member of the same class; in hermeneutics, ecclesiastical history, and in almost everything else, holding to German notions, a high-churchman in matters of authority and externals, but rather low-church in doctrine. Harwood is still living, holding the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, Conn.

Mason Gallagher was also in Platt's class, and a candidate of Bishop De Lancey's; he is still living, I am told, and is now a preacher among the reformed Episcopalians. He was an Irishman, perhaps an Orangeman, of the controversial stamp. I remember little of his polemics, however, except that I frequently saw him in the gymnasium. We had a room in the seminary appropriated to gymnastics, with parallel bars, poles and ropes for climbing and swinging, boxing-gloves, etc. This room was much frequented by Gallagher, as also by Wyatt, a very gentlemanly and superior young man, son of Dr. Wyatt, rector of St. Paul's Church in Charles Street, Baltimore. These two I often saw engaged in pounding each other with boxing-

gloves. I remember little else of Wyatt, but shall have occasion to speak of Gallagher again. In the same class was a Greek from Greece proper, if I remember right, named Stamos Trikaliotes. His classmates remember somewhat vividly how he preached a sermon, as an exercise in Dr. Haight's department, in which some curious chemical statements convulsed both the doctor and the whole class with laughter. He was, when I knew him, no Greek in belief. He was sufficiently Evangelical in his notions to satisfy even one so profoundly Protestant as Bishop McIlvain, of Ohio.

A leading and cultivated mind also in Platt's class was Benjamin F. Whicher, who died recently a Catholic layman. Harry Montgomery, afterwards familiar to New-Yorkers as Episcopalian pastor of a church in their city, was, as a student, very enthusiastic in matters of rite, and ceremony, and ecclesiastical art. Gardner of Maine, a very companionable man, was in my class, and a fondness for the same studies helped to make our friendship more familiar. Geer was our organist and choir-master, and as I met him constantly at practice and sat next to him in chapel, I have him in very distinct remembrance. Some other faces come back to me vividly enough, whose names I find it impossible to recall. Wadhams, McVickar, Donelly, Gibson, and other of my familiar associates, were all deeply interested in the Oxford movement, and not much afraid of Rome.

Carey and McMaster can scarcely be classed with these, for their hearts already looked lovingly and earnestly towards the ancient faith, and I am persuaded that nothing but the example of Newman, Oakeley, and others who were their acknowledged masters, kept them back from the arms of the church. Among the Evangelicals in the seminary I found none that attracted me. I had some friends of this kind, however, in the city. My sister, Mrs. Jenkins, lived in Eleventh Street near Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Codwise, a Presbyterian lady who lived in St. Mark's Place, Eighth Street, was an old family friend. From the first moment of my arrival at the seminary she kept watch and ward over me, suspected me of hair-shirts, crosses and crucifixes, and sought to introduce me into a circle of Evangelicals, Episcopalians or otherwise. As I frequently took tea at her house and spent the evening with her, I met a variety of clergymen of every possible kind. Each one of these she took care to assure me was eminent, interesting, and lovely. Now and then among them appeared some man of note that might

be called eminent if not interesting. Dr. Cummings, of the Church of the Puritans and a noted anti-popery preacher, was one of these. I found him very talkative, very bitter, and most unlovable. I went with her one evening to hear him preach; I never heard such bitterness, hatred, and bigotry concentrated into one sermon. "Isn't he fervent? isn't he charming?" said the good lady as we went out. I fear that my reply shocked her more than the denunciations of the minister had done. Most of the divines that I met at her house seemed to me sufficiently dull and dry. I valued the good lady herself above a thousand of them.

One evening at her earnest solicitation I accompanied her to the museum on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. She had been reading about Indian missions and this made her anxious to witness an Indian war-dance. We started early in order to pay a visit first to the Bible Society. Passing through one of the rooms she stopped me suddenly before a large arm-chair.

"Look at that!" said she. "What do you think that is?"

"I see nothing," I replied, "but an arm-chair. I remember one in my grandmother's kitchen very like it."

"No," she said, "it is something more than that. You'll be delighted when I tell you. I want you to sit down in it." I complied.

"Now then, my dear young friend," she exclaimed, "I want you to understand that you are sitting in the very chair that the 'Dairyman's Daughter' died in. Think of it! How do you feel now?"

"Mrs. Codwise," said I solemnly, "I am astonished that a Protestant lady so noted for true piety and horror of superstition should endeavor to teach me the veneration of relics."

"Oh, how provoking you are!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible that you can sit in that chair—that chair—that chair! and not be thrilled with emotion?"

Our visit to the museum was not more successful. I enjoyed the war-dance very much, but the good lady was nearly frightened out of her senses by the ferocity of the painted warriors, who were true Indians, and the terrible ring of their war-whoops.

"O let us go! take me away!" she said. "I can't endure it. I shall die. This is dreadful." I stood up and looked around upon the crowd. It was impossible to make our way out, and I told her so. She closed her eyes and endeavored to

deafen her ears, and so wait for the termination of the exhibition. I presume that her interest in the Indian missions continued, but am confident that nothing thereafter could have induced her to become a missionary. In truth, so far as may be judged by the injudicious measures she took to lead my soul in the right way, she had little vocation for the missionary life.

The great doctrinal bulwark of the Anglican system is well understood to be its claim to Apostolical Succession. One can scarcely claim to be distinctly Episcopalian until he has learned that. I had not yet learned it when I arrived at the seminary and attached little importance to it. It did not come up in the seminary course until the second year. I mastered pretty well what there was of it in my first year. It was brought out prominently before the New York public in the famous Potts and Wainwright controversy, which originated as follows:

Rufus Choate, the great Boston lawyer and orator, made an address that year in New York City at the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. In the course of his address he spoke of the Pilgrim fathers as having founded "a church without a bishop and a state without a king." This had occasioned considerable merriment in the audience. Dr. Wainwright of New York occupied a chair upon the stage and near the speaker. At the dinner which followed, Dr. Wainwright, when rising to compliment the orator, took occasion to parry the joke by saying that "while a state could very well exist without a king, there could be no church without a bishop." Dr. Potts, the pastor of a fashionable Presbyterian church on Fifth Avenue, took umbrage at this declaration and opened a controversy with Dr. Wainwright in the public papers. The arguments for and against the necessity of a succession of bishops to constitute a church, and for and against the claim of Episcopalians to such a succession, were pretty thoroughly discussed in the debate.

Being a greenhorn in theology, I followed this discussion with much attention. So did Hiram Walworth, an uncle of mine who resided in Hudson Square. I frequently spent my evenings at his house, and we took pleasure in reading and canvassing the points of this controversy. The necessity of a distinctive order of bishops to constitute a valid Christian church soon became quite manifest to me, though my uncle would not admit it. His objections, however, were always shrewd and forcibly put, and converted what might have been

a superficial reading into a careful study. I thus became for the first time a veritable Episcopalian.

It may not be amiss in this place to add a few more words in regard to this uncle.

His family were Presbyterians, and he loved to profess himself as a thorough Calvinist. He was a great joker, and this profession was one of his favorite jokes. He loved to put forward the most hideous tenets of Calvinism in their worst form. He held a pew in a Presbyterian church near by, but he did not think it important to attend its services with the rest of his family. When I ventured cautiously to rebuke him for this he would say:

"What should I go to church for? I know well enough all the minister could tell me."

"You ought to go there in order to pray."

"What do I want to pray for? It's his duty, and let him attend to it."

"Yes, my dear uncle," I insisted, "but you need to pray yourself, and maintain the spirit of prayer in your soul in order to save it."

"No, I don't. I'm elected."

"Don't be too certain of that, uncle. You need to make your vocation and election sure."

"Why, it is sure already. Don't you know that full assurance is given to the elect?"

My aunt would often interrupt the conversation with her remonstrances, but it was a merry thing for him to make fun of us both.

I had also a married sister living in New York, whose residence was on Eleventh Street, as already stated. I took my meals at her house for some time at the commencement of my course, and often spent my evenings there. She endeavored to keep me safe against the dangerous influences of the seminary, and was very glad to read to me such books as she thought salutary. One of these was D'Aubigny's *History of the Reformation.* No one book ever did so much to alienate me from Protestantism. If it had been written by a Catholic, I should have distrusted it; but it was written by a Protestant, a devout admirer of Luther; one who looked upon him as above all others the great leader of that revolution, and divinely sent to begin and carry on the movement. I had been brought up to look upon him in the same light. To my sight he had always been a man of saintly character and a hero. D'Aubigny keeps back

much of the vulgar self-indulgence attributed to Luther by other authors, as well as the coarse and gross language which appears in some of his works. But his Luther is no hero. He is simply a religious and political agitator. To my mind he is as much marked by duplicity as by audacity. I do not conceive how any unprejudiced and thoughtful man, when listening to this history, could borrow the words of the Evangelist and say of this great heresiarch: *There was a man sent from God whose name was Martin Luther.* I felt that I had been imposed upon. The scales dropped from my eyes. I saw Dagon fall to pieces in his own temple. To my sister's great surprise I frequently interrupted her reading by saying: "What sort of a hero is that? Can a worshipper of Luther make nothing better of him?" I expressed my surprise in a very similar way to Arthur Carey. "I have had enough of Luther," said I. He answered after his quiet manner: "You would probably like Melanchthon better. He is at least more of a scholar—more refined and gentle."

About the same time I encountered an early acquaintance on the ferry-boat to Staten Island. He was loud in his denunciations, not only of Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin, and other reformers, but declaimed violently against every sect of Christians. "Through their false doctrines and hypocrisy they are demoralizing the world more and more every day." "What benefit, then," I inquired, "has the Reformation been to the world?" He was staggered for a moment, but replied: "Well, it was something at least for religion to get rid of her old rags." He was evidently on his way towards infidelity. On the contrary, I was more hopeful than ever. Only old clouds of ignorance and prejudice were disappearing; new light was breaking; and I felt that I had never parted with any point of Christian teaching that was positive and of a nature to be called faith.

I had now so far got to be an Episcopalian as to prefer it before any other church, and for positive reasons. This made me feel quite at home at the seminary. In the next chapter I will endeavor to give some idea of class-life there.

THE MADONNA OF THE FINGER.

A MODERN PAINTER OF THE MADONNA.

THE love of the mediæval artist for the Blessed Virgin, and his delight in portraying her, was only his expression of the universal awakening of mankind to the respect due to woman. It was sung by the troubadours, it was fought for by the knights-errant, it was immortalized by the poets.

Poetry is the highest expression of human language, and the artist is a poet; only he uses a brush instead of a pen. Like the poet he seeks the highest.

If he then gives the best expression he can to the *contadina* or the bride; if he chooses the point of view in a landscape which most gracefully combines the three elements of a perfect picture—sea and land and the human charm of the city—we will expect him, in representing what we might term generic mankind, to give us the very highest.

After the Saviour, then, who, being the "highest, holiest manhood," will claim his first service, can we wonder if the homage of his art is next given to her whom Wordsworth styles,

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"

in whom were blended all

"Of high with low; celestial with terrene?"

But how can the artist portray her? We have, unfortunately, no authentic portrait; for even if the one in St. Mary Major's, in Rome, attributed to St. Luke, were genuine, it is too blackened with age to be of any service.

I said "unfortunately"; I must correct: I think it providential. For as no one type of beauty would appear most beautiful to all, it was more fitting that each artist should embody in his Virgin Mother the highest type of female loveliness that he could find in his nation, and express by his art. And thus, as the manna of old took on itself all tastes to suit all appetites, so the paintings of the Madonna for the Dutchman

The Madonna of the Sleep.

will be *Dutchy;* for the Jew, *Jewish;* for the Frenchman, *Frenchy.* Historically they are not portraits; but they are higher than mere history—as fiction is often nobler than fact—they insure to each one the bequest made to St. John from the Cross: "Son, behold thy Mother."

And shall this beautiful ideal of feminine loveliness be lost to us because we happen to live in the nineteenth century? As reasonably could we say that now we should begin to despise woman.

Our own Longfellow says of the Catholic religion:

> "That if our faith had given us nothing more
> Than this example of all womanhood;
> So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
> So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure—
> This were enough to prove it higher and truer
> Than all the creeds the world had known before."

Till, then, a higher faith comes the true artist will love to portray the Madonna.

I have said he will express his highest ideal of woman; but he will be aided also by theology and symbolism.

If his theology teaches him to acknowledge her as conceived without sin, he will paint her, not only in the immaculate robe of white, above the clouds that dim lower beauty, with her foot on the ancient serpent; but also—as in the picture of her in the Irish College at Rome, in the private rooms of the genial Monsignor Kirby—as crushing the snake *before* her foot touches earth.

If he arises to salute her, with the angel, as "full of grace," he will gather into her blue robe all the beauty of the sky; if to represent her as the Mother of God, the Babe Jesus will be in her arms, or on her knee, or in the rude cradle of the poor; and her whole adoring bearing will show that He is God, although her child.

If he wish to exhibit her as the Mother of Sorrows, the sword of prophetic Simeon will be in her breast; or she will be bowed at Calvary's Cross, martyr at heart by every wound that bleeds in her Son.

He will have all the mysteries of her being, all the events of her life, as subjects for his pencil.

Symbolism will enable him to portray what else were beyond his power; for symbols are to art what our Lord's parables were to his teaching.

He will use the symbolism of color; the yellow, the red, and the blue—elements of white light—that are seen in her vesture will not only be perfectly beautiful to the artist eye—being complementary—but to the mind will represent the action of the persons of the Blessed Trinity in clothing Mary in her

loveliness; showing her triple relationship of Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, and Bride of the Holy Spirit.

The Apocalypse will give him the "Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head the crown of twelve stars." The Song of Songs will give him a type for his "Assumption": "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning on her beloved?" Or for the Coronation: "Come from Libanus, my spouse; thou shalt be crowned from the top of Amana."

Nature, too, will lay its symbols in profusion at the artist's feet, and be proud for him to use them. The Rose of Sharon, that mystical rose, the only one without a thorn; the lily-of-the-valley, which He who regards the humility of his handmaid has set upon the mountain-top; the star that heralds in the morning, as Mary brings us the Saviour, the true Dayspring.

The Madonna of the Straw.

Charles P. Durward, the subject of this short sketch, a few of whose Madonnas are for the first time given to the public, was born in England in 1844, and came as a babe to the wilds of the (then) Territory of Wisconsin. He received his art education in no school except that of nature; although his father, who still lives, was a successful portrait painter and able to instruct him.

He was always most childlike, even in his manhood. I have known him, when engaged in painting a Virgin, go to a neighbor's and ask one of the girls to allow him to take a drawing of her hand as a model for Mary's—but only after explaining to the family with the utmost seriousness that he had no ulterior design whatever towards the young lady, but simply the sketch! He wished to paint Madonnas all his life, he said, and would

be content to live on bread and water rather than to debase his art by executing pictures that, in the low ebb of artistic feeling at that time, would have brought him opulence. A visitor one day, viewing the last Virgin he had painted, remarked that it looked "worldly."

"If I thought that," he exclaimed, "I would destroy it immediately."

Such examples of unworldliness in this materialistic age are refreshing.

He only lived thirty-one years, being poisoned by eating, ignorant of its deadly nature, of the wild water hemlock, the *cicuta maculata* of botanists.

He sleeps among the pines of St. Mary's Chapel, Durward's Glen; a spot that, as Keats said of the cemetery at Rome,

"It would make one
in love with death
To be buried in so
sweet a spot."

The Immaculate Conception.

Now glance at a few of his Madonnas. He loved most to paint her with the Divine Babe, for this opened up to him the infinite field of infantile beauty, as well as feminine. In the "Madonna of the Finger" he wishes to refute a charge, so often made against Catholics, that they worship Mary more than her son, Jesus.

How does he carry out his idea? How can he express theology with colors? A subtle doctrinal point, you will think, to enforce on canvas.

He makes the child *holding up* his mother's finger; an action childlike enough, but showing here that *He* is the upholder, she the upheld. Her eyes are drooped, to show that she is the handmaid in presence of her Lord.

The glory round the heads also speaks the same truth; for hers is *put on* her, like a crown, by another; but His proceeds from himself.

Charles P. Durward.

The Madonna del Dito,

(*Madonna of the Finger.*)

How very fair the Mother seems!
  How meek the drooping eye!
How peace on every feature beams!
How joy from 'neath her eyelids streams!
  Ah! who can tell us why
The little Infant on her knee
  Her slender finger holds?
Has that a meaning? Ah! I see—
She is the *creature* still, and He,
  Who every being moulds,
Upholds His Mother too. He lifts her up eternally.

In the "Madonna of the Sleep" there is more the joy of motherhood; her Babe is really a boy sleeping in her lap—really her son—subject to her, and requiring to be watched over by her.

There has been fault found with the drawing of the Infant's body, or rather *want* of body, in this picture; I leave that to the critics.

The "Madonna of the Straw" takes us to Bethlehem, and the child's eyes remind us strongly of Delaroche's Moses.

His largest picture is the "Immaculate Conception"; being a full-length figure and intended for an altar piece.

If one thinks, on first seeing it, of Murillo's famous and altogether most masterly representation of the same subject, we will find that it is only in the white robe that the resemblance lies, and that otherwise the picture is very different.

Our artist embodies more of the apocalyptic vision, and her attitude and the blue girdle are from Bernadette's description of the "Lady of the Grotto"—the apparition that has made Lourdes, in France, the most noted of pilgrim shrines. All the charm of rich coloring in the oil painting is necessarily lost in the photograph or engraving, but enough is still given of design and expression to show how much the world has lost of beauty in the early death of Charles P. Durward.

ROSA MYSTICA.

By Felix J. O'Neill.

GOD sought a flower queenly,
With petals spun from grace,
To breathe a special perfume
To fill a special place.

Not, like the pink and pansy,
To deck our planet's breast,
But for a rôle sublimer
This blossom must be drest.

He walked amid His field-flowers:
His Hand could cull but one
With petals pure and fitting
To wrap His Infant Son.

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

BY P. CARLSON (*Stockholm, Sweden*).

AT the request of the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I herewith forward some observations concerning the working of the so-called Gothenburg system of regulating the liquor-traffic—observations made on the spot, either by myself or by men whose integrity and zeal for the weal of their fellow-citizens have never been questioned. Throughout all my endeavor has been to eschew declamation and vilifying, and to state nothing but facts, leaving these to speak for themselves. The story is well known of the professor who, on proclaiming certain scientific hypotheses of his and being informed that the facts in the matter did not at all tally with his theories, made answer: "So much the worse for the facts!"

The principle upon which I have proceeded has been exactly the reverse of that of the profound scholar just quoted.

MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATE INTEREST IN DRINK CONSUMPTION.

Beginning with the consideration of the state of affairs, as far as the drinking question is concerned, in Norway, it should be kept in mind that although, strictly speaking, the system there prevailing is *not* the Gothenburg system—the Norwegian liquor legislation, and more particularly the law of 1871, having been framed without regard to kindred regulations in Sweden —still, for all practical purposes, the systems of the two sister-countries may be regarded as one and the same. Up to a few years ago the chief, if not the only, point of difference between the two systems was that in Norway the profits gained by the "companies" were applied to the erection of asylums, museums, homes for the aged, public parks, etc., while in Gothenburg the money was given directly to the city *for the diminution of the rates*—the object of the Norwegian legislators in thus decreeing being, of course, to avoid putting before the city the temptation of obtaining lower taxes by increasing the sale of liquor. But President H. E. Berner, a Norwegian champion of the system and one of the greatest authorities on the matter, recently had this to say on the subject:

"The profit of the companies has gradually grown to be

much more than expected in 1871. . . . According to the accounts for 1891 the gross receipts of the companies have been 3,331,741 krones.* . . . After using some of this money for current expenses, the companies have still had a net gain of 1,514,113 krones—a considerable sum when it is known that it has been made in 51 towns with, in all, 473,000 inhabitants. The company in Christiania (the Norwegian capital), a city with 160,000 inhabitants, has alone had a net profit in 1891 of 277,818 krones. As, furthermore, this gain, *which is continually on the increase*,† as a matter of fact has been put to use only within the limits of the cities themselves, the purposes for which the money is spent have more and more become allied to and identified with such as are supposed to be supported with ordinary taxes. *And thus the companies have become good sources of revenue for the cities in question.* But conjointly with this, the efforts of the city officials to meddle with the management of the companies and *to maintain the high level of this source of revenue . . . have grown more and more manifest.* Thus the companies have been brought under a pressure to practise 'virtus post nummos,' or to forget the object over the means.

"At any rate, the difference which in this respect used to exist between the Norwegian regulations and the Gothenburg system has disappeared. . . . It is also striking how trifling—of late even decreasing—have been the contributions made by the companies out of their great profits to the temperance associations. In 1891 it has fallen to 1.7 per cent.—a circumstance which has made the companies, not unjustly, the subject of sharp criticism on the part of the temperance advocates, while the genuine total abstainers (prohibitionists) neither ask for nor accept any 'brandy money.'

"But even where the gain of the companies has been expended for objects of common use, such as a technical institute, a public park, or the like, instances are not absolutely wanting where the managers of the companies have deemed the promotion of such a scheme more meritorious than the endeavor to diminish the drinking of brandy, and *consequently have opposed the entirely just requests of the advocates of temperance to abolish certain liquor-stores* (in the quarters inhabited by working-people, for instance) or to close the stores on the days when the enlistment for the navy, or the like, summons into the city crowds of young sailors."‡

*A krone is about 27 cents, but in Norway and Sweden its purchasing value is at least equal to that of 45 or 50 cents in America.

† The italics here and below are mine.—P. C.

‡ From an article in the Danish *Politico-Economical Review*, No. 3, 1893.

I have given in full this quotation from Mr. Berner because, as stated, he is an authority on the subject—as such repeatedly referred to by Dr. Gould in his report—and a friend of the system. His words, as given above, need no comment.

But, it might be fairly asked, even though the system has the defects above pointed out, is it not at least a *relative* benefit—has it not effected some good during the years it has been in force in Norway as well as in Sweden?

To this I shall make the following answer: The point, as I understand it, with American inquirers is not whether in other countries, and in circumstances not at all identical with those obtaining in the United States, the system may not have borne some good fruit, but whether it be worth the while of American reformers to try to fasten upon the country legislative measures which are at best only half-measures, in the long run ineffectual and probably even pernicious, while in their stead might be devised a legislation wholly capable of coping with the evil aimed at, a legislation that might, in due time, crush it out entirely. It is hardly so that half a loaf of bread is, in all circumstances, preferable to no loaf at all. Suppose that by accepting the half-loaf you do away once for all with the possibility of ever obtaining a full and sufficient amount of food, which otherwise there might be some chance of getting possession of, sooner or later—suppose I say that such is the case, ought you not then to think twice before snatching that pitiful dole?

CAUSES OF THE IMPROVED HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

Be this as it may, the benefits accruing from the system in Norway—Sweden will be considered presently—are hardly more than problematical. That progress, considerable progress indeed, has been made since the time when the liquor-trade was all but free; when the government, instead of counteracting the drinking habit, rather encouraged it; when vice and ignorance reigned supreme in the mountainous kingdom of the North—that is, thank God! undeniable. But to ascribe this gratifying change to the influence of the "system" were preposterous.

The fact is that, during the last forty or fifty years, and more particularly during the last twenty or twenty-five of these, an immense educational work has been carried on throughout the country—a work unparalleled probably in the history of the world for intensity, thoroughness, and rapidity. The country has been dotted with "high-schools" (schools where the

farmers and peasants, men as well as women, are taught literature, history, science, etc., chiefly by means of lectures), itinerant lecturers, including such men as the great poet and reformer Björnson, Kristofer Janson (who has spent years in North America), Christopher Brun, Uldall, and many others, have year in, year out penetrated into the remotest nooks and crannies of the land, teaching, exhorting, instructing—bringing light, knowledge, and culture wherever they went. The people, even the poorest classes, have been filled with a vivid interest in political and religious questions, they, or many of them at least, have been shamed out of their old bad habits, the book and the newspaper have taken the place of the bottle and the cup, the reading-room and the assembly-hall have been made to cope successfully with the gin-shop and the brandy corner.

AIDS TO THE INTELLECTUAL COUNTER-MOVEMENT.

And this is not all. Consider that at the same time the total abstainers have been hard at work, and that at present their societies number over one hundred thousand members, in a population of not two millions, and that the temperance advocates (those that combat excessive drinking only) have also been active—is it then to be wondered at that the consumption of liquor has declined in a most gratifying manner? And when, on the other hand, we ponder the facts, that the beginning of this decline dates back, not to the introduction of the "system" of 1871 but to the time of the law of 1845, by which the liquor-trade, until then practically untrammelled, was subjected to severe restrictions, while *some of the years after 1871*—the years in which business was good and wages high—*show an increase of the consumption*, does it not then seem as though the part the oft-named system should be credited with in abolishing the tippling habit shrinks down to next to nothing? My personal impression is that in some places, where the companies are directed with unusual conscientiousness, they may be said to have maintained *status quo*, but that in other localities their effect has been doubtful, not to say pernicious. In Christiania itself, the report of the chief of police for the year 1882–88 shows that during that time some 130,000 arrests for drunkenness were made in that city—making the number of arrests almost equal to the number of inhabitants.*

* Christiania has now, as above stated, a population of about 160,000, but the last few years have brought an unusual increase through immigration from the country, incorporation of suburbs, etc.

Certainly not a state of things to be over-proud of, even though years ago it may have been, and doubtless was, a good deal worse.

THE STATE OF TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN.

In regard to Sweden, much the same considerations hold good for that country as for Norway, viz., that within memory of man the cause of civilization and morality has taken long strides here, and that—it goes without saying—any system of regulation and restriction must needs work some good in a country where formerly everybody could put up a distillery and drink to his heart's desire. But on inspecting matters a little more carefully we find here, as in Norway, that whatever improvement may be due to legislation should be put to the account of the law of 1855—one corresponding closely to the Norwegian law of 1845—as little, if any, decline in the number of arrests for drunkenness and the like can be proven to have taken place since the Gothenburg system came into existence. It is only fair to state that the champions of the system are aware of this fact, and that they have an explanation ready for it, such as it is. Dr. Siegfried Wieselgren, vice-president of the Swedish temperance societies, and the man to whose arduous exertions the adoption of the Gothenburg system is chiefly due, not long ago published the following lists, showing the number of arrests for drunkenness in Gothenburg in the years 1875–1889, and the places where those arrested had had their last drink before getting intoxicated.

Years.	*In the rooms of the companies*	*In beer-saloons.*	*In private houses.*	*Unknown where.*
1875, ...	890	130	335	1,026
1876, ...	1,067	263	357	856
1877, ...	1,142	305	406	867
1878, ...	1,023	269	327	845
1879, ...	1,070	301	234	713
1880, ...	851	397	303	770
1881, ...	914	445	292	897
1882, ...	839	442	292	805
1883, ...	899	523	370	801
1884, ...	773	419	355	1,114
1885, ...	727	483	330	1,183
1886, ...	798	582	358	1,240
1887, ...	840	614	464	1,174
1888, ...	688	679	549	1,215
1889, ...	765	753	574	1,371

These numbers may well give the reader pause. The popu-

lation of Gothenburg in 1875 was 59,986, while in 1889 it had grown to 97,677. In the first-named year there were in all 2,381 arrests, in the latter the number was 3,463. While thus the cases of intoxication had not increased exactly in the same proportion as the population, the decrease is so small—the ratio being in 1875 about 1.25 as against 1.28 in 1889—that the total abstainers can hardly be blamed for claiming that it should never be taken as indicative of the great and good qualities of the system, in view of the fact that, just as in Norway, other and far more powerful agencies have been at work to rescue the inhabitants of Gothenburg and other Swedish towns from the clutches of strong drink.

The defenders of the system do not absolutely deny the apparent justice of this criticism, but at the same time they maintain that a more thorough investigation will prove that the fault lies not with the system. A careful study of the figures given will show, so they assert, that it is to the increasing consumption of *beer* that are due the scant results of the system, that the liquor-stores of the companies are turning out continually fewer drunkards, and that if only beer could be included in the same rules that control the sale of brandy, the outlook would soon brighten.

The total abstainers, however, do not feel convinced by this argument. In the first place—so they declare—the figures are too obscure to build any definite conclusions upon, in that nobody knows whether the greater number of the cases of intoxication in "unknown places" should be laid to the companies or the beer-saloons, or whether they should be divided equally among them. Nor is there any evidence to show where the liquor was bought which brought about the cases of drunkenness in private houses. But even given, for argument's sake, that the companies actually come in for a share as comparatively small as the figures seem to indicate at first blush, what is then proven?—that it will only be necessary to turn over the sale of beer to the companies in order to effect the desired reforms? Nothing of the kind!

The figures in question prove only this: that as long as the desire for intoxicating beverages is kept alive and, so to speak, legitimated by the maintenance of such liquor-shops as the companies run, the gratification of this desire will, to a great extent, be sought, *not* in those shops themselves nor through the consumption of liquor which is expensive and bothersome

to procure, but in the beer-saloons and kindred places where the strong Swedish beer (it contains much more alcohol than the German beer or, I presume, the American one) may be had, if not exactly for the asking, yet temptingly cheap and with all convenience. But an eventual attempt to restrict the sale of beer would simply throw the tide back upon liquor pure and simple, it being a fact that as long as there is a possibility to obtain intoxicating beverages, such a possibility will be worked to the utmost. And under the Gothenburg system there is a very big possibility!

In the minutes of the "Gothenburg Total-Abstinence Society" for 1877–79 the following account is to be found of a public debate at the Working-men's Hall, held on May 1, 1877, and attended by about one thousand people, mostly of the working-classes. The subject for discussion was "The Gothenburg System." The following were some of the questions and the answers made to them:

Question: Have the speakers at this meeting spoken *for* or *against* the Gothenburg system as an effective measure to resist the drinking and tippling habits of the people?

Answer: Against.

Q. Has drunkenness decreased in this community since the system was adopted?

A. No. (A number of voices: "It has rather increased!")

Q. Are the working-men generally in better pecuniary circumstances on account of the influence of the system?

A. No.

Q. Is there less opportunity for drinking now than under the former system?

A. No.

Of course such a discussion cannot be considered as having furnished conclusive evidence against the Gothenburg system, but it still is of interest as showing the opinions in regard to the matter of the class which, perhaps, is more directly and vitally concerned with it than any other class.

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM IN FINLAND.

Valuable testimony in the question has come from Finland, and I shall dwell at some length on it. The complaint, also heard elsewhere, is here strongly accentuated, that the companies have succeeded in surrounding themselves with an air of respectability which tends to do away with the feeling of em-

barrassment, and even shame, which formerly overtook a man upon entering a liquor-saloon. In the boards of directors of the companies in Finland may be found even clergymen, public officials, and members of the government. Instead of pointing the moral that every form of liquor-selling for other than medical uses is disreputable and degrading, these companies tend to foster the false conviction that they really aim at serving the cause of public morals.

But there are other weak points connected with the system as it works in Finland. There the net profits of the companies amount to some 40,000 pounds (£40,000) *a year*. Is there any necessity for pointing out the pernicious moral influence of an industry which, amid a poor population of *two millions*, year after year distributes gratuitously for charitable purposes such an enormous sum? What a number of supporters such a system must be acquiring, directly and indirectly! How cunningly adapted it is to bribe the conscience and at the same time shut the eyes to the great evils of the drinking habit. And how effectually does not the Gothenburg system, through all these combined influences, defeat and bring to naught the efforts of every true friend of temperance—the efforts to abolish intoxicating drinks from the social customs of mankind!

PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF THE DISTILLERS.

And the companies have been guilty of palpable blunders. In one town the company, in order to give the local distillers a chance, paid them *one* shilling more per gallon than necessary, and yet sold the drink by retail cheaper than customary, thus making itself subservient to the interests of the distillers in a way simply ridiculous. How the company referred to generally conducts its business may furthermore be gathered from the fact that at three succeeding dates petitions have been presented to the municipal council, from the tax-payers, requesting that trade in intoxicating liquor be *not* vested in any company. The last one of these petitions had two thousand signatures, and at a public meeting, summoned for the purpose, the speakers unanimously agreed that the system which the company represented was productive of real evil.

From Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, it is reported that when some years ago a new suburb sprang up, chiefly inhabited by working people, the company made haste to extend its operations in the same direction, in the alleged interest of "tem-

perance and morals"; with the consequence, however, of numerous protests and complaints from the people, resulting at last in the abandonment of the scheme.

In summing up it appears to me—and to many, many friends of temperance in these parts—that a long and intimate acquaintance with the workings of the Gothenburg system, and of systems closely akin to it, results in the following judgment:

NEGATIVE BENEFITS OF THE SYSTEM.

1. Nowhere is to be found proof, positive and indisputable, that through such regulations the drinking evil has been diminished in any considerable degree whatsoever.

2. The system may, on the contrary, be said to have some very dangerous sides, in that through it the liquor-traffic becomes, so to speak, clothed in the garb of respectability, and so entrenched in the social system that all hope of ever getting rid of it seems to be fast disappearing. It caters to the rich by relieving his taxes, to the poor by throwing into his lap all kinds of charities, it unites under the banner of liquor all sorts and conditions of men—transforming the foul spirit of drink into a sort of protecting and beneficent deity.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF NATURALISM.

By Rev. Eugene Magevney, S.J.

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of error is its restlessness, and never perhaps was the fact more strikingly illustrated than it has been by the vociferous advocates of social and political reform in our day. Filled with contempt for the traditions of the past, and devoid of sympathy for the institutions of the present, all their speculations are of the distant future, and of the perfect condition in which the world will then find itself when, abiding by new principles and sundering the fetters by which it has been so long hampered, it will have passed into a broader, and brighter, and altogether ideal phase of existence. How far such an imaginary state of things will harmonize with the canons of sound sense and the requirements of every-day life they do not stop to inquire, but go on weaving and unweaving the mazy web of their delusive fancies, satisfied that they are right if only a slow and inappreciative world could be made to realize the fact.

RATIONALIST PHANTASMAGORIA.

Neither are they agreed amongst themselves as to what will constitute the main features of the New Utopia. Indeed, they find it quite impossible to reduce their ideas upon the subject to uniformity, alleging as their reason for their inability to do so, the incipient and half-formed character of the ideas themselves. As yet they do but see things dimly and remotely, so they tell us, but with time all will be made clear. Vision will be merged into reality, uncertainty into certainty, hope into fruition. Ideas will gradually shape themselves, and a marvellous economic system, bearing the seeds of universal change, will supervene upon the present confused and illogical attitude of affairs. The accumulated strivings of countless generations for higher and better things, so often frustrated, will in that better day have ripened into eternal fulness. Meanwhile each is satisfied to project upon the canvas of a vivid imagination and glorify to the best of his ability whatever theory, social, political, or moral, may seem to illuminate the vista of coming years, and furnish the key to the solution of all life's tangled mystery.

The "Advanced" Rationalist puts his hope of the future in a situation in which reason shall hold complete sway over the empire of truth, and in which men, setting aside the mysteries and follies of religion, shall walk in the unmistakable light of its unerring guidance; the Progressive Moralist, in a perfect equilibrium of moral forces wherein, without jar or jangle, the multiplied energies of life shall be marvellously attuned to one another in endless and indescribable accord; the Socialist, in a fancied and communistic equality which is to level social differences and establish, upon the ruins of the old and inequitable order of things, a reign of universal peace and prosperity; the Altruist, in a blissful realization of an ideal state of humanity —so blissful, so ideal, that we may fall down and adore it, if not as a fact, at least as a psychological hypothesis. While all of them look forward to a condition in which the alloy of human nature shall have been purged away; in which envy, hatred, selfishness, and jealousy, personal bickering and ambitious strife, poverty and misfortune, shall have ceased to be, and men shall lead lives as elevated and as pure and as mutually devoted to one another as the wildest fancy can conceive. But by whatever name they may dub their system, whatever the peculiar nature of the tenets they may espouse, how subtle soever the devices by which they may seek to palm them off upon the unsuspecting, the careful student, who looks for something more than words and fragments of ideas, cannot fail to observe that behind all their hazy agnosticism and "idyllic humanitarianism" there is much—there is everything to be apprehended. There is a kindred feature underlying them all, which strikes in its last analysis at the very vitals of social and political life. Divested of what is meaningless, they signify from an ethical stand-point pretty much the same thing, and are but outgrowths in some shape or form of the Gospel of Naturalism, whose cardinal principal is the elimination of the supernatural, with all that it implies, and the substitution in its stead of a religion whose horizon is the tomb and whose purposes are not concerned with any but material and earthly interests.

GOD AN UNTHINKABLE HYPOTHESIS.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has been styled, and not inappropriately, the apostle of the new civilization, furnishes us with the sociological principles upon which this air-castle of the future is to rest. As in the case of Volney, Comte, and Buckle, there is such a marked flavor of radicalism about his views as

to make us rather mistrustful at the outset of whatever hopes he may have to offer. In his concept of the new and perfect society the idea of God is utterly wanting. Or rather, it is present, but so blurred and overlaid as to defy recognition and force the eager searcher after truth to set it down, as the author himself does, as something "unknown" and "unknowable." A primary requisite he tells us, and he is but voicing the general sentiment of his school, of progress towards the blissful realization, is a radical change in men's minds on the subject of a personal, overruling Providence. The old theology may have served a purpose in its day, but that day is long since passed. Viewed in the light of the "higher criticism," it has been found wanting. It is out of place in its present improved surroundings, and wholly inadequate to grapple with the social problems of the hour, much less to become the perennial source of life and light in any new and advanced condition of affairs. In a word, it is threadbare and dead. Human hearts are fast becoming aliens to its quondam influence. No sympathetic bond holds it in touch with recent theories and ideas. Let it be relegated, therefore, to the Limbo of things antiquated, and useless as an "unthinkable hypothesis," and with it its fundamental but now untenable doctrine of a personal God. Give us instead Nature, and let us find in the wonderful operation of her laws the limit of truth, the key to mystery, and the only divinity worth adoring. Until this be granted, our speculations are in vain and the riddles of life remain unsolved. Such is the keynote of modern agnostic reform as struck by its acknowledged champion. Such is the wearisome refrain of its infidel teaching; such the *ignis fatuus* towards which so many minds are struggling through the dark and intricate maze of their own misguided creations.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE DEITY.

But as it happens that there are instincts sown in the human heart deeper than all agnostic philosophy whose promptings must get a hearing, they are agreed that a religion of some kind should be substituted in their ideal commonwealth for the Christianity which they so ruthlessly dethrone. No civilization, they are well aware, will be acceptable from which the theistic idea has been wholly banished. Accordingly, they have taxed their ingenuity to answer the requirement, and it has certainly proved equal to the demand. From Mr. Spencer's "Ultimate Reality" and "Unknown Force" to Comte's apotheosis of "Holy

Humanity" we are treated to numerous substitutes for the Deity, projected into the remote future and made to do service as the mainstay of the Agnostic Millennium. They are only abstractions, it is true, imported from afar and marred in the importation; nevertheless, we are asked to surrender in their behalf the inheritance of ages and the conviction of years; to sacrifice fact for what is at best a dim and questionable fancy, being assured upon the testimony of modern science—"the larger knowledge"—that they will serve the divine purpose, minister to every craving of the human heart, answer every impulse of the mind, and become a panacea, in ways we know not of, for the rectification of all life's ills.

RELIGION AS A PATENT MEDICINE.

With God eliminated from the field, the human soul will have no reason for existence. Hence the idea that there is one resident within us will have been abandoned. Rationalistic teaching, in fact, is even now paving the way for the advent of so glorious a consummation. Psychology is being fast resolved into physiology, and most of the subjective phenomena which have hitherto perplexed the ingenuity of philosophers have been found, so we are told, to have their solution in the complex and delicate operations of the nervous or muscular systems. Christian Science has even made the startling discovery that Metaphysics and Medicine are twin sisters—and all this by way of prelude to that blissful era when the doctrine of the soul will have been exploded altogether, and even the idea of it will have been run to ground as a fiction and a folly. The advanced thinkers of the day, of course, have realized it already and, with the multiplication of resources and ever-increasing endeavor, the day is not very distant when further investigation will have established to the satisfaction of all, even the ill-informed, that there is absolutely no place in the economy of nature for a soul such as the popular credulity has hitherto conceived; that the vital principle is conditioned upon the body in man no less than in the brute creation, and this so utterly that the death of the latter sounds the requiem of the former; in a word, that the forces at work within us are purely material; that we are simply of the earth earthy, with no mission in the great scheme of life other than to add our quota to the sum of general results by helping on, each in his own infinitesimal way, the wholesale progressive and evolutionary movement which alone makes life worth living, and gives us a claim upon future

generations destined to reap the combined results of all our partial endeavors, or the fruit, as Mr. Frederic Harrison would phrase it, of our "posthumous activity." *

ETHICAL CULTURE.

With such crudities to start from, the entire moral order, which presupposes God and the human soul as necessary conditions of its being, crumbles to the ground. With it, of course, the idea of responsibility vanishes. Men cannot be accountable to themselves; for that were absurd. Like Kant's "autonomy of reason," it involves an essential contradiction and wofully confounds the origin of law with the subject of its application. Neither can they be answerable to one another; for, in what would that right of another take its origin? Consequently they may do as they please, and the goodness or wickedness of an act will be determined only by its supposed effect upon the general weal. Natural beneficence, founded upon a vague and general concept, will thus be made to do service for those higher, supernatural considerations which constitute the basis of our present social ethics. Each one, moreover, will define benevolence for himself, and shapen his conduct upon the lines of his definition, no matter how illogical, no matter how much at variance with the opinions and sentiments of others, that definition may chance to be. It needs but a few moments' reflection to see how utterly impotent such a motive would prove in the face of the violent temptations that sweep over the human soul; how utterly frail and unreliable the system that rests upon it as upon its foundation; how wide it would throw open the gate for the introduction of every abuse and the commission of every crime. To make morality something purely objective, resident in "a stream of tendency, not ourselves, making for righteousness," or anything of the sort, is to pave the way, not to a

* Judging from many of the definitions already given of God and the soul, it would appear that we are almost there. By some God is described as "a form of thought," "a modification of the Ego," "a category of the ideal," "a vague theosophical subtlety." While the human soul is defined to be "the prolongation of man into the definite," "the conscious unity of our being," or, more ridiculously still, "a volatile principle soluble in glycerine." Says Mr. Harrison: "We are determined to treat man as a human organism, just as we treat a dog as a canine organism; and we know no ground for saying, and no good to be got by pretending, that man is a human organism *plus* an indescribable entity. We say the human organism is a marvellous thing, sublime if you will, of subtlest faculty and sensibility; but we, at any rate, can find nothing in man which is not an organic part of this organism; we find the faculties of mind, feeling, and will directly dependent on physical organs; and to talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense."—*The Nineteenth Century*, June, 1877.

paradise of unalloyed delights but to a political and social pandemonium. It were a pagan renaissance with the few redeeming features of paganism left out. For crude as the old mythologies were, they nevertheless demonstrated how deep-seated in the human heart is the instinct of the supernatural. Out of the depths of the mental and moral chaos in which their lot was cast we can still see the pagans of old struggling upwards in quest of a light that had not yet dawned, at least for them; while our modern *Illuminati* repudiate that same light, in the midst of which they live, for the sake of a Cimmerian darkness in which they profess to have found the term of all life's hopes and aspirations.

THE CHARACTER OF THE NEW PAGANISM.

The character of a civilization founded upon such hallucinations is not difficult to determine. The very conditions demanded by our social reformers as prerequisites to its realization would defeat the end intended; giving us, instead of an ideal state of life, a chaos of conflicting elements. With the supernatural and the spiritual eliminated, and the moral order metamorphosed into a mere system of expediency and mutual accommodation, the way is cleared for the utter overthrow of law and order and the revival of a barbarism as dark and dismal as any the world has ever known. Even as it is, with all the salutary checks at present set upon human nature, how riotously it runs at times; how it chafes under restraint; into what shameful excesses is it not often betrayed; how it longs to be free, understanding by freedom a license to think and act as it pleases, hopelessly forgetful the while of the dignity of its character and destiny. Reverse its conditions: allow it broad and irresponsible sweep; make it amenable to no higher consideration than the "service of humanity," or the "growing harmony of human society," and every tie, no matter how sacred—no matter how intimately wrapped up with the common welfare—will be snapped asunder upon the instant, leaving us a pitiable substitute for the civilization which we now enjoy, the secret of whose marvellous vitality and power is precisely those same truths which our latter-day Progressionists so boldly repudiate. Nor is it at all necessary to dip into the future to realize this.

ITS FRUITAGE.

We need not go so far nor wait so long; we have only

to look around and see how detrimentally its principles are operating in our very midst wherever they have begun to take root. No one will call in question, we think, the statement that much of the intellectual anarchy which prevails in various departments of modern thought is due to the fallacious hopes which this "cloud castle of sweet illusions" holds out to such as are willing to become its dupes. Seduced by its phantom promises, philosophers have built their theories upon it and poets have woven its praises into the melody of their songs, while much of our general literature is contaminated by the spirit of unrest to which it has given rise. With every issue of the press we are treated to new instalments, ranging from the sickly novelette with its wasted sentiment to what assumes to be a fair exponent of some or other phase of prevalent scientific thought. Analyze them all, if you will. Catch and formulate the burden of their combined utterances, and what have they to offer? Little else than a wail of dissatisfaction over the actual situations of life, together with an amount of fanciful broad-talk about the inefficacy of religion as a system—the contradictions involved in the idea of the supernatural—and the "good time a-comin'" when the dream of the Social Evolutionist will have flowered and fruited into an absolutely perfect, though utterly godless, civilization. The effect of such aberration is not far to seek. It begets, as it is bound to do, a revolt against the truths of Christianity, which have saved and dignified learning, and whose infinite resources, to all but the willing blind, still open up for the exploration of honest research boundless and beautiful vistas of the purest and noblest speculation. Its devotees with no realities to cling to, for they have spurned them all, are driven back upon themselves, and forced to take refuge either in hopes without foundation—systems without principles—or, yet more frequently, in sceptical disgust and discouragement which prompt them to

> "Stretch *lame* hands of faith, and *grope*
> And gather *dust* and *chaff*, . . .
> And *faintly* trust the larger hope."

For so the poet has crystallized the sentiment by which they are animated, and his words but too clearly indicate that, while the New Gospel takes away all, it has nothing to bestow in return. While it cuts men loose from their former and

peaceful moorings, it does so only to float them rudderless upon an untried, tempest-tossed sea.

IT SPRINGS FROM A DECAY OF FAITH.

But in what, it may be asked, does this illusion take its rise? Like so many kindred follies it springs from a decay of faith, and is but a repetition in other shape and form of the old, old story of the human mind losing itself in its endeavor to walk independently of that higher illumination and guidance which is the light of its footsteps and the prop to its essential weakness. It is quite to be expected that with the rejection of supernatural truth stability, whether in the intellectual or moral order, should become an impossibility. Truth as it comes to the human mind rests for its value upon its primal source, which is God. From him it derives all its strength and beauty and significance. Blot out or obscure the source, and little wonder that darkness ensues. Little wonder that what was before an eternal principle dwindles into a half-truth or no truth at all. Little wonder that the Deity and his attributes, future destiny, the nature of the human soul, everything, in fact, which transcends the grossness of brute matter, is set down either as a nonentity or a vague surmise. Streams do not rise above their source. And human reason bereft of the light and aid of Divine truth continues of the earth—essentially earthy, with no mission in life except to go further and further astray as it loses itself in the entanglements of its delirious speculations. Driven to bay, not by the persuasions of logic to which it has grown averse, but by the ever-increasing perplexities and contradictions of its abnormal situation, it is natural that in the chagrin of defeat and disappointment it should even supplement its fancies by a deal of supercilious pity for the creeds and condition of others. The *rôle* which it is thus almost bound to assume eventually, is that of the cynic who derides what he envies and criticises what he can neither emulate nor imitate.

DECAY OF MORALS A RESULTANT.

In the wake of this mental deterioration there follows also, and with no less a certainty, a corresponding moral decadence. For once the mind has apostatized from the truths of the higher life, where, throughout all the range of human inquiry, is it to look for sanctions powerful enough to

deter it from evil and solicit it to good?* The lines of demarcation between virtue and vice become effaced or so blurred as to be no longer discernible. Reward and punishment are but empty names. Holiness ceases to be lovable for itself or even to exist, since the ideal which it embodies does not rise above the material and transient circumstances of life.

WANT OF NOBLE STIMULUS.

Arrived at this point, it is vain to hold out as incentives to noble deeds, begotten of the spirit of sacrifice, such unsubstantial baubles as the esteem of contemporaries or the praise of after generations. Equally paltry and ineffectual as a motive is the assurance that each is contributing his silent and invisible but none the less actual share to that fund of universal goodness which makes for final and perfect righteousness in some ideal but indefinitely postponed phase of the world's development. The fact, if it be one, looks too shadowy and far away to be trusted, while the comfort which it supplies is altogether too cold to be attractive. In a word, whatever the motives substituted for those removed, they cannot serve, and in the history of the race have never served, as sufficient safeguards and mainstays for human goodness. Hence it is that the position of our modern anti-Theists is so utterly negative. It cannot be otherwise; for while they would break with the past they have nothing sufficiently coherent and consistent to offer as a reasonable basis for future speculation and operation. While they beckon us onward to the dawnlight of what they claim to be the realization of the pent-up hopes of ages, they have absolutely no guarantees to offer which appeal to our judicious acceptance. They have unsheathed the sword, they allege, in vindication of the rights and dignity of reason, and upon the very threshold of the New Departure would degrade that same reason by drawing infallible conclusions from doubt-

*An idea which Mr. Martineau, whatever may be said of his theory of morals, presents with exceptional force and beauty. "The devout faith of men," he writes, "expresses and measures the intensity of their moral nature, and it cannot be lost without a remission of enthusiasm and, under this low pressure, a successful re-entrance of the importunate desires and clamorous passions which had been driven back. To believe in an ever-living and perfect Mind, supreme over the universe, is to invest moral distinctions with immensity and eternity, and lift them from the provincial stage of human society to the imperishable theatre of all being. When planted thus in the very substance of things, they justify and support the ideal estimates of the conscience; they deepen every guilty shame; they guarantee every righteous hope; and they help the will with a Divine casting-vote in every balance of temptation. The sanctity thus given to the claims of duty, and the interest that gathers around the play of character, appear to me more important elements in the power of religion than its direct sanctions of hope and fear. Yet to these also it is hardly possible to deny great weight, not only as extending the range of personal interests, but as the answer of reality to the retributory verdicts of the moral sense. Cancel these beliefs, and morality will be left reasonable still, but paralyzed; possible to temperaments comparatively passionless, but with no grasp on vehement and poetic natures; and gravitating towards the simply prudential, wherever it maintains its ground" (*Questions of Belief*, page 179).

ful premises. Let them show their credentials, formulate their doctrines, define their position, and then and only then ask an earnest and busy world to pause in its course and vouchsafe them a respectful hearing. Thus will we know that they are sound in conviction and serious in purpose, and out, not for a holiday at the expense of others, but upon a noble and world-wide mission looking to ultimate and much-needed reform.

A BELIEVER IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

In speaking in this manner, however, we would not have it supposed for an instant that we are disbelievers in the doctrine of social progress. Far from it. Our faith in human aspiration and endeavor is too well founded for that. But "progress" is a vague term at best. A term that has been so promiscuously bandied about, so variously and absurdly used of late, as to have become altogether equivocal. Though one of the shibboleths of the times and upon the lips of every social reformer, it is nevertheless as vague as it can well be, and its meaning in each particular case must be determined by the interpretation which the writer or speaker puts upon it. In the mouth of a communist or anarchist it means one thing; upon the tongue of a statesman, quite another. When taken to be synonymous with the complete overthrow of existing institutions, and the substitution in their stead of a public condition of things framed upon the lines of abstract speculation and vagary —cold and unsympathetic and wholly out of touch with the hard necessities of life—we cannot but stigmatize it as a delusion and a myth. If, on the contrary, it is understood to imply *a steady betterment of social and political conditions, saving the ineradicable instincts of human nature and the principles of Christianity which have purified and elevated and must for ever guide those instincts*, then we can readily subscribe to the belief that the world has progressed and is still progressing; that as long as it is true to itself and does not lose sight of its higher obligations in the flush of material prosperity, it will continue to go forward yet more rapidly in future without, however, attaining that ideal perfection, that perfect social harmony, dreamt of by our latter-day Reconstructionists, but which is impossible so long as man's natural fickleness enters as a factor into the calculations of life. Social development is a silent, steady process from within out. States, like individuals, are evolved from a less to a more perfect condition by the agency of internal forces, called into requisition and assisted by environments more or less favorable to their development. Their growth is not the product of a day. Its

direction and general character are not to be foretold with the mathematical precision with which astronomers trace the course of the stars, or naturalists the currents of the deep. And it were as absurd to draw up upon abstract principles a social plan without reference to the innumerable circumstances daily affecting its practicability, as it would be to attempt to fashion the lily or rearrange the colors of a rainbow upon purely artificial lines.

THE MORAL PISGAH—OR WHAT?

Evolution is a good thing, but it has its limits, and limits which in many cases are easily discernible. It is not a process which "proceeds" without regard to logic or other prerequisites; and, if it does, its scope and significance have been sadly misunderstood, and it is but right that it should pay the forfeit. Evolution is not revolution. Things must not be developed to such an extent that they are turned inside out. And yet this is the charge to which so many of our modern evolutionary theories lay themselves open, and none more so than that of Social Science. With some it is little else than a synonym for destruction. In their eagerness to realize mere fancies they would subvert the very foundations upon which the peace and prosperity of the world have rested from the beginning. But, fortunately for the truth, their data are so scant and their forecastings so vague, so illogical, that their theory, captivating as they try to make it, has not yet gained that hold upon mind and heart which alone can guarantee its acceptability and permanence. Nor do we apprehend that it ever will. Like every fallacy that has come and gone in the history of the world, it bears within itself the germ of its own weakness and inevitable dissolution. What Mr. Mallock affirms in other connections may be applied, we think, with peculiar fitness to this dream of Atheistic Pseudo-Civilization. "The path of thought," he says, "has, as it were, taken a sudden turn around a mountain; and our bewildered eyes are staring on an undreamed-of prospect; the leaders of progress thus far have greeted the sight with acclamation, and have confidently declared that we are looking on the promised land. But to the more thoughtful and to the less impulsive it is plain that a mist hangs over it, and that we have no right to be sure whether it is the promised land or no. They see grave reasons for making a closer scrutiny, and for asking if, when the mist lifts, what we see will be not splendor but desolation." *

* *Is Life Worth Living?* c. i.

TWO MAY FESTIVALS IN MADRID.

By Alguien.

THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH.

THE second of May is considered by the Madrileños, and with reason, one of their most glorious anniversaries. On that day, in the year 1808, the people of Madrid, led by three heroes, rose up against the usurper Napoleon, that conqueror of the world before whom so many proud peoples had been humbled. Every second of May since then is kept as a public holiday in Madrid, and from six o'clock A.M. until noon Masses are being offered up for the repose of their souls, in the open air, on the very spot (Campo de la Lealtad) where, by order of Murat, hundreds of Spaniards of every age, sex, and condition were mercilessly shot down because they would not yield to the usurper's yoke. There stands the monument erected in their honor, and that of the three artillery officers, Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde, who fell in heroic combat against innumerable odds. No wonder that their names are indelibly written in the hearts of their countrymen, or that their tombs are covered with fresh wreaths and crowns as year by year that glorious anniversary comes by. They it was who, though crushed themselves by overwhelming odds, caused the entire of Spain to rise in arms against Bonaparte's legions and eventually drive them across the Pyrenees, leaving an immortal example to the world of what the heroism of a people can do.

From early morning regiments and detachments of cavalry and infantry are passing through the principal streets of Madrid, with bands playing, on their way to the Prado (in which is situated the railed-in Campo de la Lealtad with the tombs and monument of El dos de Mayo), where they take up their position formed in lines and squares to await the arrival of the great civic procession, which sets out from the Ayuntamiento (town hall) on its way to the cathedral about 10 A.M., passing through the Calles Mayor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Plaza de la Constitucion, and Calle de Toledo, in the following order: First comes a picket of civil guards on horseback, opening the way; then the orphans of the Asilo de San Bernardino and of other charitable

institutions, the students of the College of San Ildefonso, etc. After these walk army pensioners, veterans and invalids, the relatives and descendants of the victims of the second of May and the district mayors, all dressed in black, and commissions from the garrison corps, from the ministry of marine and from the provincial deputation, preceded by mace-bearers and heralds. Lastly come the Ayuntamiento (corporation), preceded by the alcalde (mayor), who has the captain-general of New Castile on his right and the inspector-general of artillery on his left. The procession is closed by a column of honor formed by a regiment of artillery. Arrived at the cathedral, a solemn requiem Mass is celebrated by the Bishop of Madrid-Alcalá, after which the procession goes on its way again in the same order, only with the addition of the bishop in full pontificals, accompanied by the canons of the cathedral chapter, parish priests, etc., passing through the Calle de Toledo, Plaza de la Constitucion, Calles de Atocha, etc., to the Prado. There, entering the Plaza del dos de Mayo, the bishop and clergy chant a solemn responsory for the souls of the heroes of 1808, in front of their tomb; after which salvos are fired over the graves, and the military, after a parade in the Prado, file through the streets and back to their different barracks, while the procession returns as it came and breaks up at the Ayuntamiento.

Everything conduces to make this commemoration festival a brilliant one. Nature herself is generally at this time of the year, in Madrid, decked in all the galas of spring. The deep blue sky and the warm temperature invite one out-of-doors, and the streets are overflowing with people. The Retiro is a perfect paradise of foliage and sweet-smelling flowers, the trees in the avenues are covered with green, and the horse-chestnuts and lilacs are in full bloom. The military, too, formed down there in the Prado, their helmets, cuirasses, and bayonets gleaming in the sun, all help to make an admirable and smiling background for the procession and solemn ceremony at the tomb.

THE FEAST OF ST. ISIDOR.

The other May festival, that of the patron of Madrid, San Isidoro, on the 15th of May, is of quite another character, but is one of the most popular and typical of the people of Madrid, and, like most of their popular *fêtes*, is a mixture of religion, business, and pleasure. A monster fair is held on the very fields formerly tilled by the humble peasant saint with his own hands. There on the banks of the Manzanares, amongst sandy

hills, and the not very agreeable vicinity of a number of cemeteries, stands the little hermitage of San Isidoro, from whose belfry the bells keep gayly ringing for nine days before the feast, calling on the people from far and near to come and take part in the festival.

The first duty of all, on their arrival at the Romeria, is to *cumplir con el Santo*, as they call it; in other words, pay their debts to the saint by visiting the little chapel where his statue and that of his wife, Santa Maria de la Cabeza, are (his uncorrupted body is preserved in the pro-cathedral of San Isidoro in Madrid), and by drinking some water from the fountain which tradition has it the saint made spring miraculously from the rock. If they have not previously heard Mass (it being a holyday of obligation in Madrid), they hear it there, where Masses are celebrated from early morning till noon. These religious duties over, they consider themselves at liberty to amuse themselves, which they set about doing with hearty good will. Carriages and vehicles of all kinds, from the omnibus drawn by eight or ten mules to the little market-carts, converted into gay equipages with garlands of flowers and knots of ribbons, and drawn by mules, donkeys, and even bullocks, as the case may be, also adorned with ribbons and flowers and jingling bells, are incessantly driving up to the Pradera, depositing their burdens, while those who, whether it be for the sake of hygiene, pleasure, or pocket, come from Madrid on foot, enter through a wooden pontoon over the river.

The scene is a gay one, full of color, light, and life. Inside in the Pradera (meadow) are the usual array of stalls and tables with cakes, sweets, wine, and iced drinks, orchatas heladas, oranges, and fruit of various kinds. The buñuelero, or buñuelera, is of course there, with white apron and cap, and sleeves tucked up, busily employed in manufacturing and frying in open iron pans, filled with oil and heated with charcoal, the classical and much-loved buñuelos, without which no Spanish *fête* would be complete, and which are consumed on the spot as fast as they can be cooked. There, too, are gay handkerchiefs, mantles, and stuffs of every color and kind hanging out on poles, or spread on the ground, or on improvised counters, wherever they can be seen to the best advantage. Pictures and statues of San Isidoro and Santa Maria de la Cabeza, gayly painted tambourines, gambombas, rabeles, and chicharras (primitive ear-splitting Spanish instruments which constitute the delight of the youthful Spaniard), botifos (water-bottles of porous clay) of every form

and color, from white to bright red, and many other things are there on sale; and a brisk trade is kept up all day, accompanied by an incessant stream of laughing, bargaining, and scolding. From all sides come the sounds of merry-making, the music of the never-silent (in Spain) guitar, the lively click, click of the castañuelos, and the rhythmical jingle of the pandereta.

Here a group of young women and men are dancing seguidillas; the former dressed in their trailing batas of percal, which are *de rigueur* (and which are brought out for the summer for the first time on San Isidoro's day), and bright-colored embroidered Philippine crape shawls with long fringes—which they manage with such grace and dexterity, making them sway and undulate with every movement of the dance, that it is an art in itself—and a colored silk handkerchief tied over the head, or knotted loosely round the throat to show it had been on the head; the men in their short chulo jackets displaying the red or blue sash, tightest of tight trousers, and round, broad-brimmed, soft felt hats. There, in another corner, are a number of Aragonese in all the bravery of their traditional peasant's costume, dancing their jota to the sound of banduria and guitar, and singing coplas in praise of their beloved and venerated Virgen del Pilar.* The following is an example of these coplas:

"En el mundo hay una España,
Y en España un Aragón,
Y en Aragón una Virgen
Mas hermosa que el sol";

which literally translated means: In the world there is one Spain, and in Spain one Aragon, and in Aragon a Virgin (statue) more beautiful than the sun.

Valencian peasants are also there, going through the mazes of their curious sword and pole dances, and Gallegos (Galician peasants) with their gaieta (a kind of bag-pipes), and Segovianos, Asturianos, etc., all in their national costumes, singing their national songs and dancing their national dances. In fine, turn where you will the most picturesque and characteristic scenes meet the eye on all sides, and one wishes one were a Goya or a Teniers to be able to transfer the picture to canvas.

* A statue held in great veneration throughout Spain, but particularly in Zaragoza. It is said to have been brought to Zaragoza by angels during the lifetime of the Blessed Virgin, when St. James, the Apostle, was preaching there. Our Lady, with the Child Jesus in her arms, is standing on a pillar—hence the name.

THE SECRET OF SIR DINADAN.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

"FOR he was a good knight, but he was a scoffer and a jester, and the merriest knight among fellowship that was that time living.

"And he had such a custom that he loved every good knight, and every good knight loved him again.

"And so he (Dinadan) rode into the castle. Anon Belle Isoud came unto him, and either saluted other. Then she asked him of whence he came.

"'Madam,' said Dinadan, 'I am of the court of King Arthur, and knight of the Table Round, and my name is Dinadan.'

"'Madam,' said Dinadan, 'I marvel of Sir Tristram and other lovers, what aileth them to be so mad and so sotted upon women.'

"'Why,' said La Belle Isoud, 'are ye a knight, and be no lover?'

"'Nay,' said Sir Dinadan, 'for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long.'

"As it happened Sir Palamides looked up toward her (Isoud) where she lay in the window, and he espied how she laughed: and therewith he took such a rejoicing that he smote down, what with his spear and with his sword, all that ever he met, for through the sight of her he was so enamored in her love. 'Well,'

said Dinadan to himself, 'this worship that Sir Palamides hath here this day, he may thank the Queen Isoud; for had she been away this day Sir Palamides had not gotten the prize this day."—(From Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur.")

AH, Dinadan! light as thy lance in rest,
Rang the gay laugh of thy gibe and thy jest;
But he that laughs last laughs ever the best,
And love is no theme for thy laughter.
Friendship thou knowest, and knighthood's sure truth,
But love of a man for a man, in sooth,
Sufficeth but rarely the blood of youth,
Though it leaveth no sting thereafter.

Why did ye mock to the belle Dame Isoud,
Fresh from thy ride through the murmuring wood,
Vaunting the strength that love's darts had withstood,
With laughter so mirthless and dreary?
Scoffing, thou saidst that love's joy was but brief,
Long as life dureth its sorrow and grief;
Years in their passing bring never relief,
To lovers' hearts, heavy and weary.

She who loved Tristram so long and so well,
Laughed in the casement like chime of a bell;
But, Dinadan, who shall say what befell
The heart that thy armor concealèd?
Sure in thy boast and thy laugh rang a cry;
Hid in thy mail which all knights could defy,
Lay the weak spot where love's arrows did fly;
The wound that thy words had revealèd.

How couldst thou guess how love's sorrow was long,
How couldst thou know how love's strength made one strong,
How couldst thou bear its refrain in thy song,
Whose heart had loved never a woman?
Ah, Dinadan, merriest friend and knight,
Loved of them all whom the king pledged to right,
Fear we that once thou wert worsted in fight,
In secretly loving wert human!

Statue of Jeanne at Domremy.

Legislative Library Ontario

THE QUESTION OF JEANNE DARC'S BEATIFICATION.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

THAT cry of the English secretary at Rouen, "We have killed a saint!" when the soul of the Maid of Orleans fled from the poor charred ashes, has grown into the universal conviction of ages. There is something far beyond a sentiment in this general adhesion. The church, slow to act in cases believed to have relation to the supernatural, has taken the preliminary step toward a solemn inquiry into the claim put forward for the beatification of the Maid, and in this fact the hearts of many millions of people find a great degree of melancholy satisfaction. With this feeling, howsoever praiseworthy in itself, the church has no concern. The question at issue is not one of human sentiment. It stands upon a far higher plane: it is one of the sacred things of Heaven, and Heaven's dealings with man.

In declaring that Jeanne Darc is entitled to be regarded as "venerable," as the Pope has done on the recommendation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, his Holiness only gives his assent to the committal of the cause to the consideration of the sacred body whose province it is to debate and examine it. The declaration does not recognize anything beyond the fact that the subject is worthy of solemn discussion; it gives no permission for any prayerful veneration of the person of the saint-postulant. If any such cultus or veneration be already in vogue anywhere, it is, on the contrary, declared unlawful, and its cessation is commanded. Until such surcease shall have come about, there is a suspension of the "cause" in the court of the Sacred Congregation. Hence, although there is the strongest ground for believing that the Maid of Orleans will in due course be raised to the ranks of the beatified, the ardor of her admirers and worshippers in France must be held in abeyance until the time is ripe and the cause duly finished. But the conviction that the verdict must be favorable to Jeanne's claims amounts to a moral certainty.

There are reasons why the whole world of Christian civilization should rejoice with France, should the decree of beatifi-

cation be eventually pronounced in Jeanne's favor. Her case is unique in the Christian era. Even Protestants and dissenters

JEANNE AT THE TAKING OF THE TOURELLES.

confess that the facts of Jeanne's mission are miraculous. They attest, in a manner so clear as to convince the most hardened sceptic, that there is a constant divine supervision and watch

over human affairs, and at periods of exceptional danger to the general welfare a direct intervention for the highest of all purposes.

There is not a single point of view from which the Maid of

JEANNE AT THE CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE DE PIERBOIS.

Orleans can be regarded that does not appeal overpoweringly to all the better instincts of our nature. Whether we consider her as the mere simple-hearted peasant girl, tending her sheep on the little farm at Domremy, or behold her in the court of

Charles maintaining amidst all its glitter and sensuality her own spotless nobility of soul, our admiration of her splendid womanhood is irresistibly compelled. This is the human aspect of the case. So, too, may be regarded, in some sense, her career in the field of arms. The sentiment here is mingled with astonishment at beholding a creature so tender and gentle taking her place in the ranks of fighting men and braving the carnage and all the horrid sights of war with firm nerve. Still this marvel does not approach the transcendental. Women have often borne arms and carried themselves bravely in fight — although they seem sadly out of place in such a theatre. The real wonder is stirred when we behold this unsophisticated rustic maid showing herself all at once acquainted with military science, handling the newly-invented artillery as though she were a master of ordnance, directing military operations with all the skill of a constable of France, and springing *per saltem*, as it were, into the first rank in military science.

STATUE OF THE MAID AT ORLEANS.

Is there in all human history any parallel for the series of military achievements which marked the expulsion of the English from Orleans and Jargeau and Troyes by the Maid and her followers? The destruction of Sennacherib's cohorts furnishes no

analogy; the rout of the Philistines by David, the victories of Josue, or any of the other marvellous instances of supernatural help to the chosen people, fail to yield any similar example of the selection of a fragile woman as the instrument by which, in the course of regular warfare, a vastly superior enemy should be driven from the field in terror and disgrace. Paragons of bravery and military skill such as Talbot and Suffolk, whose banners were considered absolutely invincible in war, were obliged to flee disgracefully before the onset of this mail-clad peasant girl, who had never handled sword or mounted steed before. The thing was so astounding that the English confessed a miracle, only that they attributed its source to an infernal power. Jeanne did not deny that it was a miracle, but her whole life and her entire speech and demeanor at the trial and under the excruciating ordeal of the stake manifested plain as day that its source was from God. It was with the sacred name of her Saviour on her lips that her soul burst from her agonized frame on that awful day; and this it was which made the executioner recoil horror-stricken, and the brutal English officials to slink away with the appalling cry "We have slain a saint of God!"

THE MAID WITH HER STANDARD.

The investiture of Jeanne with military skill and the science

of war is hardly less miraculous than the endowment of the apostles with the faculty of speech in divers foreign tongues. The miracles differ in kind and degree, no doubt; but in their circumstances the element of supernatural help is scarcely less manifest in the one case than in the other. The workings of the same mysterious agency were no less visible in the other public proceedings of the Maid, from the moment she set out on her mission until her capture. Her recognition of the Dauphin amongst his courtiers, her discovery of the sword of St. Catherine, her premonitions of success or reverse in battle, afford evidence hardly inferior to these more important points that, in the inscrutable ways of God, she was raised up for the effectuation of the ultimate ends whose purpose was hidden from her as well as from all other mortal ken.

Vainly have successive pro-English writers sought to cast the disgrace of Jeanne's murder upon the shoulders of the Catholic Church. The crime is indelibly fixed upon their own nation, as a political act. Witchcraft was everywhere a civil offence in those evil days, and it was as a witch they caused Jeanne to be burned. She herself asked that her case be referred to the Pope, but her persecutors knew better than to accede to that request. Nor can the base ingratitude of the French king, to whom she had given his crown, nor the moral decomposition of the French chivalry which she had so often led to victory, leaving her to perish without lifting a finger to save her, ever be explained upon any ground consistent with the permanent and universal impulses and motives of human action. The profound and completed romance and horror of the epic has in it something far above the plane of merely human tragedy. If we cannot read the meaning of such dread manifestations, we must recognize them as unmistakable evidences of the sleepless vigilance with which the eye of the Omniscient follows the course of this orb of his creation and its wayward myriads all through the vicissitudes of changing centuries.

A TERM OF YEARS POLICY.

By Richard Malcolm Johnston.

"How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

ISAAC KOLLOCK, even from boyhood, was always modest, sensitive, and reserved. Yet he seemed firm enough in opinions, and when asked, gave succinctly his reasons for entertaining them. Veracity and general uprightness came easily to him, inherited from both sides of his family. When come of age, with a couple of thousands, his share in his father's estate, he went to Augusta and became clerk in a hardware store. Occasionally he returned for a brief visit to the old neighborhood, especially to see Sarah Tucker, whom he had told just before the removal that it was his mind to ask her some day to marry him. After three years they were married, Sarah turning over to him her property, which, converted into money, amounted to about five thousand dollars. Then he set up for himself. When their child, Sally, was born he took a policy of life insurance for three thousand dollars, providing by special contract that, in event of his death within twenty years, this sum was to be paid to his family; but if he survived that period the contract was to be ended and he receive nothing.

"I thought it well to do this, my dear," he said to his wife, "because of the uncertainties in trade, and particularly in life. If I can live twenty years, even with profits more moderate than I am now making, I can gather as much as we shall want. I took out this policy merely to fix what is an equivalent, or approaching an equivalent, to that assurance. At all events, it will secure, in case of my death, a sufficient living for you and the baby."

For some years he made enough, and not much over, for the maintenance of his family and payments on his policy. At eighteen his daughter was married to his clerk, Henry Powell, whose only income was what he received for his services. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Kollock died. Her death was a fearful shock upon him, and indulgence of grief subtracted much from what activity he had before, never hardly sufficient for the successful

conduct of such a business, and gradually he yielded leadership to his son-in-law. The latter had considerable capacity, which, with proper guidance in former years, might have had successful results. Venturous as energetic, he ran the concern well enough apparently for some months. In this while Kollock's health, both of body and spirit, declined perceptibly. Not every day was he at the store at all, and when there his manner became rather that of a clerk than proprietor, sometimes asking of Powell the price of articles lately added to the stock, and afterwards easily consenting to fall in them, so that purchasers close in trade, noting the difference, managed, when possible, to deal with him instead of Powell. Gradually he sank into deeper melancholy, more often absenting himself from the store. At the time of his wife's death he had not been seen to shed a tear; but the pallor of his face indicated that his anguish and sense of loss were felt by himself to be incurable.

In order to stop the decline in business, Powell made several rash ventures that under his unskilful conduct hastened it, and Kollock had to go into insolvency with debts in excess of credits by five thousand dollars. Undemonstrative as it was, his increased suffering at the disaster, which seemed to be wholly unexpected by him, excited everybody's sympathy and raised much apprehension in his family. He often spoke in terms of unrestrained self-accusing, declaring that no man of really honorable impulses would have failed to foresee such a result, and so behave as to have at least made it less disastrous. The thought of debts which in all probability never could be discharged oppressed him even more heavily than that of the dissipation of his wife's property, in want of which her daughter must suffer. One only hope was left, beginning with his wife's death and now risen to a passion indulged by his whole mind in all waking and many sleeping hours. This was that he might die within the limit of the period for which his life had been insured. Although this hope was not avowed, yet his daughter, from some of the few allusions made by him in her hearing, became quite certain of its existence, and spoke of it to some of his creditors, expressing her fears of a tendency of her father to insanity and suicide. Touched with sympathy, several to whom he was most largely indebted went to him and besought that he would not be so much concerned about their loss. Some even proposed to extend further credits if he should have the mind to again set up business. Such treatment seemed only to aggravate his disorder.

One night his daughter, now greatly alarmed, said to him: "Father, I do wish you could try to be more cheerful. Our affairs are not in such bad condition as for you to give way to such despondency. Mr. Powell is already getting a good salary with Mr. Carmichael, with promise of a rise. He says that in time he can pay off the debts, for which there is not a single creditor who has not expressed his willingness to wait. For my life I cannot see why these things should so weigh you down. As for mother's property, that went like very much of others in the accidents of trade, and I would regard the loss of it with entire cheerfulness if I could see you rise out of your distress."

He looked at her for some time in silence, then said:

"Daughter, your mother would admire you much for the way you treat me, and I couldn't tell you how much I love you for it. But your affection and your unselfishness keep you from seeing that such things make my condition only the more wretched and deplorable. Debts are debts, and they must continue to be debts until they are paid off and discharged. If this is never done, the debtor is for ever like a slave, and ought justly to be regarded as a slave. Forgiveness of debts as between man and man only makes their obligation more binding, and upon the mind of an honest man more oppressive. If you had reproached me for the dissipation of the money come through your mother, or if my creditors had complained of my recklessness or neglect, or whatever led to the sacrifice of their interests through trust in me, there would have been some punishment; not nearly approaching what I deserve, but they would have served at least to take off some of the shame I feel now, and the sense that I am bound in chains for ever—for this life and the next. I have been let alone by you all, and even sympathized with to the degree that nothing but assurance of my death, before a certain date, can bring any relief to me; and I tell you, my child, I long for death. I am like the 'bitter in soul' of whom last night I read in the Book of Job: 'Which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hid treasures.' Truth is, I don't see how any honorable man can feel otherwise."

"O father, father!"

"Stop, daughter—stop right there. Any remonstrance from you would make my condition worse. I know my own case better than you or any one else can know it; I am not able, and I have no right to try, to endure the reflection that the money put into my hands trustingly by your mother has been

squandered instead of being kept, if even without increase, for her child. Any fool who was not a thief could have done that much."

"But, father, Mr. Powell says that the fault of the failure was his mainly, and that he is sure of being able—"

"Stop again—stop again! It is not true. Henry would willingly take the blame upon himself, good, generous fellow that he is. But it was I—my neglect, my—I can't call it anything but gross criminal indifference to trusted interests that did it, and I ask you solemnly not to allude to the case again in my hearing."

He left her immediately. Obedient to his wish, she remonstrated no more. Knowing his affection and veneration for the pastor of the church at which her mother and both families had worshipped, she wrote a letter to him urging his coming. Mr. Sanford, now quite old, answered the call. Kollock, not aware that he had been sent for, seemed gratified to meet him. At the supper-table and during the rest of the evening he talked in his former usual manner with his guest about persons and things in the neighborhood around his old home. At family prayers his daughter noticed his handkerchief upon his eyes during several specially tender expressions in the good man's petition. No particular allusion was made in it to recent misfortunes; but invocations for blessings of every kind upon the family were very touching. After the service Mrs. Powell said:

"Brother Sanford, Mr. Powell and I usually retire about this time. Father sits up later. Will you go to your room now, or stay and chat awhile with him?"

"I leave it with Isaac," he answered. "I believe, Sally, as I'm not much tired, I'll sit awhile with him, unless he has something to do and would rather be alone."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Sanford," said Kollock; "I've got nothing to do—not a thing. Stay if you like."

"All right then," said the daughter cheerily. "When the time comes you can light him to bed, father."

Momentary suspicion came into Kollock's mind at this turn. The old man noticed it, and, as before, refrained from mention of other than ordinary topics. His delicate prudence dissolved the suspicion, and Kollock was surprised to find himself disposed to talk about his case. After a few words, carefully chosen, Mr. Sanford led to it, and in a few minutes was made acquainted with what he sought to know. He ascertained that

while suicide, mainly on account of its dishonor to the insurance company, had ceased to be contemplated, the sufferer earnestly, eagerly desired death. Without the slightest chiding he spoke at some length upon what the Holy Scriptures, according to his construction of them, inculcated touching the value which every man ought to set upon life—his own, as well as others. While in the midst of a sentence in which he had begun to speak of Kollock's wife he took out his watch, and stopping suddenly, said:

"Isaac, it is getting late. Let's go to bed, and to-morrow have another talk. I've got a little business here; that I can attend to in the afternoon. To-morrow morning we'll be fresh, and we'll take a walk out. I'm delighted to see you and Sally. Bless me, what a fine woman her parents have made of her!"

He bade good-night like one who, although profoundly sympathizing in the affliction of his friend, felt no apprehension of unusual consequences.

On the next morning they went out for a walk, the older asking, apparently with much interest, about several of the public buildings, and specially striking private residences. Suddenly he said: "Isaac, I'd like to see Sarah's grave."

Kollock slightly shuddered, but, saying "This way," led to it.

"A pretty spot; and I see that you and Sally have tended it well."

On a bench near by they sat, and Mr. Sanford discoursed in a low, calm voice upon human life, and the adjustment of its issues by divine Providence, with whom any mistake is impossible. With much caution he intimated the want of manliness in the wish to die because merely of losses of things that were dear, and failures of expectations once fondly indulged. Perhaps it was no sin for a man to whom the power of recovery was plainly denied to wish—even to pray—for death, provided his mind consented for the Creator to dispose as it seemed good in his providence. But in the main a man ought to be willing, like Daniel, to stand in his lot to the end of the days. Then he spoke of the extravagant importance set by Kollock on accidents which may and which do often happen in the career of the very best men in all communities. He ended thus:

"Regarding your wife's property, that may be considered as gone in the maintenance and education of Sally, who is now married happily to a man with prospects of doing well

every way. Trust in God, Isaac, who will surely do by you what is wisest, best, and kindest. Let us return to the house. After my little business is done, I must start on my way home."

When he was leaving he said aside to Mrs. Powell:

"Sally, appear to ignore your father's distress, and make no allusion to his misfortunes. I strongly hope for the best."

The visit was a blessing. Manifestations of despondency became less frequent, and he began to exhibit partial interest in his son-in-law's employment. Yet his strength declined with increased rapidity, and his face showed often that his thoughts dwelt upon something with much anxiety. After some time this suddenly subsided, and he seemed as if in entire resignation. One morning, when it was found that he was too weak to rise from bed, he looked at his daughter with a smile and said:

"Daughter, the time is short, but she told me again last night that I'd make it."

The policy was to expire on the morrow at noon.

They watched by his bed the day and through the night. He talked when awake with unusual fondness to his family, and when asleep seemed to be indulging pleasant dreams. At sunrise he awoke. On his face were signs of triumphant joy, and he said:

"It is come. Blessed be God! Kiss me, darling, and take my hand."

She did so, and presently he expired.

A WORD ABOUT THE OLD SAINTS.

By Ellen Barrett.

WHY is it that people will not read the lives of the Saints? Saint Philip of Neri bade his followers read authors who had S. before their names; but that was in Italy, three hundred years ago, and he was talking to his contemporaries. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* We are children of light and progress now, here in America, in the nineteenth century, and we read every author but the particular "author with S. before his name." We are eager enough to find heroes and worship them, but they are not of the canonized order.

In every other kind of biography there is a deep and growing interest. What a man or woman thinks and feels, where he has spent his life and how, the set of circumstances and ideals which have gone to make up his environment—all of this interests and attracts the general reader. If he have a taste for the introspective he will read Amiel, Maurice de Guèrin, or Marie Bashkirtseff; if a taste for history in its philosophic aspect, he takes up Plutarch, or Emerson's *Representative Men*, or perhaps Carlyle's *Cromwell* or *Napoleon*. Anything under the broad blue sky but the life of a saint.

If this indifference were confined to Protestants, one might with very little speculation get at the root of the matter. An American Protestant is hardly expected to care about the lives of our saints. He has been brought up either in indifference to them, or to believe that these great men and great women were a set of fanatics—part imbecile, part knave—around whom Rome has drawn the circle of her approbation. To him the middle ages are the Dark Ages. A distaste for the past, if not an actual prejudice against it, lurks in his mind, and I suppose it is asking a great deal of a people alienated from the church, in a country with no historical background, to care about the spiritual experiences of men and women long since dead. It is not so, however, in England. Many leading Protestants on the other side of the Atlantic have thought it worth their while to interest themselves in the biographies of the saints. In all the intellectual centres of England are to be found hagiologists of the

genus Protestant as well as of the genus Catholic. Over there it is a question of culture and historical research. The English scholar can lay his hand upon the past in a way altogether unknown to the American. Running parallel with the line of his kings, and interwoven with the web of his political history, are the names of popes, bishops, scholars distinctly Catholic, and saints. The architecture of England resolves itself very largely into the history of the church. Cambridge, Oxford, Westminster, all belong to a Catholic or mediæval past. Some of the representative converts of England will point to a tower or cloister and say: "There, historically, I got hold of the church." Continental Europe, too, is always accessible to the English scholar. An old fresco in Assisi will carry the mind back six centuries, until the life of St. Francis becomes as much a part of one's general culture as the art of Cimabue. And so on, down through the by-ways of art-stained glass, illuminated missals and wonderful choir-stalls carved in wood serving as interpreters, the stories of the saints become familiar and a genuine historical interest in their lives is established.

I have made this long excursion from the Catholic aspects of the case in order to show that when the intelligent Protestant becomes really interested in one of these great characters of the Catholic Church, he studies it as he would any other character that appeals to his heart or imagination. But with our Catholic young men and women the case is entirely different. Where the Protestant hails these lives as a discoverer, some Catholics deliberately keep away from them. Cold indifference characterizes their attitude toward them. "The Lives of the Saints?" Why, he has outgrown them long ago! Who are the saints, anyway, but a lot of old fogies who have been rendered obsolete by steam and electricity? In retrospect they are good enough, they were even part of his training, and they will still do for the uninitiated, for those devout persons who find all the philosophy they need in their catechisms; but for a broad and progressive individual "in touch with his age" to read this trash and call it Biography? Oh, no! he can be better employed. And the Catholic young man of Philistia takes the highway of steam and electricity, unmindful of the saints—of those "great messengers of God, and masters of men, in whose arms the life of the world once lay."

I am not sure that this indifference—the indifference of many of us—is not due to the manner in which these lives were presented to us in the beginning. We were sent to them

in order that we might imitate them. But it is only now and then that the art of homiletics makes a saint. Enthusiasm, or better still, love, is at the root of every radical moral change. All of those distasteful precepts which we resented in the nursery and the school-room came to be more or less identified with this class of biography. I know that Alban Butler was to me the worst type of an Inquisitor. His very name suggested hair-shirts, starvation, unreasonable vigils and flagellations. It was all too much of the horrible, and too little of the entertaining or the picturesque. It is not in human nature, particularly in the nature of a child, not to resent so high and cold an ideal of perfection. Children have the same preference for the primrose way that their elders have. Indeed chasing butterflies and reading the hard dry ascetical life of some old saint present a more disagreeable antithesis at the age of five than at the age of thirty-five. But it ought to be possible to win the child into an interest in these lives. There is no reason why a child's heart should not be won for ever to St. Francis of Assisi by the story of the birds singing in the bushes out in the sand dunes of Venice, or captured for ever by burly old St. Christopher carrying the Divine Child across the river Rhine. Can the "dust and pelf of years" ever quite crowd out of one's imagination that ideal picture of two children running along a dusty highway, one of them the little Teresa of Cepeda who longed to be martyred by the Moors? Could anything be more natural than that we should want to hear of this child enthusiast again? Or of that wonderful boy of Aquino who, wandering one day with his companions through the wooded hills of Monte Cassino, strayed off by himself, and when asked by the old monk upon what he was musing, lifted his solemn eyes and answered: "Tell me, master, what is God?"

A trifling incident out of the life of some saint, fastened upon the young imagination of a child, will do much toward leading it in later years into the study of that life; whereas the recital of excruciating pains, and the preaching of religious axioms and moral precepts, only tend to the distortion of what is really true and great; turning the most heroic conduct and sublimest ideals into bogie-men and scarecrows. And sometimes these hideous hallucinations last, and spoil a character for us for ever. To this day I cannot think without a shudder of the sweet, austere Saint Rose of Lima dipping her hands into lime. If I had been told that during the Dutch invasion of Lima she

stood before the tabernacle and defended the Blessed Sacrament, heroism and not folly would be identified with her in my mind from the very beginning.

A recent English critic, commenting upon our American civilization, took the term "interesting" and subjected it to a very careful analysis. To illustrate its best usage he told this anecdote about Carlyle:

"The Carlyle family were poor, numerous, and struggling. Thomas, the eldest son, a young man in wretched health, and worse spirits, was fighting his way in Edinburgh. One of his younger brothers talked of emigrating. The very best thing he could do, we should all say. Carlyle dissuaded him. 'You shall never,' he writes, 'you shall never seriously meditate crossing the great Salt Pool to plant yourself in the Yankee-land. Never dream of it. Could you banish yourself from all that is interesting to your mind, forget the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland, that you may eat a better dinner, perhaps?'"

"There," the English critic continues, "there is our word launched, the word *interesting*, and I do but take note in it of a requirement, a cry of aspiration, a cry not sounding in the imaginative Carlyle's breast alone, but sure of response in his brother's breast also, and in human nature."

There is just a grain of truth in this sarcasm of Carlyle; and the American Catholic, if he but knew it, has a greater inheritance of those things which make up the interesting than his Protestant countryman. Perhaps we can best get at this inheritance by a parallel.

In the last fifty years three distinct movements have been made in England: the Oxford movement, broadly termed the Anglo-Catholic movement, the Pre-Raphaelite movement in art, and the far-reaching Gothic revival. Pugin, Ruskin, and John Henry Newman were the three prophets of this new era. Now, these movements were all different in their primary aims—how different the individuality of their interpreters will attest—and yet they were in reality closely interwoven, and the best art-critics of London to-day will tell you that the highest quality of impulse came from the religious revival at Oxford. The old university, then, after three hundred years of alienation from the source of real culture, leaned back into the past and became the fountain of those currents which have ever since told silently on the intellectual and æsthetic mind of England.

To carry our parallel back to our own country, it follows

that all those elements of the beautiful and interesting which the church has gathered up through the centuries and saved, are here in America with her, ready to be worked into our civilization to sweeten and enlighten it if we will. They are accessible to all, but the Catholic has a direct inheritance to them. The things of beauty, grace, and distinction will grow up in America out of the church, and whatever is crude, raw, and hideous will be transformed by her here, as it was transformed centuries ago under different conditions in the old world.

Now, of all this interesting phenomena, the *Lives of the Saints*, as far as literature is concerned, are the most valuable to us. They open up the way to history and to art. They carry us into every century; they surrender for our imitation the experiences of ladies and gentlemen, teaching us manners as well as morals. Indeed, the biographies of these men and women hold the entire history of Europe.

It seems to me that if the ordinary reader could once be made to believe that the lives of the saints are the lives of interesting men and women, teeming with incident and adventure, full of color and poetic significance, he might be induced to read them more often than he does. In the average Catholic home they must be taken from a dusty corner on the shelf. I doubt if there is a Catholic family in the land which has not one or two faded, tattered Lives thrown about. Time and neglect, not usage, have brought about this ruin. How full of pathos it all becomes when one reflects upon just how they got into the little household. A prize in Sunday-school; a gift from some travelling priest; a thoughtful mother's investment at mission-time; but never a deliberate purchase, and never from the town or parish library. This last would indicate a real living interest such as one takes in the magazines and in so-called current literature.

I never visit a public circulating library where I observe the members poking around among the latest books that I do not think of Charles Lamb's delicious retort about new books: "Whenever a new book comes out I—I—I read an old one." This little whimsicality of Lamb is the best literary gospel I know, and invaluable for my purpose here. The reader who would study the Lives of the Saints must surely leave the nineteenth century behind him, for though there are saints in this century their biographies are not yet written.

All serious folk are agreed upon the past as the domain of

the best, the indispensable books; and yet we are satisfied to dawdle away our time and energy in pursuit of what is young and ephemeral. Once let us cultivate a relish for old books, and if we had any versatility of taste we shall find ourselves as much interested in the stories of the saints as in the chronicles of kings and queens.

It is pleasant to make a Round Table of the contemporary characters of a century. How many of us know that Luther, Columbus, and St. Ignatius lived at the same time?—that St. Ignatius was born in the year 1491, just a twelvemonth before Columbus sailed for America, and that Luther was eight years old when St. Ignatius was born? Think of that great soldier of Christ, a baby when the *Santa Maria* set sail from the port of Palos! Think of him again in 1503, a page in the court of Ferdinand when Martin Luther was taking his degree in philosophy at the University of Erfurt. "Two years after Luther takes the Augustinian habit, while the future saint is wearing three-piled velvet slashed with satin. In 1513 Don Inigo Garcia enters upon his military career while the Augustinian monk, now a priest, is saying that Mass which he afterward learnt to revile in terms unutterable." And off in Italy another saint was born—St. Philip of Neri.

> "The saint of gentleness and kindness,
> Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning,
> Patiently healing of their pride and blindness
> Souls that are sinning.
> This is the saint who, when the world allures us,
> Cries her false wares and opes her magic coffers,
> Points to a better city, and secures us
> With richer offers."

In these four distinguished contemporaries the meanest-visioned can see God's hand. This is not the place, or I should like to speculate upon the opening up of a new world when heresy was about to blight the spiritual prospects of the old; and to follow up the Luther disaster with the repairing influence of the two great men—St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Philip of Neri.

The historical value of these lives is not to be over-estimated. If you know the history of St. Catherine of Sienna, you know the history of the stormy days of Gregory XI. and the explanation of the removal of the see from Rome to Avignon and

back again. If you know the splendid drama of St. Dominic and St. Francis, you know that period of mediæval history which has been termed the most interesting in the history of the world after primitive Christianity. If you know the life of St. Jane de Chantal—most lovable and impetuous of women—you know French history through the four Henrys; and to have mastered the life of St. Bernard is to know the tenth and eleventh centuries, for St. Bernard was the practical director of his age.

It was Matthew Arnold who first made the life of St. Francis of Assisi interesting to me. In the first place, he called him a poet. Now, it is a long time ago, and in those days I did not know that a saint is always a poet and a poet in many respects more or less a saint. It was a chapter on pagan and mediæval sentiment, and a comparison was drawn between a hymn by Theocritus and the *Canticum Solis* of St. Francis. It was a delight and a surprise to find St. Francis there as a literary type; a type as distinct and formal as Dante at the end of the thirteenth century, or Heinrich Heine in Germany at the beginning of this.

Sometimes we learn more of a character through a single anecdote than by pages of analysis. Joseph Calasanctius was only five years old when he led a troop of children through the streets of Aragon to find the devil and kill him. Here we have in epitome the history of this saint. He made warriors of the children. In the Pious Schools of Rome their little souls were equipped for that tremendous conflict which is always going on between the spirits of good and evil. And then St. Francis of Assisi, walking by an ant-hill, with just a trifle of scorn in that great loving heart for the ants and their solicitude in heaping up in summer an abundant store of grain for the winter. Nothing could be more characteristic of him as saint and idealist than this disdain for the utilitarian spirit, and that he should like the birds better "because they do not lay by anything to-day for to-morrow."

The poets, who are quick to know everything, have seized upon what is picturesque and beautiful in these lives and turned it into verse. Longfellow, the poet of mediævalism, has left us unrivalled lines in his "Santa Filomena" and "The Ladder of St. Augustine." Matthew Arnold, Browning, Tennyson—all of them—have touched exquisitely upon the lives of the saints. But it is curious and amusing to note how the Protestant or unbelieving mind will not acknowledge the term *saint*. It smacks

too much of Rome. Francis of Assisi, Bernard of Clairvaux, Thomas of Aquin; but never St. Francis, St. Bernard, or St. Thomas. I suppose it is the scholar's concession to middle-class English Protestantism, and as such, a Catholic should be magnanimous and forgive. They have all been guilty of it: Mrs. Oliphant, James Addington Symonds, Carlyle—where he has deigned to notice a saint at all—and even Dr. Jessop; though he lays down the sword he does so apologetically. In his *Coming of the Friars*, a just and beautiful treatment of the old monks, he says: "From this time Giovanni Bernandone passes out of sight, and from the ashes of the dead past, from the seed that has withered that the new life might germinate and fructify, Francis—why grudge to call him *Saint* Francis?—of Assisi rises."

It has taken the Protestant world a long time to get back to its old ideals: the ideals of its forefathers in Catholic days. Two hundred years ago in England it was almost death to classify a saint or a martyr with a great national hero. What would Cromwell think if he could see the restored images of saints in the niches of Westminster? or the statue of Our Lady surmounting the reredos of St. Paul's? or if he should happen in at the British Museum and take up a volume of Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Francis of Assisi?* The old regicide was not, to be sure, much of a *littérateur*, and still less of an artist, but some of our modern historians are fond of quoting him as a Protestant of the healthiest and most robust type. It is pleasing, therefore, to speculate upon the changes in letter and in spirit since the stormy, aggressive seventeenth-century days in which he lived.

The instinct of hero-worship has found expression in one of the most orthodox sects of the present day. The English Positivists ask themselves whether a greater engine of civilization has ever been devised than the moral power of a good man, or a body of good men? whether it is not akin to the deepest recesses of our nature, and "whether, whilst human nature exists, it must not be organized and ordered"? Now, this is exactly what the church has been doing for centuries in the canonization of her saints. If not, what is the meaning of that distinct policy kept up by Rome as to who is and who is not worthy of recognition? Mr. Frederic Harrison has given us a unique phrase in "organized and ordered." It is the modern English for the very old process of canonization. And so, as St. Hilary of Arles wrote fifteen centuries ago, heretics are continually fighting the battles of the church. For, in

advocating certain broken portions of the truth, and in combating in other heretics those very points which the faith of the church condemns, their victories over one another are the triumphs of the church over them all. This hero-worship in the theory of the Positivists is one thing to which we may appeal as a victory for the faith. They are not sure about God; and, since the instinct of worship cries out for an object, they expend themselves on human nature, and so, in a manner, justify our devotion to the saints.

The novelist of this philosophico-religious system has left us in her most remarkable poem—the one bearing most on positivism—something like an Apologia for our devotion to the saints. It is the theory, as our Litany is akin to the practice of hero-worship. If, without audacity, I can add a meaning to George Eliot, I should like to say that the music of her "choir invisible" is for the most part made up of the voices of our beloved old saints. For, if we sift out the past we shall find in their lives more "deeds of daring rectitude," more "scorn for miserable aims that end in self," than is met with in any other of the more formidable careers of the world's history.

IN HOURS OF GLOOM.

By Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

WEET as the breath of summer breezes blowing
Across the sun-kissed fields,
When crimson-lipped the stately rose is glowing,
And the white lily yields

The incense of the tropic isles far lying
Lapped in the blue sea's calm,
And bud and bough with each are fondly vying
To fill the air with balm.

Lo! through the gloom of weariness and sorrow
Hope's message wings its way:
Courage! Press on! behold a golden morrow
Waits at the gates of day.

Care cannot cloud for aye the hearts of mortals,
The heaviest of all woes,
An angel visitant stays at thy portals
To bless thee ere it goes.

The thorns so dreaded change to sweetest roses
If Patience lingers near,
And smiling Joy her fairy-land discloses
Aglow with light and cheer.

Arise, faint heart! Beyond the white sands burning
With noontide's fervid heat
Lie the green meads for which thy soul is yearning,
The waters cool and sweet

Whose waves spring from Love's great sky-lifted mountain,
And, beauty blest, flow down,
Flinging the benisons of that great fountain
O'er arid wastes of brown.

ANGLICAN SACERDOTALISM.*

By Rev. George M. Searle.

CANON KNOX LITTLE has written an interesting, and on the whole rather an amusing, book. Indeed the subject itself is sufficient guarantee for the latter quality. The idea that the Church of England has any teaching, at least on matters like this, which are for it somewhat recondite, is of itself a lively play of fancy. For every one knows that there is now not enough agreement of opinion in that church to render such teaching possible; and, though the author's own party is gaining ground, it is hardly probable that he would wish quite yet to ask any assembly of his church for an opinion on his views.

What he means, however, by the Teaching of the Church of England is the teaching, not of any living or actually existing church, but that of the compilers of the Prayer-Book. Of course what the church held before or subsequently is comparatively immaterial.

Naturally he has some terrible wrestling to get over the Thirty-nine Articles. These, he maintains, must be interpreted by the rubrical or liturgical parts of the volume. Of course they could not mean the dreadful things they seem to say, for the authors being good Catholics—for every one knows that the Church of England has always been and is Catholic—evidently could not have had such ideas as these. Our impression was that the definite statement of faith made by a church was what its faith should most properly be judged by; but one cannot read this work without seeing that this impression is a quite unfounded prejudice.

The particular points of "sacerdotalism," it seems, are confession and absolution, fasting communion, Eucharistic worship, the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the Apostolic ministry.

As to the first matter, that of "auricular" confession, it

* *Sacerdotalism, if rightly understood, the Teaching of the Church of England:* being four letters originally addressed, by permission, to the late Very Rev. William J. Butler, D.D., Dean of Lincoln. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester, and Vicar of Hoar Cross. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

must not be supposed that there is any doubt it was always maintained in the Church of England. It seems that Latimer somewhat incautiously remarked: "I would to God it were kept in England"—why does the canon quote this?—but then, did not Bishop Andrewes "walk daily, at certain hours, in one of the aisles of the church" to see if any one would consult him? But at any rate there are the rubrics for it, and especially in the case of sickness; and somebody must have observed them; and even if they did fall into disuse, still there they are all the same.

This confession, however, whether practised or not, was open to some objection, for it seems that in 1640 the following inquiry was ordered to be made: "Have you ever heard that your said priest or minister hath revealed or made known, at any time, to any person whatsoever, any crime or offence committed to his trust and secrecy either in extremity of sickness or in any other case whatsoever (excepting they be such crimes as by the laws of this land), etc." And to whom was this inquiry addressed? Why, to the church-wardens, of course, the proper directors and overseers of the clergy. That, however, need not worry us much. But what would worry some poor sinners would be that if their offence was not only against God, but against "the laws of this land," their confessor was quite excusable, and perhaps indeed commendable, if he should take measures for their arrest and punishment.

According to the benighted and undiscerning minds of Catholics, an Anglican criminal, that is, if his offence was against God as well as the law, as must be presumed, would thus be rather in a bad box. He must confess and be hanged or sent to jail, or he must go without confession.

But this would be quite a mistake; for it is pretty evident, when we come to look further into the matter, that in "auricular" confession, as practised in the English Church, the penitent only tells what he wants to. Confession, the canon tells us, is not enforced. "The English Church," the canon says, "abolished, at the Reformation, *enforced* confession, and rightly. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'" Why this text, thus understood, would not abolish every other law as well as this one, is perhaps not very clear.

It follows quite naturally that, if you have not got to go to confession at all, you can confess just what you want to when you do go, and keep back what you would prefer should not be known. So you see, after all, there could be

no danger for an old-fashioned Anglican criminal, or a Ritualist criminal of the present day—if indeed such a being can be admitted as possible—if he knew his rubrics well, and did not fall into the stupid and slavish error of thinking that all his sins, at least all the big ones, ought to be told.

The consequences of this doctrine, so convenient both for priest and penitent, are quite evident. As no one enjoys telling his big sins, whether against the law of the land or not, especially to such an eminently respectable person as an Anglican clergyman, the chance is not very great that they will be told; and the confessional becomes a place for counsel, rather than for any assurance of pardon. In it pious souls can no doubt be directed, and advice given to those in temptation or in sin, but it being inconceivable that the rank and file of sinners will tell their really grave offences, when they understand very well they need not do so, most of them will either not go at all to confession, or keep back their big sins when they do go; and thus leave without feeling they have gained much by what they have done, as far as forgiveness is concerned. People will not tell great sins simply to be assured of God's mercy, when the same assurance will be given without their being told.

No; it is precisely the feeling of obligation, together with the knowledge that forgiveness can be got in the confessional when it could not be got otherwise, and the certainty that *in no case* can the sin be revealed, that makes the Catholic sinner open his heart and conscience in confession, and which insures to him peace and consolation in it; which, in short, makes the confessional, for Catholics, a success.

If the Ritualists want to make it so—humanly speaking, that is, for of course valid orders, to say nothing of jurisdiction, are needed to make their absolutions valid—they must come up squarely to the question: "What precisely is the use of going to confession or getting absolution at all?" Vague notions about some sort of grace conferred are quite futile. The Catholic teaching is plain enough. Forgiveness, according to it, is given by absolution to the sinner who has only imperfect contrition; contrition, that is, founded on supernatural motives, and joined with a firm purpose to sin no more; but still not resting, like perfect contrition, simply on the love of God. By perfect contrition the sinner can be forgiven without absolution, but still there remains the obligation to confess. When Anglicans embrace this doctrine, they will have something to stand

on and work by; but to prove that they have always held it, or to show even that confession has always been their practice, is quite another matter.

But to pass on. The next point of "sacerdotalism" is fasting communion. The canon's efforts, in what he writes on this subject, are principally directed to proving the antiquity of this custom in the church, in which he has, of course, little difficulty. But to show that it is the discipline of the Church of England, as indicated by the Prayer-Book, is more troublesome. About all that can be said is, that no rubric is there to be found requiring the fast to be broken, and that anything which is contrary to any "laudable practice of . . . the whole Catholic Church of Christ" is disapproved therein, and also that the Prayer-Book does say something about penance and fasting and appoint some fast-days.

This, however, practically amounts to nothing. Practices like fasting in general, and particularly the absolute fast to be observed before Communion, can never be kept up by simply not condemning them, or even by some words of encouragement. They must be made obligatory, or they will amount to nothing for people in general. This is simply human nature, and will always prevail in the long run. The Reformers knew this well enough, and if they had cared to keep the practice in the English Church, would have distinctly required it.

One argument the author adduces is especially funny. It is as follows: "Whenever anything is really Catholic, it is *of necessity* part of the heritage of an English Churchman"; but fasting before Communion is really Catholic; therefore, etc. We need hardly say that the major is a calm assumption of the whole question as to the standing of the Anglican Church (though probably one accepted by Dean Butler, to whom the letters are addressed); and the minor rests, like the whole of Ritualism, simply on private judgment, like Protestantism in general.

The next thing is Eucharistic worship; otherwise known, the author tells us, as "non-communicating attendance," or in short "hearing Mass," though he uses this term with some diffidence. He means, of course, hearing Mass, or being present at the Communion service, *without receiving*.

This matter is obviously really connected most intimately with the two following points: the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The principal reason why Christians should hear Mass is, as all Catholics know, precisely because it

is the Eucharistic Sacrifice; the great act of worship of the Christian religion. So it seems a waste of time for one who is going to show that belief in the Sacrifice offered at Mass is part of the teaching of the English Church as established under Queen Elizabeth, to prove also that Christians ought to be allowed and encouraged to be present at it. One would think that would naturally follow. But he acknowledges that English people are not so much addicted to worship as they should be, and though admitting—for you see they must admit it, as their church teaches it—that the Sacrifice is really offered at Mass, they are "somewhat materialistic," and do not care so much as they should about assisting at it; and he also confesses that "the heresies of the sixteenth century—although they could not move her from her proper witness to the faith—have left a stain here and there on the teaching and practice of the Church of England." This is really curious; she has not been moved from her proper witness to the faith, and yet there is here and there a stain on her teaching. Even if he means her disciplinary teaching—though in an official body there is no real difference between this and practice, so that this hardly seems admissible —still, allowing stains on this is not exactly bearing proper witness to the faith. But is it not astonishing that it can be gravely maintained that the Church of England teaches that the Sacrifice of Christ is offered at her Communion service, when her Thirty-first Article distinctly says: "Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits?"

It is hardly worth while to follow the canon in detail through all the rest of his thesis. It is somewhat interesting to see him try to prove that the English Church teaches that "in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, after consecration by an episcopally ordained priest, there is, *set apart altogether from the faith or unfaith of those who are present*, the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, His Soul and Divinity, to be adored and loved of all his faithful people under the form of bread and wine."

The Twenty-eighth Article is well known to say that "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." This can only be reconciled with the "teaching of the English Church" given above, by holding that the article means that Christ made

no express provision that he should be worshipped in his Real Presence. But there is no doubt that the real meaning of it is that he did not intend and does not wish that it should be so worshipped; and since this could not well be his mind if he was really there—for unless to be worshipped why should he be permanently there?—the article is in plain common sense a denial of the real permanent Presence of Christ in the consecrated elements, and has always been so understood.

The author is very fond of the term "Jesuitical," and brings it in whenever he has a good chance. Speaking on this subject he says: "Instead of Jesuitical and casuistical and non-natural" (why not unnatural?) "twistings, if we only will simply and straightforwardly *believe*, then there is nothing to explain away." It strikes us that there is a good deal to explain away in the Twenty-eighth Article of the faith of the English Church, as in several others, as well as in the practice of the same church for three centuries, for those who hold Canon Knox Little's opinions; in fact Ritualist theology principally consists in explaining things away, in which, it must be admitted, it has become quite expert. He goes on to say: "Now, I think, my dear friend, I must remind you on what tortuous paths—in order to escape the force of straightforward truth—Protestant prejudice or unbelief has trodden." There is a good bit of truth in this certainly; but there hardly seems to be any need to remind the dean of it, for there was never a more tortuous Protestant than Canon Knox Little himself.

As to the Real Presence, it is well known that this same Twenty-eighth Article declares that "Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ, *but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament*, and hath given occasion to many superstitions." The italics are, of course, our own.

The canon, however, considers that by this the article does not mean to condemn the doctrine of the Council of Trent; but rather a doctrine which he assumes to have been impressed on the popular imagination; namely, that "after Consecration there was *in no sense* any bread and wine, but only flesh and blood." Italics our own again. This is a wilder flight of imagination—not popular, however, but restricted to Canon Knox Little and his school—than that related by Cardinal Newman of the Protestant who, hearing the bell ring at Benediction, fancied, and indeed was quite sure, that the bell

was concealed under the celebrant's cope, and that the people believed the ringing to be miraculous. For how could people believe that there was *in no sense* any bread and wine, when the particles which they themselves received evidently had the "accidents" or qualities of bread? It is only necessary to quote one sentence to show what is either a hopeless confusion of ideas on the canon's part, or an attempt to confuse others less learned than himself. "There seems to have been a notion that that 'Substance,' in the ordinary meaning of the term, had passed away; that there was no outward sign; that there was only 'the thing signified,' and *that* in a gross and materialistic manner.'" As if the "outward sign" was not there, perfectly plain to the senses of the communicant, how could they not believe in what they saw and tasted? This truly imaginary doctrine, this man of straw, is what he says the article condemns.

The doctrine of the Council of Trent, he thinks, may be all right; but, in his opinion, the church made a great mistake in committing herself to it.

As to the creed of the Church of England—which creed, of course, he calls the Catholic Faith—it seems to be the Lutheran Consubstantiation, though he does not call it by this name. But he says:

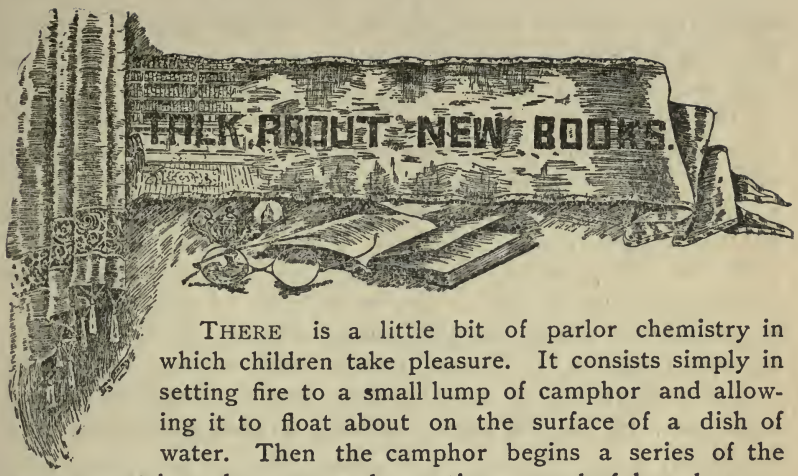
"When our Lord spoke, his words were 'with power.' To the outward sign, which was a part of his own creation, he added the inward part or thing signified. The words he used denoted the higher or nobler part. By his own power he united earthly and heavenly substances, and made them one through sacramental union. The bread did not cease to be bread, the wine did not cease to be wine, but through the consecration of Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, they became the Body and Blood of the Lord.'"

The last sentence is truly mysterious, appearing to mean that one substance becomes another substance, though still remaining the same substance that it was before; this certainly requires a great act of faith. But the uniting of earthly and heavenly substances seems to be consubstantiation; it must be that, if both substances persevere. It really seems that his idea must be a sort of chemical one; that he uses the word substance as a chemist would.

But we must not unduly prolong this examination. The remaining points of "sacerdotalism," namely, the Sacrifice and the Ministry, are treated much in the same style as those

which precede. Of course, one is often tempted to wonder if Ritualists like the canon really believe what they say on such matters as these; it does seem so very much like the plea of a lawyer for some client whose case is almost desperate. Granting, as we ought to grant, that they do, with what horror must they be filled as they look at the *practical* disbelief in both orders and sacrifice, which is painfully conspicuous in the record of their beloved church! Whatever it may have been potentially and theoretically, it is only too clear that actually it has been an abomination of desolation; all the worse, if it had real sacraments of Order and Holy Eucharist, for neglecting them so shamefully. It is far more consoling to believe, as we do, that it had neither one nor the other, but only God's mercy, which has kept part of the truth in it, and may one day bring it back to the whole.

The Ritualists, impossible as the task is which they are trying to accomplish, are no doubt instruments for good. If they do not get on the right track themselves, they set some others on it. The work of Canon Knox Little may help to some extent in that direction. The very audacity of the attempt to prove that the time-serving compromise known as the Anglican Prayer-Book, obviously intended to please both Catholics and Puritans, teaches the doctrines of "sacerdotalism," may perhaps enable some to see that in point of fact it really teaches nothing; that no possible ingenuity can construct a profession of faith that will suit all its parts; and bring them to the real religion which they are now vainly endeavoring to copy.



THERE is a little bit of parlor chemistry in which children take pleasure. It consists simply in setting fire to a small lump of camphor and allowing it to float about on the surface of a dish of water. Then the camphor begins a series of the most eccentric and unexpected gyrations, wonderful and amusing indeed to look at. It is always great fun for the children.

Children of a larger growth may see something akin to this parlor magic just now in the vagaries of the modern novel. M. Émile Zola might well have prophesied "After me the Deluge!" No one dreamed that the bed of slime upon which *Nana* and *La Terre* reposed was not indeed the lowest level of the literary bog. But we have been undeceived. Recent performances sound altogether new depths, and the hand which has cast the plummet and the dredging-net is that of woman. The name of the author of *The Heavenly Twins* is now ringing through an astounded world, borne on the wings of fame, as the prophetess of a new crusade for the physical redemption of the human race. The problems of life and love, stripped of the tinsel of romance, are presented from the point of view of the physiologist, and the idea of natural selection is seized upon as a process capable of improvement under the more favorable conditions which a more intelligent and methodical study of the laws of heredity and racial idiosyncrasy must inevitably help to establish.

Had this new departure in fiction been essayed by a writer of the sterner sex, its chances of success must appear doubtful; as it is, the audacity of the attempt is lost sight of in the brilliancy of the execution, and few appear to see anything startlingly anomalous in the fact that such a theme should be selected by a woman. We are left in the dark as to the gender of the author of a somewhat similar precursor work, *A Superfluous Woman*, and, though we might surmise it to be the production of a lady who had adopted or studied the medical profession in some of its more abstruse ramifications, we may give to the class

of feminine authors who have taken to this strange and untravelled field the benefit or the disadvantage of the doubt, as they may so deem it.

Whither this new path may lead in the immediate future, no man may venture to prognosticate. In a state of literary empiricism, abounding in prodigies and abnormal births, the unwholesome atmosphere may not be cleared until there has been an intellectual revolt. Waves of literary disease have swept over the world before, and women have been the chief transgressors in some of them. The moral sense of the bulk of men and women of the better kind has, in the end, in all such cases, asserted itself; and the works of such writers as Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mrs. Centlivre are consigned to an obscurity which is not considered to be the proper desert of even a Scarron or a Smollett.

The plea for all such work is an old one: it is meant for a good purpose. Some eccentric painters of the nude have left behind them pictures of the beautiful in the human form, one half of which were anatomical, the other covered with flesh. The purpose which such paintings were intended to subserve was to emphasize in the most repulsive manner possible the old adage that "beauty is only skin deep." If such pictures were cut in twain, the sensual portion might still serve the purpose of the epicurean, whilst the other which conveyed the ghastly lesson of mortality might probably serve him in cooking his dinner. A good deal of the same utilitarianism is, we fear, elicited by the novel that, with the ostensible purpose of arousing a revulsion against some social or economical wrong or slavery of inveterate custom, lays bare the foulness and depravity of the lowest depths of human nature. There is enough of the real thing, unfortunately, in the world without calling in the powers of the imagination to supplement it.

When the novel first made its appearance, there was no intention of putting it forward as anything more than a mere device to pass the time, like cards, or dancing, or other social makeshift. The unrestful, morbid craving of the human mind, which must feed upon something absorbable, was its sole excuse. Men of solid learning would not waste their time upon such an invention of folly; only idle women and dreamers of the sterner sex were supposed to read such productions. This was a false position towards it; the other extreme seems likely to be touched in our own day. M. Zola, with the magnificent effrontery of the charlatan determined to conquer notoriety, claims for it almost the same rank as

science. In his essays on the subject* he claims for the novelist the position of the scientific demonstrator, advancing from one position which he has proved to be true to the unknown ground of the next, and testing the solidity and soundness of that, until he has laid the sure foundation of a grand edifice of truth in some branch of human science. This is the course which M. Zola claims for himself, and we suppose his school in literature, as if the myriad and complex conditions of life and human emotion and action were matters of mathematical or surgical demonstration, and the ephemeral literature of fiction the sober record of philosophic inquiry. Even the poor merit of originality for this audacious pretence cannot be put forward by this literary Man with the Muck-Rake. Fifty years ago De Balzac advanced very nearly the same plea, only in far more erudite and captivating style than does M. Zola now. In his preface to *Père Goriot* he sets forth this apology for the novelist, in the course of a defence which for all its cleverness and all its affected sincerity, reveals the overweening egotism of the man in such a way as to be positively ludicrous. De Balzac was compelled to write for bread; and in order to gain bread he found he should write down to the low level of a licentious palate. Zola was in similar plight; different in degree, but not in kind. He found that to live he must plunge into slime, and he plunges up to his neck. To make a virtue of their necessity was the heroic task to which both authors felt impelled to address themselves. In either case the attempt is grotesque.

The experimental process in novel-writing then, so far, has been shown to be experimental in regard to the limits of taste and decency. How far it has yet to go ere the bounds and breaking-point of these be touched, we are left without any reliable data, in literary discovery, to help us in determining. If we may take the current of sentiment in the spiritual life of the time, however, there is ground for hoping that the world will soon sicken of unwholesome literature whether offered by man or woman. Despite all the laborious work of the infidel writers, from Rousseau down to Zola, outraged Faith is once more raising her head in France and even the heads of the state are, like Danton, confessing the necessity for a God. This is a curious result of "the experimental novel." Very different were the ideas of its founder and the "scientists" whom he endeavored to follow. They may be summed up in his own words:

* *The Experimental Novel, and other Essays.* By Émile Zola. Translated by Belle M. Sherman. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

"Actual science has ordered a revision of the pretended truths which the past laid down under the name of certain dogmas. We study nature and man, we classify data, we advance step by step, employing the experimental and analytical method; but we take good care not to draw conclusions, because the inquiry still continues, and none can flatter themselves as yet to know the last word. We do not deny God; we endeavor to mount up to him by making an analysis of the world. If he is at the head of it all we shall find it out, science will reveal it to us. For the moment we put him to one side, we do not want a supernatural element, a superhuman axiom which will distract us in our observations. Those who begin by assuming an Absolute introduce into their observations of men and things a purely imaginative conception, a subjective dream, more or less attractive in its æsthetic charm, but utterly futile as far as truth and morality are concerned."

At first sight it seems to border on the over-daring to introduce the element of romance into the treatment of such an awful subject as the trial and crucifixion of our Divine Redeemer—even to select such a subject for the presentation of a work into which any imaginative effort might be woven. On a perusal of Mr. Haywarden's booklet, entitled *Pilate's Wife*, it will be conceded, however, that the theme has been handled reverentially, and it may be that such a means of presenting it may bring before many minds which otherwise might cast no thought upon the details the full significance of the tremendous drama of the Atonement. It is the conviction that some good must of necessity arise from such vivid presentations of the picture that enables sensitive natures to overcome the repugnance which they must otherwise feel at the suggestion of a Passion Play; and the same sort of apology must hold good in extenuation of this little novel.

It is not a work of much pretensions, save in the force of its style. It scarcely justifies its title in the amount of consideration devoted to Pilate's wife. The chief figures in it are Salome, a Jewish maiden who is captivated by the Saviour and follows him all through the Via Dolorosa, endeavoring to assuage his sufferings, and her lover, a proud, fierce young Hebrew noble named Masias, who is consumed with a terrible hatred of the Saviour. There is much dramatic power shown in the treatment of these two characters. The tragic end of the insanely-jealous Masias forms a deeply impressive penultimate to the story.

A glaring piece of awkwardness—unpardonable almost in

such a work—is displayed by the author. He drops in towards the end an utterly irrelevant and chauvinistic comparison between the flag of Britain and the flag of the Roman Republic as symbols of universal dominion in the temporal world. This piece of bad taste shows like a smudge of stove-polish on a white marble statue. Coming in when it does, it is an exasperating impertinence and a piece of meaningless folly, of which none but an English writer could be guilty.

The same theme as that upon which *The Prince of India* was written—*i.e.*, the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks—forms the subject around which the Rev. Charles Warren Currier weaves his romance entitled *Dimitrios and Irene*.* There is no comparison between the two works, either in size or pretentiousness, but a common difficulty seems to have presented itself to both authors. In the choice of a style of language for the various characters created the evidences of a literary dilemma are painfully evident. Father Currier's personages talk a good deal of history, whilst General Wallace's indulge freely in metaphysics and theology. There is to be said about *Dimitrios and Irene*, however, that it is much more human and common-sense in its action than its predecessor, whilst rich in information as General Wallace's book is on the topography and condition of Byzantium in pre-Turkish times, that of Father Currier is a perfect treasury. As such it must be eminently helpful to every one who desires some reliable knowledge of a period and a people of the most picturesque portion of the world, on a stage where so many gorgeous chapters of ancient history were enacted.

The tactical errors of rash controversialists not infrequently prove serviceable to the cause of truth. It is safe to say that the truth regarding almost anything which is demonstrable is always to be had when sought in a proper spirit. In all the range of human history, fortunately for the lovers of truth, there is no event more clearly traceable to its source than the foundation of the Church of England, although in the distracting discussions upon issues subsidiary to that event their *fons et origo* has very often been completely lost sight of or obscured. The question is now revived, however, very opportunely, in a very unexpected way and in a very out-of-the-way place. From far-away Melbourne, a place unknown to Europe when the foundations of the Church of England were being laid, flashes a search-light upon a forgotten past. We see the picture now

* *Dimitrios and Irene.* By Rev. Charles Warren Currier. Baltimore: Gallery & M'Cann.

clearly as in the noon-day. The curtain of years is lifted, and the monstrous form of the Tudor brute rises before us, with his pander Cromwell, his headsmen, and his robber parasites. The light gleams upon a purple river and a land paralyzed with horror at the bloodshed and plunder and impiety raging around. This was the mode in which the Church of England was founded; and the story has been told fairly enough by more than one member of the laity of that remarkable establishment.

In an evil hour for himself the Protestant Bishop of Melbourne, unbosoming himself at a diocesan festival, thought to give comfort to his audience by the assurance that "they belonged to the ancient Church of Christ which as far back as A. D. 341 sent three bishops from England to France to represent it at a council to be held there." This assurance was perhaps called for by the existence of what Mr. Arthur James Balfour calls "philosophic doubts" on the part of some of the suave bishop's flock; but it was like an overcharge of powder in its effects. If the gun did not exactly burst in the fowler's hands, it has laid him prostrate and speechless, for there happens to be as Catholic Archbishop in Melbourne just now one of those ubiquitous and ever-vigilant Irishmen whose ancestors only knew too well who founded the "Church of England," and by what means it was done. Dr. Carr was down upon his quarry with the swiftness of a falcon. He lost no time in coming forward and enlightening the ignorant on the points made obscure by the Anglican bishop. He did this in the course of a series of lectures, the full text of which is now published in pamphlet shape (Thomas E. Verga, 154 Little Collins Street, Melbourne). No one can pity the Anglican prelate for the plight in which the controversy leaves him. Dr. Carr did not attack his impudent misrepresentation until he had asked him to withdraw or take the consequences; and the bishop, goaded by a number of backers who over-estimated his polemical prowess, had the hardihood to reiterate the foolish statement and defy contradiction. Whereupon Dr. Carr at once took off his coat, so to speak, and proceeded to handle the falsehood without gloves.

A favorite myth with the anti-Catholic controversialists is that the early church of Britain was founded by St. Paul. The name of St. Peter, too, was tentatively put forward. Failing any proof of this, recourse was had to other early Christian characters—Aristobulus, to wit, and Joseph of Arimathea. The array of Protestant historians which Dr. Carr produces in refu-

tation of these legends is overwhelming. They include the names of Thackeray, Green, Milman, Bright, Freeman, Ranke, and many more writers of undisputed erudition and authority. The words of Professor Freeman on this point are especially emphatic.

"Theologians," he says, "may dispute over the inferences which may be drawn from the fact, but the historical fact cannot be altered to please any man. *The Church of England is the daughter of the Church of Rome.* She is so, perhaps, more directly than any other church in Europe. England was the special conquest of the Roman Church, the first land which looked up with reverence to the Roman Pontiff, while it owed not even a nominal allegiance to the Roman Cæsar."

Dr. Carr then proceeds to show, from the writings of Gildas and other early sources, in what the doctrine and ritual of the early British church consisted, and their consuetude with those of Rome. The mass of evidence which establishes this assimilation is such as few can have the temerity to question. The testimony of Gildas, of Bede, of Columba, of Ninian, and a host of other saintly witnesses is decisive of the point.

Of the real founders of the Anglican Church no one can have any doubt. Their names have been engraven on the tablets of time by their own hands more effectually than those of Cambyses or Darius on the sculptured stones which tell of their conquests. Whilst the race of man preserves the knowledge of letters the acts of Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell, as the founders of the Anglican Church, will stand forth before the world in all their sacrilegious infamy. Of the latter's personal character Dean Maitland writes:

"The Lord Cromwell was the great patron of the ribaldry, and the protector of the ribalds, of the low jester, the filthy ballad-monger, the ale-house singers, and the hypocritical religious gatherings—in short, of all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Protestant party at the time of the Reformation."

That Cromwell's office was a reality, and that he exercised his *spiritual* powers unsparingly, we have the statement of Mr. Brewer: "As vicegerent in ecclesiastical matters he presided in person or by deputy over Convocation, taking precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; he summoned, dissolved, managed it at his sole will and fiat. To him archbishops and bishops rose up and bowed down as to the great golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up. He disposed of livings, he granted church leases, he regulated the punish-

ments and promotions of ecclesiastics from the highest to the lowest."

Mr. Gairdner, who succeeded Mr. Brewer in editing the Calendar of State Papers relating to the reign of Henry VIII., confirms Mr. Brewer's statements: "And the seven months of which this volume contains the record (January to July, 1535) beheld a series of appalling executions, which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the minds alike of Romanists and Protestants with horror and indignation. That the nation at large disliked the change, there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the king and his proceedings. And what was said in secret we may judge from the evidence communicated at various times by Chapuys to the emperor. At home and abroad it was clearly seen by every one that neither holiness of life, high integrity, wit, wisdom, European fame, nor the remembrance of old familiar friendship, could shield any man from the king's resentment who would not declare his acceptance of the new doctrine of supremacy."

Nor is Mr. Green's language less emphatic: "But from the enslavement of the priesthood, from the gagging of the pulpits, from the suppression of the monasteries, the bulk of the nation stood aloof. There were few voices, indeed, of protest. As the royal policy disclosed itself, as the monarchy trampled under foot the tradition and reverence of ages gone by, as its figure rose, bare and terrible out of the wreck of old institutions, England simply held her breath. It is only through the stray depositions of royal spies that we catch a glimpse of the wrath and hate which lay seething under this silence of the people. For the silence was a silence of terror."

Regarding the instruments chosen by the king, and the methods adopted to bend the people into apparent submission, Mr. Green writes: "The years of Cromwell's administration form the one period in our history which deserves the name that men have given to the rule of Robespierre. It was the English Terror. Even the refuge of silence was closed by a law more infamous than any that has ever blotted the statute-book of England. Not only was thought made treason, but men were forced to reveal their thoughts on pain of their very silence being punished with the penalties of treason. All trust in the older bulwarks of liberty was destroyed by a policy as daring as it was unscrupulous. His blows were effective just because he chose his victims from among the noblest and the best. If he struck at

the church it was through the Carthusians, the holiest and most renowned of English churchmen. If he struck at the baronage, it was through Lady Salisbury, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings. If he struck at the New Learning, it was through the murder of Sir Thomas More."

The state papers tell with what desperate fidelity the masses clung to their old religion, and how they continued to resist till the life-blood, gushing from their lips, stifled all protest. "There was no longer any resistance to the king. Martial law had done its work in the north, and the country had been completely terrified into submission. Trees and gibbets along the highways bore pitiful burdens, suspended in ropes or chains, and however great the sympathy with the victims, it could not be so safely expressed. Women, however, had ventured to sally forth at night to cut down their husbands' bodies and bury them decently, where they could, in consecrated ground, for rectors and vicars durst not connive at such defiance of authority. All other expression seems to have been most effectively suppressed."

It is hardly to be wondered at that some English divines do not like such parentage for their church, but it is matter for surprise that they should challenge inquiry into the subject in the injudicious way the Melbourne dignitary did. He appears to be thoroughly satisfied with the answer he received, as he has not since been heard from.

Walter Lecky, whose *Adirondack Sketches* have established him as a favorite with the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has just published a collection of essays upon some eminent Irishmen under the title of *Green Graves in Ireland.** The reflections in which he indulges were suggested by some rambles through the graveyards of Glasnevin and Mount Jerome, near Dublin. As our readers are doubtless well aware, the author's style is bright and pungent; and this literary flavor he preserves throughout the pages of this very attractive book. He shows in it, however, a failing from which his sketches are wholly free—a trick of being discursive which borders sometimes on irrelevancy and causes him to pull up sharply.

It was evidently with a profound sympathy with Ireland and many of the gifted children of her soil who lie in those classic cities of the dead that the author set out upon his tour of observation, yet, doubtless from insufficiency of time for inquiry and misleading information, he has fallen into some errors of judgment and false conclusions, as well as into some apparent

* *Green Graves in Ireland.* By Walter Lecky. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

inconsistencies in argument. In one place he denounces "agitators," for instance; in another he extols the arch-agitator, as he was called, Daniel O'Connell. Again, he exaggerates the fears of Thomas Davis regarding the probability of a Catholic persecution of Protestants. The author of "The Penal Days" and "Orange and Green" had nothing of the bigot about him; and it is only bigots who do not know Ireland who could really believe there was or is any danger of the kind referred to. There is no bigotry in Ireland save in Protestant Ulster.

Our genial author is not pleased with Hogan's beautiful statue of Davis which stands in Mount Jerome cemetery. He is fastidious. When we saw the statue last it did not look in any bad plight; yet it may have since suffered from exposure to the air. It was considered to be one of Hogan's finest works, and the likeness to Davis, which our author failed to find, was often praised highly by Davis's companions-in-arms. Hogan stood at the head of his profession when he executed the work. Any one who ever saw his famous piece, "The Drunken Faun," must confess that he was an artist of rare power especially in the gift of facial expression. We are sorry to find his merits unrecognized by a critic who, we are sure, would be favorable if he saw just grounds. But Mount Ida knows how even celestials may fall out about questions of taste, and the discussion of such subjects is worse than profitless.

Apart from these grounds of dissidence, the general reader who is not sensitive on the subtleties of Irish politics will derive much that is useful from a saunter with Walter Lecky through the cypresses. Albeit he talks about the dead, there is no necropolitan flavor about his musings. He understands the spirit and the sparkle of the Irish mind, and he has caught a good deal of it in his jaunting-car excursions about the Irish capital. If his leisure permitted a more extended study of the whole island, there is no doubt he would be able to add much to our knowledge of its departed worthies, and still more to his own repute, for the theme is always inspiring and the field, notwithstanding the numerous explorers, rich and perdurable.

A complete catalogue of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair has been issued,* for a copy of which we are indebted to the courtesy of Brother Maurelian. It embraces, besides a list of errors and omissions in the earlier copies, a complete list of the awards decreed to the various exhibits. In an appendix is also given an admirable report of the proceed-

* *Catalogue Catholic Educational Exhibit, World's Columbian Exposition*, 1893. Chicago: Rokker-O'Donnell Printing Co.

ings on Catholic Education Day last year. Several good plates in connection with the Exposition are presented likewise. The volume is substantially bound, but it is to be regretted that its general style and turnout are not more in consonance with the high character of the great display which it places on record.

We have received the first and second numbers of the fifth volume of the *Gaelic Journal*, the editor of which is the eminent Irish scholar Professor O'Growney, M.R.I.A., of Maynooth College. The printing of the Irish lessons and selections in this publication is remarkably fine. A great impulse is being now given to the study of Gaelic, and the works of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language seem to be bearing splendid fruit. The *Gaelic Journal* ought to be very useful in helping on this excellent work.

Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo: *The Cyclopedic Review of Current History* (4th quarter, 1893). This extremely useful book of reference brings the record of recent events down to so close a date as the death of Professor Tyndall, which took place on the 4th of December last—a fact which speaks well for its aiming to be useful in being "up to date" as nearly as mechanical difficulties will permit. It is embellished with many excellent portraits.

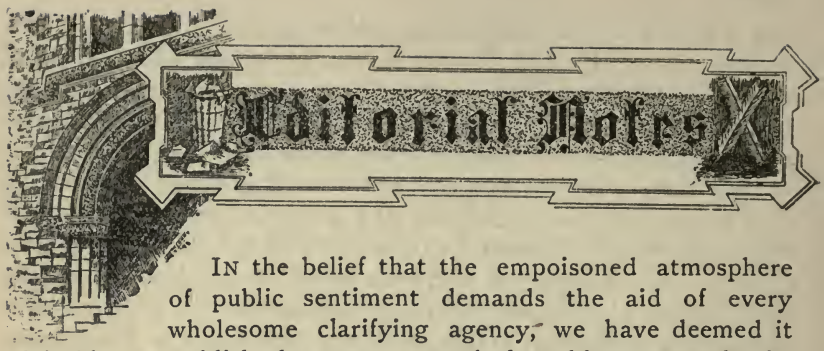
ST. THOMAS ON CHARITY.*

The subject of all spiritual treatises is the attainment of perfection. Perfection is the union of the soul with God; this union is accomplished by charity; perfection, then, according to the text of St. Thomas on the title-page of this work, consists in charity.

To attain it, then, our endeavor must be to increase the love of God and to decrease and destroy any love contrary to it; the first is accomplished by prayer, the second by mortification. As for the other virtues, they necessarily accompany charity, their queen.

To explain and recommend this short and royal road to perfection is the object of Father Buckler's work. It is, of course, no new departure; many have followed it; but for others no doubt a greater variety of spiritual exercises may be more profitable. Some, perhaps the majority, have to be "careful, and troubled about many things." But some are so who need not be.

* *The Perfection of Man by Charity.* A spiritual treatise by Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns & Oates.



In the belief that the empoisoned atmosphere of public sentiment demands the aid of every wholesome clarifying agency, we have deemed it advisable to publish the exact text of the address recently delivered by Archbishop Ireland before the Commandery of the Loyal Legion in New York City. The report is printed from his Grace's own manuscript, corrected by himself. The importance of placing on record the authentic version, to obviate reliance on the necessarily imperfect newspaper reports, seemed to us, under the circumstances, mandatory. It is unnecessary to make any comment on the matter or the manner of the address. It speaks most eloquently for itself. As a charter and a constitution for the duties of citizenship it is a complete, luminous, and doubt-dispelling document worthy in every respect of a free American citizen. It is a particularly useful document at the present time, and one of the best anti-A.-P.-A. pamphlets. It can be had in large quantities at a merely nominal sum from the Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York.

The question of the Pope's temporal sovereignty is a thing that will not be hidden out of sight. It is recrudescent by the logic of events. That the usurpation of the Savoy family has not extinguished the Pope's sovereign rights has lately been shown in a practical way, to the astonishment of many easy-going people. A legacy case in the French courts, which turned upon the recognition of that principle by the French law, has just been decided in the affirmative. The rights of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, by the terms of this decision, stand precisely, in the eye of the French law, as the rights of any other foreign sovereign, in respect to property bequeathed to him for his sovereign uses within French territory.

In this connection we are struck with the article which appears in the latest issue of the *International Journal of Ethics* from the pen of his Grace Archbishop Satolli, as a reply to a

previous one in the same quarterly by Professor Mariano, of Naples. Those who have only known the Papal Delegate as a learned and judicious arbiter in difficult ecclesiastical cases will doubtless be surprised at the figure he makes as an historical and ethical controversialist. The glimpses they get of him in this to them novel character will at once prove that when the Sovereign Pontiff was choosing a representative his choice fell upon one equipped at every point for the keenest intellectual tourney. The fact that the writer of this remarkable article is struggling all the time with the difficulties of a rather unmanageable foreign language invests the essay with the interest of wonder.

In wrestling with the more formidable problems of composition in the English tongue, Monsignor Satolli had the able assistance of two well-known professors of the Catholic University, Dr. Bouquillon and Dr. Pace, and he makes suitable acknowledgment of their services.

He does not regard the Neapolitan professor by any means as a foeman worthy of his steel, and seems to think that the editor of the *Journal of Ethics* has discovered something in the nature of a "mare's nest" in picking him up as a polemic. At all events, he points out that the arguments the professor uses are only a rehash of views and statements put forward by him in various forms of *brochure* intermittently since so far back as the year 1873; and he would evidently have been dismissed by the Delegate as a mere pretentious and illogical bore but for the factitious importance which his reappearance in an American magazine now gives him for the moment.

We may consider it fortunate, however, that the literary *réchauffé* of Signor Mariano has got another chance, since it has led to the publication of as complete a retort as ever was embraced within the four corners of a magazine article. On every possible aspect of the Papacy as a temporal sovereignty—as a religious, an ethical, an universally essential need, an historic institution with sacred and inalienable rights, an international necessity, and an international, not a uni-national possession—the Delegate defends it with all the ability of a jurist versed in every principle of the moral as well as the common law of every civilized land.

Signor Mariano was temerarious enough to trot out some of the stock fallacies regarding the comparative crime, the comparative illiteracy, and the comparative scientific, artistic, and literary genius of Catholic and non-Catholic countries. Monsignor Satolli's answer is a crushing refutation of these wretched subterfuges. He educes the statistics of illiteracy, drunkenness, and immorality of the various countries, and shows by the official returns that it is in the countries where the restraining influence of Catholicism is exerted that the most crimelessness prevails.

The way in which his subject is arranged, the rhetorical skill with which it is handled, and the clear-cut, concise phraseology of the article show the power of the scholar and the ease of the erudite debater. The article is altogether one which cannot but bring satisfaction to the lover of splendid argument.

There appear to be two distinct elements in the anti-Catholic movement. It is composed of men who are malevolently bigoted, and men who, led away by the mendacious representations of this Orange residuum, honestly believe they are doing their duty in playing the bigot too. When it is constantly dinned into their ears that the *raison d'être* of Catholicism is political power, they begin to think that there is something in the story. The absurdity of this childish pretext seems never to strike their minds.

To the average intelligent American there can be little difficulty in showing how completely in accord with the American spirit has been the attitude of the church. The proofs have been before his eyes in the action and utterances of the American hierarchy and the spirit of the clergy. The Holy Father has taken opportunity, through the mouth of his Delegate, of expressing his admiration of American institutions. Is all this overt evidence to be put aside, for the suggestions of a lot of malignant ignoramuses? Had the utterances of the Pope on such questions been inimical to national sentiment, how eagerly they would be relied upon as a proof of the charges advanced! But when he takes the most public and the most solemn course to record his approval, it is assumed that these utterances are insincere. Can educated, reasoning men really be deceived by such an attitude as this?

NEW BOOKS.

BURNS & OATES, London:
Pilate's Wife: A Tale of the Time of Christ. By Richard T. Haywarden.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and New York:
Bayou Folk. By Kate Chopin.

H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:
Clarence Belmont; or, A Lad of Honor. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
L'Église et le Siècle. By Monsignor Ireland. With a Preface by l'Abbé Félix Klein.

JAMES H. EARLE, Boston:
The Sunday Problem. Compiled by the Executive Committee of the International Congress on Sunday Rest.

PRESS OF THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN, Staten Island, N. Y.:
The Aletheia of Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D. Edited by Rev. James J. Dougherty.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:
Total Eclipses of the Sun. By Mabel Loomis Todd.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., London:
History of England and the British Empire. By Edgar Sanderson, M.D.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Letters of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm. *Dante's Divina Commedia.* From the German of Franz Hettinger, D.D. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. *Life of the Princess Borghese.* By the Chevalier Zeloni. Translated by Lady Martin. *Carmina Mariana.* By Orby Shipley, M.A. (Second edition.) *St. Thomas's Priory.* By Joseph Gillow. *The Little Prayer-Book of the Sacred Heart.* Prayers and Practices of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque in Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Arranged for daily use by Rev. Bonaventura Hammer, O.S.F. *Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. *Pearls from Faber.* Selected and arranged by Marion J. Brunowe. *A Brief Chronological Account of the Educational Institutions of the Archdiocese of New York.* By Rev. M. J. Considine, Inspector of Schools. *Pat o' Nine Tales and One Over.* By Rev. M. M'D. Bodkin. *Miranda; or, The Adventuress.* A Romance of Family Life. By John Buwler. *Pilate's Wife: A Tale of the Time of Christ.* By R. T. Haywarden. *Little Treasury of Leaflets.* 3 vols. *Pax Vobiscum.* A new large-type book of devotion. Adapted in an especial manner to the wants of sick persons and invalids. *The Means of Grace.* Adapted from the German by the late Rev. Dr. Richard Brennan, author of *The Life of Christ, Popular Life of Pius IX.*, etc.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York and London:
The Gospel according to Peter: A Study. By the author of *Supernatural Religion. Under the Red Robe.* By Stanley J. Weyman. *The Amateur Telescopist's Hand-book.* By Frank M. Gibson, Ph.D., LL.B.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Hygienic Physiology. By John Dorman Steele, Ph.D. *Child's Health Primer for Primary Classes. Young People's Physiology. Lessons in Hygiene.* By James Johonnot and Eugene Bouton, Ph.D.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:
The Psychology of Attention. By M. Ribot.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

CATHOLIC MIRROR OFFICE, Baltimore:
The Christian Sabbath. A reprint of editorial articles which appeared in the *Catholic Mirror* in the month of September, 1893.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

THERE was an old-fashioned notion, embedded especially in the rural mind, that anybody could teach. The need of scientific training for success as a pedagogue never for a moment dawned upon some good people concerned in the establishment of schools. To be acquainted with the "three R's" was sufficient qualification for one who undertook to teach them to others. Indeed teaching (it would hardly have been dignified by the name of profession) was considered the natural refuge of the ne'er-do-weel who had failed in other walks of life, as well as a useful makeshift or temporary means of livelihood for young men preparing themselves for the learned professions. The pedagogical experience of the latter was looked upon by themselves merely in the light of a stepping-stone to other occupations more highly esteemed.

But there is no excuse to-day for any one taking so low a view of so high a thing. Though the knowledge that education should be based upon scientific principles, and that no teacher is thoroughly qualified who does not make a continual study of those principles, is by no means a discovery of our own generation, it is quite safe to say that at no time has this truth been more generally realized than at present. No one questions now the great importance of learning *how to teach*. The study of teaching does not end with the teacher's professional course of training. To do the best work one must keep abreast of the advance in pedagogical science. One cannot depend alone upon what may be learned by experience, but should also read carefully what masters of the science have to say. School management, methods of teaching and imparting instruction, or the history of education, are not the only topics to which attention should be given. The conscientious teacher will go farther and deeper, will look into psychological questions and gain some knowledge of the workings of the human mind. Responsibility for the best standard is imposed upon the Catholic teacher. The Church intends for her children a real education of the whole being—mind, heart, soul—and no mere lesson-hearer can possibly fulfil that ideal. No Catholic teacher can satisfy the obligations to God and to Holy Church without going beyond the perfunctory routine of education.

After consultation with many distinguished educators the following list of books for teachers is submitted by the Columbian Reading Union in the hope of awakening interest in this department of literature. Comments on any of the books will be gladly received, and other books deserving of mention will be fully considered.

	Retail Price.
1. Psychology. (Stonyhurst Series.) Rev. M. Maher, S.J.,	$1.50
2. Ethics. Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.,	1.25
3. Twelve Virtues of a good Teacher,	30
4. Method in Education. Rosmini,	1.50
5. Systems of Education. Gill,	1.25
6. How to Teach Reading. Hall,	25
7. Methods of Teaching History. Hall,	1.50
8. Manual of Empirical Psychology. Lindner,	1.10
9. Habit in Education. Radestock,	75

	Retail Price.
10. Bibliography of Education. Hall,	1.50
11. Lectures to Kindergartners. Peabody,	1.00
12. Apperception. Dr. Karl Lange,	1.00
13. Pestalozzi's Leonard and Gertrude,	90
14. Essentials of Method. De Garmo,	60
15. Aids to Attention. Hughes,	40
16. School Management. Kellogg,	75
17. Methods of Teaching. Raub,	1.50
18. *Guides for Science Teaching:* I. About Pebbles,	10
19. II. A Few Common Plants,	20
20. III. Commercial and other Sponges,	20
21. IV. A First Lesson in Natural History,	25
22. V. Common Hydroids and Corals,	30
23. VI. Mollusca,	30
24. VII. Worms and Crustacea,	30
25. VIII. Insecta,	1.25
26. XII. Common Minerals and Rocks,	60
27. XIII. First Lessons in Minerals,	10
28. XIV. Hints for Teachers of Physiology,	20
29. XV. Common Minerals,	30
30. Mistakes in Teaching. Hughes,	50

All these books may be obtained from D. C. Heath & Co., 3 East 14th Street, New York City. A discount of twenty-five per cent. will be given to teachers on any of these books. By ordering the whole list at once—the complete set of thirty books will be sent for fifteen dollars ($15.00). An order blank to secure this discount may be obtained for *ten cents* in postage-stamps by any reader of this magazine on application to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

An introduction to the study of hygiene by Joseph F. Edwards, A.M., M.D., has been highly approved by the Catholic School Board of New York. Our attention has been called to the fact that the Directory for 1894 shows 229 lay teachers in the parish schools of New York, and 454 belonging to religious communities.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Cardinal Newman Reading Circle of St. Bridget's parish, Rochester, N. Y., has learned with sorrow of the death of Miss Julie E. Perkins, of Milwaukee, Wis. We came to know Miss Perkins through leaflets she sent us asking our aid in securing a list of Catholic authors. In the fall of 1888 we were contemplating starting a Catholic literary society in our parish; in 1889 our plans shaped themselves, owing to the encouragement of our pastor and the zealous correspondence of Miss Perkins, and on March 17 of that year we formed the Cardinal Newman Reading Circle. She wrote us frequently, and her letters were always appreciated. We grew to love her, she was so filled with energy, resolution, and zeal for the dissemination of Catholic literature, and gifted with the power of inspiring others. In one of her late letters she says: "I learn occasionally through THE CATHOLIC WORLD what takes place in the Reading Circles in your city. I wish even more could be said about them. For myself, I am half disappointed when each number comes if it does not contain some personal allusion to the Circles I know about. I have so deeply regretted being deprived of

the pleasure of communicating with the early friends of the Columbian Reading Union. Owing to ill health I have been obliged to forego even necessary things, only occasionally doing a little corresponding; but I am *always interested.* There is really yet much to be done. I am so anxious to have the lists reach further; there must come a time when these efforts will be less up-hill work."

How anxious she was that Catholic school-children should read books by Catholic authors! Speaking of school-children reading Emerson, she says: "School-days is the best time for most pupils to become familiar with Catholic subjects. Emerson and others will come soon enough after school-life when Catholic books will be relegated to the dusty top shelf. It is a false idea of progress and liberality." She was ever insisting that books by Catholic authors should find a place on the shelves of the public library. It is no figure of speech to say that the world is poorer by her loss; her influence for good was widespread. We feel this testimonial is an inadequate tribute to her gifts. Though we may not place sweet flowers on her last resting-place, we can make the more acceptable offering of prayer for the happy repose of her soul. Miss Perkins had a beautiful mind and was one of those of whom Wordsworth says:

> "Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
> Who do thy work and know it not."

We feel above all that our friend has surely found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

SUSIE R. QUINN,
THERESA MCMAHON,
MRS. SARAH J. FEE,
MRS. KATHERINE J. DOWLING,
Committee.

April 9, 1894.

Miss Julie E. Perkins died at Norfolk, Va., on March 12. From her dearest friend on earth the information came that she was ordered to go to "a southern clime for the winter, and had been most fortunate in her selection of an excellent gateway to heaven. I cannot too highly commend St. Vincent's Sanitarium at Norfolk, Va."

The first letter published on Reading Circles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1888, was written by Miss Perkins. A more extensive notice of her earnest efforts to diffuse Catholic literature is now in preparation.

To Catholics belongs the glory of printing the first book on this continent. *The Spiritual Ladder of St. John* was printed in the Dominican University, in the city of Mexico, in 1535, long before that celebrated almanac printed in Cambridge, Mass., which was supposed to have been the first book printed on the first printing-press in America. For eighty-five years before the landing of the Pilgrims and one hundred and five years before the issue of their almanac the Catholic press was in constant operation, and was an important factor in subduing Mexico to Christ, and in bringing thousands of souls in New Mexico and Texas under the banner of the cross. In the Lenox Library in New York will be found several old books printed upon this press. The oldest, bearing date 1543, is the *Doctrina Breva*, and another, dated 1544, is the *Compendia Doctrina.*

M. C. M.

ALBERT DÜRER'S PORTRAIT, BY HIMSELF. (*See page* 372.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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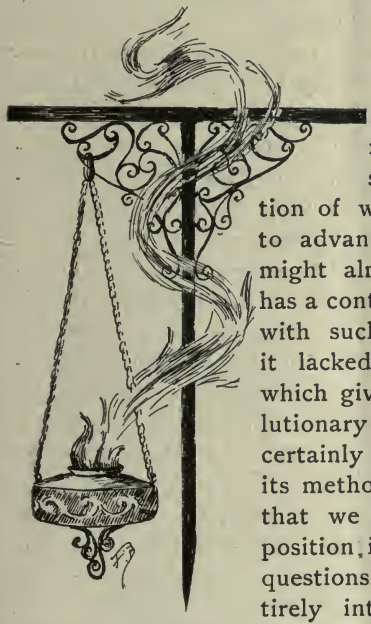
THE PUBLIC RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

A SECOND ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE.



THE couple of months which have rolled past since we gave the first series of papers on the vexed question of woman's claims have been utilized to advance the cause with an energy that might almost be called startling. Seldom has a controversy been pushed to the front with such rapidity as this. Seeing that it lacked altogether the accompaniments which give momentum to other great revolutionary movements—for this movement is certainly revolutionary in its aims, if not in its methods—it is little short of wonderful that we should find it occupying now the position it does in the category of public questions. The forces behind it are entirely intellectual and sentimental. No burning question of finance, no incident of racial animosity, no current of popular passion bears it along; the public conscience is not quickened into impulsive action by the disclosure of anything which shocks our common humanity. Destitute of any leverage of this sort, it is, therefore, not a little remarkable to find an idea maturing at such a phenomenal rate as this.

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No doubt the seed of the idea was planted a good many years ago, but the plant did not prosper until now. Since our first articles on the subject appeared, its growth has been such as to remind us of our nursery days and the tale of Jack and the Bean-stalk.

The controversy which is being waged is almost altogether confined to women. Men have taken very little part in it so far. What strenuous antagonism the movement has encountered has sprung spontaneously from the minds of women themselves. When Tennyson wanted to create uproar amongst the "sweet girl-graduates" he was clumsy enough to introduce man as the disturbing element. We have it now demonstrated before our own eyes that a world composed entirely of the softer sex might not be a guarantee of irrefragable peace.

Both sides of the controversy are characteristic. The energy of the American woman of to-day is manifest in the rapidity and thoroughness which marked the action of the woman suffragists. They gave it the breadth and volume of an irresistible social wave, once they had made up their minds to speed it. The instinctive tenderness and domesticity of the generic woman shine forth in the reasoning of those who have unexpectedly taken the field in opposition. They plead most powerfully for the retention of woman in what they consider her proper sphere—the sacred shrine of home.

In one of the arguments used by the anti-suffragists there is undoubtedly much force. The extension of the franchise to the weaker and less intellectual of their own sex, they contend, could not but prove a great addition to the elements of corruption which are at present a source of danger to the national life. Those women who put forward this argument are no novices. They understand their own sex at least, if they do not entirely understand their subject.

We have deemed it advisable to open our pages again to a discussion of the subject from different stand-points. It is evident that some public decision must soon be asked for, and it is with a view to enable the most enlightened opinion to be formed that we give the views of a few more of the ladies who have addressed us on the subject.

There would seem to be a confusion of ideas on the subject. Some seem to think that the question of woman's education is identical with that of her political pretensions; others that the question of to marry or not to marry somehow comes in too. This shows, to our mind, that the political education of the

gentler sex is still in only the veriest stage of incipiency as regards the mass of womankind.

We have given our own view on the general subject already. Politics are only a means to an end. As a community, men and women, having identical interests, identical ideals, and identical hopes of the future, taking us in the mass, our aim should be to utilize the means most serviceable for the attainment of our nearest approximation to a perfect life, here and hereafter. The Catholic woman has most to do with the advancement of this object, and what she finds most suitable and most necessary to do to attain it ought to get a respectful hearing.

A TEACHER'S VIEW.

By F. C. FARINHOLT.

If it be true, as it assuredly is, that "all the portents of the time point to a future when for many customs, laws, and practices prescriptive now there will be no distinction between the sexes," would it not be wise for those charged with the education of the girls now growing into womanhood to study these portents and fit their young pupils to meet the new conditions which all the signs of the time foretell?

THE CONVENT-SCHOOL GIRL.

In our convent schools the importance of each girl discovering and following her vocation is constantly insisted upon. And the good nuns give the impression that such vocation is to be found either in the cloister or in marriage. It is vaguely suggested that some may be called to the state of the unmarried woman in the world, but such a possibility is one to be accepted with resignation—certainly it is not taught that the spinster's lot will or should be deliberately chosen.

Thus, the convent girl who has decided that she has no call to "enter religion" goes out into the world convinced that marriage and motherhood must be the way in which God wishes her to serve him. Her teachers have given her exalted ideals of the Christian wife and mother, but they have not generally been able from experience to show her the dangers and harassments of the state which they justly teach her is a high and holy one. Nothing has been done to make her question her

own fitness for it except the self-inquiry that was necessary to convince her that she was not called to the cloister.

And so she marries—fancying that such is the will of God—and she finds, when she settles down to home-life, that she has no more talent for bread-making and plain sewing and the daily marketing, in which she must make "the least money go the longest way," and wrestling with the servant question, and nursing fretful children, than her husband himself has.

She is by nature fitted to be a worker in the outer world—"a woman of affairs," if you will. She might have been a physician whose voice was healing and whose touch was balm, or she might have filled wisely some other one of those avocations which now are being opened to her sex; but she is not suited to domestic duties.

No wonder if, thus encompassed by conditions utterly distasteful to her either by reason of her mental or physical nature, or both combined, she is led "to throw aside the tiresome details of home-keeping; to board or live in a flat," and to refuse to become the reluctant mother of children she knows herself unfit to rear. But if by one of those miracles of God's grace, which are so frequent that we take no note of them, she so far overcomes her natural unfitness for her place as to perform faithfully all the duties belonging to it, still is humanity the loser and the world the sadder for her arrested development and her crippled life.

We deal differently with our boys. From his babyhood we watch the trend of a boy's mind, and we educate him in such a way as to develop whatever special gift he has; we teach him that he himself must study to discover his own particular taste or talent, and must choose the avocation in which this talent will find its broadest use. Why should we not do the same with our girls? Why should we not train a girl to look into herself and to determine upon some line of work by which she may earn a living, yes and distinction too, if she so desire and can?

MARRIAGE OUGHT NOT TO BE THE "NE PLUS ULTRA."

It is time that we ceased educating girls with the idea of marriage always before them. Let us rather help them to develop into practical usefulness any natural gifts they may possess, with a view to making themselves skilled workers in some special work.

Thus equipped a young woman looks out upon life with

calm eyes, feeling herself armed for the struggle. She is not driven by the need of a home, or the dread of the loneliness of the traditional "old maid," into a hasty and uncongenial marriage. She is conscious of her ability to earn her own living and more; and her interests constantly broadening as her work advances, she is neither lonely nor sad.

If, however, she be persuaded that she could be happy in the seclusion of a home, and should meet a man with whom, in that union of souls blessed by Heaven, she could

> " . . . walk this earth
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,"

the special training she has received, no matter along what line, will be no drawback but an ever-present help. Can any thoughtful person believe that this self-sustained, cultured thinker and worker would make a less helpful wife or a less wise mother than the untutored school-girl not yet out of the land of dreams?

We belong to our time, and we must either go onward with it in its progress or we must be left stranded on a deserted beach.

Whether we approve or not, woman is taking a new position in the world, and we should therefore begin now to fit the *fin de siècle* girl, who must be the twentieth century woman, for the duties that are coming to her.

This we can best do by aiding her to recognize all her capabilities, teaching her while humbly seeking the direction of the Holy Spirit, whose gifts she claims by right of her confirmation, to aim at attaining her own fullest stature, to live in its highest and holiest her own individual life, and in so living to bless, as in no other way she could so truly do, the lives of all about her.

By MARY A. SPELLISSY.

Woman's rights, woman's wrongs, her duties, her privileges, her possibilities and her opportunities, have been so freely and so ably descanted on that it may appear unnecessary to add a word on the subject.

The counsels to wives recently presented in one of our Catholic weeklies proves, however, that grave misconception on the position of woman in the family still exists.

ADVICES.

The advices were presented over a compound signature of two Latin names with the letters reversed. The unsophisticated reader might infer that the oracle behind the three-fold veil of mystery, transposition, and Latinity spoke with sacerdotal authority; but no priest could give such an advice.

The wife was commanded to seek information from her husband in public even at the risk of appearing as a simpleton.

In a later number of the same paper the wife is instructed to give up retreats and other spiritual exercises that may prove incompatible with the performance of her duties.

The first utterance of the oracle is utterly mischievous, subversive of the dignity of both husband and wife, calculated to make them both ridiculous, and to render them false and silly.

The deference of a wife should be manifested by her intelligent submission to her husband in matters pertaining to his jurisdiction, accompanied by an affectionate condescension to her husband's wishes in things indifferent.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE.

A sensible wife has a proper conception of her position in relation to her husband, and realizes that, as in whist, she should play her own hand as to her partner's joined.

In the partnership of matrimony mutual respect and a friendly interchange of judicious criticism are most useful. Both parties should recognize and respect their own individuality while ever mindful of the indissolubility of the tie that binds them to each other.

Because of her peculiar sensitiveness and deeper sense of things spiritual, the wife proves often the adviser of her husband in cases of conscience. In her comparative retirement she preserves her sense of justice, and is quick to note the tipping of the scale in the opposite direction. The stories of William Dean Howells furnish pertinent examples of this.

The influence of a loyal wife is exercised so gracefully that it is often unsuspected. To her it is a matter of indifference that her husband receives the credit of acts in which she has been the prime mover. His glory is her pride, and he is not slow to recognize and appreciate her good sense. Thus they appear to the world a harmonious two in one.

THE CHRISTIAN WIFE.

No wife can properly maintain the equilibrium so necessary in her position without frequent seasons of spiritual refreshment. Through these she receives the graces so essential to the performance of her duty to God, her neighbor, and to herself. In the admirable societies of the Christian Mothers or of the Children of Mary she is favored with instructions suited to the exigencies of her position; their annual retreats give her the opportunity of inquiry into her life. In them she discovers where she stands, the causes of her failures, and the remedial measures advisable. The example of her companions furnishes a stimulus to her endeavors, their lives often furnishing models worthy her imitation.

The meetings of these societies are monthly or fortnightly. Who can deny a wife such rare absences from home on the plea that they are incompatible with the performance of wifely duty? A wife does not abandon the right to strive after spiritual perfection, and she cannot continue in well-doing without aid. If she is to be a burning and shining light she must have time to trim her lamp occasionally. The wife who conforms her life to the couplet in Don Quixote and stays at home as if she were lame, is in danger of becoming morbid and a dullard, an uncongenial companion for her husband and incapable as an adviser to her children. The latter soon discover her unfitness to help them in the various complications that life presents, and they become estranged from her influence at the critical periods of their lives.

The example of our Blessed Mother is presented to all women for their imitation; her self-effacement is especially urged as the ideal womanly quality. Inspired by the erroneous idea that a woman's proper attitude is that of deferential submission, many excellent women commit serious blunders whose consequences are far-reaching and deplorable.

The magnificent humility of the Virgin Mother is indeed admirable, but humility, obedience, and chastity are to be practised by each woman according to the requirements of the state of life in which she is placed.

In perfect humility the wife and mother can maintain the dignity of her position, and be to her husband and children their guide and counsellor. Such a one is informed on all the questions of the day having influence on the characters of her family.

Whether the subject be hypnotism, Buddhism, or the Ferris wheel, she can speak intelligently on it and direct an inquirer to the sources of information.

Her children are recognized by their frequent utterance, "Mother says."

SOURCES OF CULTURE.

Never was there greater wholesome activity among women, and each individual woman should consider how she may derive the greatest advantage to herself and family from the different agencies at her command.

The Columbian Reading Union, the Catholic Summer-School, and the Catholic Educational Union, through their organ, the Catholic *Reading Circle Review*, supply to every woman the means of keeping herself posted. Through these and similar channels, notably THE CATHOLIC WORLD, she is informed on the subjects of the day, as viewed in the light focused on them by the Catholic Church. The numerous admirable secular magazines give her the world's side.

In the preface to the life of Father Hecker Archbishop Ireland struck the keynote of our day. It is essential that Catholics shall use the methods best suited to our country and generation. I quote from memory, but am assured that I do not misrepresent the idea; again, "A novena is often a form of laziness." Instead of lying down and praying that the plums may fall into the mouths of our children, it is advisable that the mother shall plant and, with the aid of her children, keep the tree watered, if she desires to enjoy its fruit. It is by the proper use of the things of this world that woman is to work out her salvation, and it is through the wife and mother that the family are influenced for good or for evil. She holds the rudder, and the house-boat passes through worldliness that enervates, or through the stimulating atmosphere of moral and intellectual activity, obedient to her mood.

In wholesome conditions the rising generations mirror the admirable qualities of their parents; a sister realizes that it is not sufficient that she shall be amiable with her brother. There are occasions when sweetness is cruel. The misguided tenderness of woman has marred the life of many a man. The wise sister strives to see her brother as he is, and her love will quicken her perceptions in all that concerns him. With womanly tact she will hold the mirror up to nature at timely

seasons, and will submit to receive from her brother the same friendly service.

It is related of the great Bishop England that, being complimented one day on his eloquence, he replied: "I must give the credit to my sister; she has been a useful critic. I was inclined to resent her remarks on one occasion. She immediately replied, that if her view was unwelcome she would refrain from presenting it. 'But,' said she, 'who has your interest so much at heart as your sister?' My vexation vanished instantly, and I begged her to retain the office of censor, which, experience told me, she exercised to my advantage."

It is frequently urged that woman's sphere is domestic. The truth is, that in our present precarious condition there is but a small percentage of women whose duties are restricted to the home-circle.

For this reason every girl should be taught to develop her powers, mental and physical. She should be encouraged to lean upon herself, and to discover her peculiar talent.

This she should regard as her God-given capital, the treasure which she shall put out at interest.

What sadder sight than the one so often presented in the daily news? The family is deprived of the head. Poverty envelops them. Helpless women, unfitted for struggle, are brought face to face with that bitter problem, how to earn a living.

With bodies enervated by luxury, and minds poisoned by prejudice against honest labor, they drag unwilling feet to the unwelcome tasks that friendly influence provides them.

Their unskilled efforts place them at a disadvantage, and, unless native good sense comes to the rescue, their lives are filled with bitterness, which they diffuse on all around them.

There is no more delightful picture than that of a young woman, harmoniously educated, performing the duties of the avocation for which she has been trained.

Sustained intelligent effort toward excellence brings with it continuous successes. Joy beams from her countenance. Her life is so full that she has neither time nor inclination for the ignoble things of life. While giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, she is ever attentive to the ultimate end of her creation.

Animated by the Holy Spirit, and sustained by his sevenfold gifts, she diffuses the fruits, the first three of which are Charity, Joy, and Peace.

TIME.

Some may declare that they cannot find time for mental culture.

By lopping off two channels that drain the usefulness of many wives there will be ample leisure. Fancy-work and gossip consume much valuable time.

The expensive, and often abortive, efforts at decoration exhaust the physical and mental vigor of many women. Simplicity in externals gives the stamp of dignity, and proves that an admirable young woman can, like the Misses Brooke in *Middlemarch*, "afford to leave frippery to the huckster's daughters."

There are few hours more precious than those passed in the family circle, where mind meets mind in the consideration of the world in which we live; the relation of each individual to the world, and the benign influence of religion on man and on the world.

BY KATHERINE F. MULLANEY.

In this the day of woman's emancipation from the servitude social prejudices so long condemned her to, we are afraid that, in the intoxication of her joy at being freed from the conventional balls and chains, she is committing many extravagances that in more sober moments she will deplore.

To have been shackled in such degrading bondage as held her of so little worth that her only aim and ambition could be to supply man's physical wants, keep him comfortable and amuse him—when she felt within herself the power because of God-given prerogatives to do and dare things which even his lordly soul could not achieve—galled her into such desperate strength that she has burst the bonds which held her, and is astonishing the world by such feats of intellectual strength as its narrow prejudices would not believe her capable of. We, woman-like, glory in her success in fields where until now masculine laborers alone were the sowers as well as the reapers. In all the professions, so long shut against her, woman is crowning herself with laurel, and man begins to see—"as through a glass darkly"—that she is not only his equal in many monopolized avocations, but his superior in some. We rejoice at all this, but we deprecate earnestly many of the false notions and feverish hallucinations in which, in the delirium of her suddenly acquired victories, she is indulging.

THE QUESTION OF RELATIVE STRENGTH.

The bone of contention so struggled for is the question whether woman be man's equal or not; and some women think, in order to prove this, they must scorn everything womanly and become masculine—which is the greatest error woman can commit, and the one calculated to injure her cause the most. Men usually hold that, because she is less strong physically, she is inferior in all other respects also, which of course is not at all logical, as we would be forced to acknowledge the superiority of the elephant over the horse, of iron over gold, etc., if that proposition were a true one; but because of this false theory woman is wasting many precious energies, and leaving for the moth and rust to consume "her grandest prerogatives," whose golden value, if rightly estimated and wisely invested, will not only purchase for her the longed-for olive-branch of equal rights, but the palm of a superiority which man himself will gladly accord her as a being created by a Supreme Wisdom and Intelligence for a higher, holier mission than that even of man himself, so arrogant in his boasted superiority of intellectual as well as physical brawn. We leave it to more capable minds, however, to cope with this question of "stronger" things, and confine ourselves to the subject of woman's power for good or evil, which she has wielded since the world was first moved at her presence; and on this foundation of God-given power to ask women to build their strongholds, rather than on the quagmire of masculine acquirements, whither their will-o'-the-wisp notions lead them.

GREAT WOMEN OF HISTORY.

We find, in turning over the pages of history, that woman has played a most important part in the interesting drama of the world, for her hand has been an active one in moulding its destinies. She has plunged nations into war and deluged the earth with blood; she has upheld and cast down empires; she has dethroned kings and placed the sceptre of their power where she would; she has held the fate of nations in her hands for good or ill, and too often, alas! has she sacrificed to her vanity the good she might have accomplished. We find her at the head of armies, leading them on to a glorious victory, when men quailed with fear from the post of leader; we see her braving the terrors of death, and worse, to save her country from its enemies; and we see her, sublime in her undaunted faith and

constancy, at the foot of the Cross when strong men hid themselves in craven fear in holes and caves. She it was who stimulated men to the grandest achievements, which have brought blessings on the world; and alas! who but she has incited them to deeds of darkness, which have made the very earth shudder? The world was sold to Satan, and mankind shorn of all its most glorious prerogatives, by a woman's vanity; but was it not redeemed through her humility and generosity, with a Ransom infinitely beyond the price? Eve, it is true, plunged the world in gloom, but Mary reillumined it with a glory surpassing the deepest darkness of the night which preceded her.

God knows woman has often played a disgraceful part in the history of mankind, by laying on the altars of Baal the gifts given her for the service of the Almighty; but on the record of the ages is written too, in letters of gold, the glorious deeds of self-sacrifice and noble heroism by which, for love of God or country or the salvation of souls, women have distinguished themselves. There have been Jezebels and Cleopatras in plenty, but there have likewise been Deborahs and Esthers and Judiths.

THE POWER OF WOMAN OVER MAN.

In the hands of women men become as pliable as wax; and we say this in no spirit of glorification, but, on the contrary, in fear and trembling at the power, the God-given power, which women possess, for good or ill, over the souls of men. Our argument is that such power was given to be used for His honor and glory who gave it. It is a talent greater than the ten cities of our Lord's parable, to be exacted with usury.

How are women using it? The woman of the world, still in the bondage of social prejudice, held by the strong cords of conventionality, with her mind and soul and heart as cramped and distorted by her social laws as Chinese women's feet, is necessarily a being full of vanity and inanity, and more to be pitied than laughed at. She is selfish, heartless, and oftentimes brainless, and a lively instrument in the hands of Satan for the destruction of souls. Men rail at the worldly woman's smallness, at her pettiness and vanity and selfishness, but *they* are the slave-drivers who have whipped her with the lash of their condemnation and arrogance into the narrow pen of social requirements until her mind has become as narrow as her boundaries, and her heart and soul as starveling's, because of the husks they feed upon. They are puppets and playthings for

men's amusement, to ensnare men by their blandishments, and then drive them to ruin by their heartlessness. Fashion is the Moloch of their worship, and a fine establishment the Mecca of their desires.

IMMODESTY IN WOMAN'S DRESS.

The worst of this is that this leaven of worldly ambition is beginning to work slowly but surely in Catholic society. Catholic women are being inoculated with this poisonous doctrine, which proclaims Fashion as its deity, and sacrifices every best gift to it—maidenly modesty as well as matronly dignity—at its demand. Society women lift their eyes and gasp in shocked surprise over the wide-spread corruption that exists to-day; but who can convince them that they are the ones who sow seeds of ruin in husband and brother and son by their own immodest dressing? Whatsoever excuse those outside the fold may have for such customs, surely our Catholic women—who have Mary as their model, and the teachings of their faith as guides, and the body and blood of Christ as strength—should blush to do these things. Catholic women, and we know plenty of them, who spend the night waltzing in *decolletté* dresses, as a preparation for Holy Communion in the morning, possess an enigmatical conscience beyond our solution.

We pray God to deliver our Catholic women from this Juggernaut of worldliness, which threatens to crush beneath its wheels, not only their pure womanhood but, as well, that pearl beyond price—faith.

Women — independent, noble-minded women — have burst through the prison-bars which held them in durance vile. Indeed, they must burst *them* or their hearts. Everywhere we see them rallying their frightened forces, who are gradually becoming more courageous as victory rests upon their banner-staff. It will take many a day before woman will forget she is not a serf, the scars of her servitude are still so fresh; but it is not womankind of to-day who will reap the golden sheaves of her harvest, but generations of women yet to come. In this great struggle for their rights women, like all engaged in warfare, commit many mad acts which do not redound to their credit.

WOMAN'S TRUE TALISMAN.

Let her value her womanhood above politics, or public offices, or the wretched husk of notoriety gained by eccentricities

in dress or manner. Let her never lower the white lilies on her standard of womanly dignity one inch when storming any masculine stronghold. Above all things she should prize her self-respect, and be at every time and everywhere a woman. Let her be as strong-minded as Deborah, as gentle-hearted as Esther, as stout-willed as Judith, and above all let Catholic women be, as true children of Mary, unsullied in their purity. Let her use her power for good, for wheresoever woman sheds a baleful influence there is the trail of the serpent to be seen who seduced her. In that power lies her strength and weakness, as she uses it for good or ill, for in the one case she "strengthens the bolts of her own gates"; in the other she opens them to admit a foe who will overturn her stronghold.

Oh! if men and women, instead of quarreling over a superiority which does not exist, would only recognize, acknowledge, and admire in each other the gifts, so different yet so equally balanced in worth, which God has given them!

Does any one quarrel over Michael Angelo and Mozart as to which was greater? or over Galileo or Dante? Each was superior in his own special gift. Why cannot men and women acknowledge the same regarding each other, and lower their spears in everlasting peace? Woman's mission is to elevate, purify, ennoble, not only man but mankind. She has power to do this no matter where she is placed. She was created to elevate his materialism into a spiritual atmosphere, where his soul would grow and expand into something fit for heaven and the company of angels. Let woman face the dread responsibility of her mission on earth, and then, if she will but exercise it beneficently, white-winged Peace will hover over the land and the millennium of earthly happiness be come unto us.

By MARY A. DOWD.

In this age and land of great social problems the most sensible defer judgment until all attainable evidence is intelligently weighed, but the conceited, with self-satisfaction and little thought, give immediate answers to any questions presented. Of course they do not agree, but each decides for himself with as much confidence as if the *savants* of the ages, with their combined wisdom, supported his opinion, and with apparently more respect for the human than for the infinite purposes.

The many colossal mistakes of history, involving the sacri-

fice of the happiness, welfare, and lives of millions to the theories of would-be reformers, establish the fact that it is almost criminal to give careless consideration to political innovations. Americans should possess enough public spirit—in other words, Christian charity—to take a kindly interest in the affairs of the nation and thus benefit themselves while doing good to others. As to individual improvement, it is well for each mind to have something with which to be occupied, that is at the same time interesting and ennobling, and too, "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

POLITICAL UNDERSTANDING A PUBLIC DUTY.

Solicitude for the general welfare brings into activity the noblest faculties of the mind and heart, for the material and moral interests pertaining to the advancement of the people are so closely interwoven and dependent on each other that the righteous never consider them separately. The selfish may urge the promotion of movements securing only financial prosperity; but the mass of the American people are generous, the dross ever sinking while the pure metal of noble manhood remains supreme. The atheist never loses sight of the moral issues involved in his ideal reforms, the stamp of Divinity showing on even his perverted intellect. So far he and the Christian agree, but the Christian goes farther, and says no reform can ultimately succeed which is not based on revealed religion.

It is this universal reverence for the immortal soul of man which makes the settlement of the question of woman's rights especially difficult. Some may wish to postpone its discussion for a time, but the subject is being pressed with such perseverance that it is certain to confront us soon and demand an answer. We should try to be prepared to act intelligently in regard to this matter, which involves some of the most vital interests of time and eternity.

THE TRUE TEMPER FOR SOBER DISCUSSION.

On one side of the controversy are ranged the suffragists, whose minds are all aglow with the fancied benefits which shall immediately accrue from the complete franchise. On the other side is the conservative force, depicting gloomily the direful effects on woman, her home, and finally the nation, should she be allowed at the polls. Both parties present strong arguments, and both indulge in much censure and trashy recrimination.

This is not a question to be settled by wrangling, but by thoughtful, conscientious discussion.

The great fear in the minds of many seems to be that the women will become either office-holders or office-seekers, and, in consequence, lose their taste for household affairs to the neglect of the home. Among Catholics the home is, next to the sanctuary, the most hallowed of all places, and anything which shows indications of interfering in the least with its sanctity is justly regarded with suspicion. Neither money nor glory has any claims against the home. Every true Christian knows that the sweetest, most glorious, and most sublime of woman's duties are found there.

THE ARGUMENT FOR THE HOME.

In presenting this popular argument against woman's suffrage our opponents lose sight of the fact that many homes are now neglected, and all are surrounded by dangers which the suffragists hope to remove. Neither the frivolous nor the dissipated mother is the result of woman's voting. The most extravagant women politicians will not be greater monstrosities than some types which bring reproach upon the sex now. We do not expect the dawn of the millennium on the morning that women shall first be declared citizens, but we do expect that women will then have higher themes for thought and conversation than the latest scandal, the coming ball, or the correct size of sleeve for the new dress. It is hoped, also, that the temptations of the unfortunate victim of appetite will be reduced to a minimum, so the true mother love and care shall be renewed in the sobered heart and brain. Thus, by elevating woman herself, the home will be benefited; but the greatest good is expected to come by the reformation of dissipated men who burden now the nurseries of the nation's future greatness with shamefaced grief, poverty, and crime. That very home which all venerate is menaced and constantly invaded by the most fiendish devastator the world has ever known, who delights in ruining with ghoulish glee the results of the most painstaking labor. Tenderly, lovingly, with tears, prayers, and weary labor, the good mother engraves upon the soul of her child the likeness of saints and angels, the faces of the Crucified One and of his Blessed Mother. No sooner has she prepared the richly-wrought gem for service in giving glory to God than the destroyer defaces, line by line, until the holy images are obliterated and replaced by those of sin.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S OPINION.

Surely Catholic men cannot, will not hinder the mother in adding to her strength every means which she is capable of using to protect her treasury of precious jewels. Chivalrous fathers, who are yet here to shield their own families, will not forget the widows and orphans, or those afflicted with rum-poisoned husbands and fathers. Archbishop Ireland at the World's W. C. T. U. Convention at Chicago, September, 1893, said: "I say it with deep regret, but in all candor, that so long as you leave to men the cause of temperance without bringing into the battle your own energies, there is not much hope for success; and it is the women of the land who are the most interested in this combat, for it is a question of your homes, it is a question of your children. Without temperance your homes are threatened, and those of you—so many, thank God!—whose homes are secure, must think of the tens of thousands of homes throughout the land where misery and sadness reign because the husband or the son loves the intoxicating cup."

We believe the better time is rapidly approaching, knowing that the best men are not numbered among the selfish and narrow-minded who urge that women cannot be trusted with more liberty for fear they will abuse it; and that they are so childish, weak-minded, and silly as to be incapable of using the ballot. The same argument is used by the English Tory against Home Rule for Ireland, and broad-minded men despise the Tory for his conceited bigotry.

BENEFITS OF SLOW MOVEMENT.

Although in favor of woman suffrage, we would abandon the cause at once could we believe that the home, on which so much depends, would not be bettered but made to suffer by the change. On the contrary, we cannot believe that full power to vote, were it conferred now, would produce such immediate and all-around betterment as many anticipate. The most devoted abolitionist will own that the emancipation of the negroes did not do all nor half that was expected in educating, cultivating, and Christianizing the former slaves. History gives testimony that no reform ever realized all the benefit which its promoters saw in theory. Great reforms have been ushered in with immense bursts of enthusiasm, and after each such effort mankind has been obliged to pause to recover strength. After the con-

flict the readjusting of forces to the new conditions has always taken much valuable time and energy, and the suffragists should not be too impatient at delay in the accomplishment of their desires. God, in his infinite wisdom, may bless this movement with tardy progress that, when the goal is reached, the nation may be prepared to enjoy the greatest blessing of the century. Surely, for the good of the cause and the honor of our sex, we do not want such ignorance and depravity shown by women as are often displayed by men in using the citizen's privilege.

THE BALLOT AND THE SALOON.

It is the boast of Christian civilization that woman has gradually been given more and more freedom until, from being a mere slave, she has attained almost perfect liberty in our glorious country; and yet she has retained the delicate beauty, the sweet womanliness of her character. Shall we now draw the line and tell her she has reached the limit of her progress; she has attained the summit of her rightful ambitions? We know that woman is not yet perfect herself, nor has the world felt the full influence of her ideal nature. Her privileges, we know also, have been slowly acquired, and after prolonged opposition from custom, the most determined foe to advancement. Woman claims one more right from this greatest of all governments, and custom, the old enemy, rises to dispute her obtainment.

She sought not the sword and musket, but now demands the weapon of peace and civilization. America's daughters to-day ask for the ballot, so frail and harmless an infant can play with and crumple it in his wee hands, yet so mighty that the worst tyrant the world has ever known cowers and cringes when threatened with its use by woman. Well may he shrink from it in mortal terror, for his doom is sealed when she is allowed to reveal its subtle magic in defence of herself and children. Bulwer's vril-ya, used by his "Coming Race," was not more swiftly fatal than the ballot shall be when aimed at the liquor-traffic by woman's delicate hand. Thousands of women, who have no other political aspirations, long to strike a blow at the saloons and their attendant evils. How joyously would they unite their strength with that of the temperance men of the land to destroy this terrible agent of mischief! However the wives might be influenced on other questions, it is sheer nonsense to claim that they would vote for the saloon to please their husbands. The greater the husband's love for

the saloon, the greater is the wife's hatred. Even the liquor-men would find the women in their own households using that lever to force them into honest callings. It is not affectionate regard for the mothers, the homes, the children that makes the liquor forces oppose, with all their combined strength, the passage of laws allowing women to vote.

WOMEN AS OFFICE-HOLDERS.

Many disfavor women as officials, either legislative or executive, arguing vaguely that a public position is 'no place for a woman.' If they, as teachers, can make laws for the people when ten years of age, why can they not legislate for them when at the age of fifty? It seems strangely inconsistent that all agree to place the training of the very soul of humanity under the control of women as mothers and teachers at a time when misgovernment would be most damaging, and yet fear to give those same women any voice whatever in making laws to govern even themselves.

If all the elective offices were filled with women, very few would be accommodated in comparison with the vast number now working outside of their homes. The family of the official, earning from three to five dollars per day, would doubtless suffer less from neglect than does the family of the woman who is forced to support it by more arduous labor, for which she receives much less pay. If every idle person should be given employment, the work of this great world would not be overdone. It is unreasonable to complain of women taking positions from men. Let a man find occupation at labor which woman is unfitted to perform, instead of whining because she has obtained the light work which he fancied. There are vast fields of labor waiting for the strong muscles of man, while the easier tasks can be efficiently performed by woman.

ARGUMENTS WHICH DO NOT HOLD.

The Blessed Virgin is often cited as an example for women to lead a domestic life. It is with reluctance that we mention this, believing there is great danger of speaking with irreverence of the personality of the Holy Mother; as lay persons, in quoting Scripture, often err because "those things are wrested to their own perdition." We are forced to it, however, by the prominence given to the argument. Even the saints only tried to imitate her virtues, but never attempted to follow literally her habits of life, knowing such a course would be impossible

as well as profane. Each saint followed her own particular call of duty, whether that call directed her to the home, as Saint Margaret of Scotland; into seclusion, as Saint Veronica of Milan; or to rescue a nation, as Joan of Arc. The same reasoning would force all good men to be artisans because our Saviour was a carpenter. Our Blessed Mother was set apart, from the time of the first transgressors, to crush the serpent's head and aid in our redemption.

If we should copy her life, the nuns would be condemned for living in seclusion instead of making homes. On the other hand, if we should live retired, why do Christian women frequent the street, society, public places, or go onto the stage? The fact is, we cannot absolutely draw the line separating the domestic from the public life. The boundary of woman's sphere is constantly shifting, and no two of our opponents themselves will exactly agree as to its proper position. Customs are all the time changing, bringing new duties to satisfy the increasing needs, and all are in conscience bound to assume the responsibilities devolving upon them. The Blessed Virgin followed Jewish regulations to which Christians have never conformed, showing that place, time, and circumstances determine many duties.

INCONSISTENT WOMEN.

It is strange but true that some of the very women who court the greatest publicity in society are those to hold up their hands in holiest horror at the boldness of the woman's rights advocate. The woman who will face a crowd of gentlemen in conversation, answering jest for jest, will refuse to go to the polls to vote. She who dresses for the ball or opera in a way that should bring a blush to the cheek of any civilized Christian, will denounce her voting sister as bold and unladylike. And why do these ladies deny sympathy with this great cause? Simply because they fear men do not admire so-called strong-minded women, and they prefer to be considered weak-minded if they can only retain the admiration. These dear clinging vines seem not to have learned that Christianity, for nearly two thousand years, has presented a higher motive to women than merely to please men. They have yet to learn that Christian woman should first please God, and man must look for wisdom to the Eternal Father, that he may see those qualities in woman which really deserve admiration and respect. These society queens condemn the movement because, as the

president of a reading circle said recently in a magazine article, "it lends itself so readily to masculine ridicule," forgetting, in their eagerness to avoid the sneers of men as thoughtless as themselves, that ridicule never proved a point, although always resorted to when no argument can be presented.

One brainy, strong-minded woman stands out in the broadest, most glaring light of publicity, that of the press, and advises other women to court seclusion, gingerly admitting, however, that there are a few exceptional women who may choose public lives. But she leaves the impression that such examples are so very few that the reader would never dare to consider herself one.

Women have gone into all kinds of mock transports on the stage, representing the different passions, and displayed their physical charms to the very best advantage with the aid of jewels and fine apparel. They have enchanted all classes without protest from the very ones who most vigorously oppose woman lecturers, lawyers, and legislators. Women are encouraged to delight the senses, if they have musical talent, beauty, or the ability to impersonate, but not the mind, if they possess wealth of intellect. They are never to shock the respectable world by appearing in the character of human beings endowed by God with minds to reason, and souls to execute noble deeds.

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

We are fitted by nature for different vocations. There is no doubt but that God purposed the majority of women to be wives and mothers. It is equally as certain that others are naturally adapted for the religious life; some in the convent, and others to mingle with the children and poor, as teachers and sisters of charity. With what gentle kindness the church encourages the inclinations of her children!

If the young woman wishes to remain in the world as "Queen of the Home," the church blesses and protects her with the glorious sacrament of matrimony, surrounded by the beauties of truth-teaching ceremony. Later, her children are adopted in their very infancy, by the universal mother, with the sacrament of baptism. If the young woman is inclined to become a religious, she may enter any of the orders already formed, or indeed form a new set of rules for herself, which the church will again bless, providing such rules do not conflict with God's laws.

THE CHURCH AND THE RIGHTS OF THE SPINSTER.

But there is a large class between the home-makers and religious who can be neither the one nor the other. The church, in its infinite wisdom, has never said that a woman must either marry or enter the convent. Private opinion among church-members, and the prejudices of other times and nations, may have made even Catholics scorn the old maid, but the church itself has always respected the personal freedom of its members. If they make blunders, they have only themselves and their environments to blame. This class, including all others obliged to support themselves, have the moral right, and should have the social and legal right, to enter whatever professions or fields of labor they choose and are capable of filling. The attitude of the church itself teaches this lesson. It never interferes with private or civil affairs, except to disapprove of what leads to immorality, and to foster that which tends towards righteousness. It leaves its adherents to work their own destinies alone, never carrying, but guiding and protecting as a wise mother does her child.

If the superior wisdom of the church had set the seal of disapproval on this movement, we would have known it long ere this; but, as it is, we are free to advocate, as Catholics, what we believe to be one of the greatest reform movements of the age.

THE SEARCHING SWALLOW.

VER meadow, hill, and hollow,
Long of sweep, or eddying,
Scuds the twittering, purple swallow,
Feathered, restless Soul of Spring.

Low he skims. If oft he dips,
'Tis to rise agleam with dew
From his crest to pinion tips,
As his soul were shining through.

Rest he never takes; but flies
On his search from dawn to night.
Storms that drag down scarlet skies
See ahead his twinkling flight.

Wherefore scuds the purple swallow,
Long of sweep, or eddying,
Over meadow, hill, and hollow?
Why not perch and fold his wing?

Finds he not on all the earth
Fare to satisfy his heart?
Has he cravings, too, from birth,
For what earth cannot impart?

Seeks he for the seed his race
Fed on, ere the angel flew
Over Eden, stern of face,
And from heaven the comet drew?

EDWARD DOYLE.

ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—V.

THE election was over; the party of Pink had won, congratulations were hearty. "The people's will had triumphed. Popular government had been vindicated," said the solitary leader in the *Porcupine Pioneer*, hemmed in between a crowing rooster and Old Glory.

Bill Whistler had other ideas, standing on Weeks's piazza and looking at the half-drunken voters with right hands in their trowsers pockets firmly clutching the two-dollar bills, "the ordinary price of votes in these parts," he was heard to remark; "the people's will and popular government were catchwords that meant nothing. The drunken fellows don't know what they are voting for. You have filled them with whiskey, put their price in their hands, told them to vote; they have done so, and now you have the hardihood to call this the people's will, popular government."

"Bill," said Berry, whose stage had carried the colors of Punk, "no use in talking. Pink had the most money and the most whiskey; that's what sweeps the stakes."

"We ain't to blame," said a staggering voter; "it's the church-folk—the best pickings at that, these temperance fellows —who sent us the whiskey."

"Strange thing," said Ike Perkins, "that they preach temperance every day in the year but election day. About their whole concern on that day is to make drunkards."

"That's a fact, Ike. Yet the election of Pink is, according to the *Pioneer*, the people's will, vindication of popular government," was Whistler's last shot at the triumphant party approaching the Hunters' Paradise. Pink, smiling, shaking hands with every man he met, telling jokes of Squidville prepared for the day, was escorted to the private room and closeted with Jim Weeks.

The outcome of this secret meeting was that Squidville was to have a post-office with full connections with Snipeville. Weeks was ever mindful of his friends.

On Pink's memorandum book, slated for Squidville's first postmaster, was the name of William Buttons. "He has married into a houseful of Poulets, is getting old, and for what he

was deserves the office. With Buttons as postmaster, and Cagy running the Snipeville stage, the mail is bound to get here," was Weeks's exultant word.

Pink closed his memorandum book, and in a knowing way pressed Weeks's hand. Teams were in readiness; Pink's party drove forth amid yells and human imitations of cock-crowing. Whistler sauntered home with a showy contempt for the drunken men that had betrayed their party. Little groups lingered in the Hunters' Paradise telling of the things that had happened until Weeks, tired of his day's work, shouted "Time to close; all home; your wives will think that you're lost."

With a "Don't trouble yourself about that, Jim," the merry

THE YOUNG POULETS.

groups went home. Night fell on the mountain town. La Flamme's dogs warned a yelping fox to retreat.

Billy Buttons said to his wife, "There's music in Squidville to-night." "There may be more by the morrow," was the sleepy reply.

It was so. He was sleeping, dreaming of deer and Charley Pond, when his door was pounded to the tune of ringing laughter. He arose, hurriedly dressed, and opening the door found himself in the arms of Jim Weeks.

While Bill Whistler congratulated him on being postmaster from that very minute, with power to name the man who should carry the mail between his town and Snipeville, Buttons, for

the first time in his life, "became," as Cagy remarked, "so rattled that he couldn't draw a tricker." It passed. He was no speech-maker, but like all guides in a moment when dumbness might mean ingratitude his tongue was thawed.

"Boys," said he, "you are all corkers. I wish I was Slithers, to tell you all I feel. To be the first postmaster of Squidville is no small honor; I know that, and my only thought will be to please you. I'm no scholar; but my stepson Poulet—I'm only saying what Slithers says—can read anything on paper. I'll do my best, boys, and you'll all help me."

"You ought to be pretty certain of that, Billy," was their joint reply.

"Boys, I have known it for thirty years," was his answer.

"Postmaster Buttons, who will run the Snipeville stage?" said Weeks in a bantering way.

"I don't want to be too bossy at first, Jim; but if you left it to me, Cagy, the best fellow in the world, should have it," said Buttons.

"Struck the mark!" said Weeks. "Heavens, what a team they'll make!" said Andrieux. "Cagy's fixed for life!" said Whistler. "What a pair of steppers!" shouted Brie.

"They're as good as they make them," said Berry. Cagy clasped Buttons's hand, while the well-wishers went to their daily employment.

Mrs. Buttons was right. "There was more music in the morning." The young Poulets, carried away by the importance that had come to stay in their family, opened their throats and sent forth a volume of sound, making Professor Slithers remark "Menagerie on fire?"

The remainder of the day was spent by the two old guides looking for a suitable building to carry on "the lettering business." Towards evening a bargain was had of a frame house on the banks of the Salmon River, largely dilapidated but, as Cagy remarked, "easy to right." It was considered spacious, a point of note in a country post-office.

"I'll put up my stand here," said Buttons, lounging in a corner of the house. "I'll have a desk, a few forms for the boys to sit on."

"It would be a first-class idea to put the box-stove in the middle of the floor," said Cagy; "it would give the boys more room to kick."

"Right you are, Cagy; I'll have no cooping business in my office."

"I have a thought, Billy, that you ought to square off the other corner for a store."

"That same idea, Cagy, is hatching in my skull. Folks, when they come for letters, will be willing to take home a few groceries under their arm. A post-office is no great shakes as a money-maker. It's only as a feeder to a store that it counts."

"One thing, Billy, you must not forget, and that's to gouge a good hole in the door, for polite folk who won't come in to pass through their mail."

"It's a mighty queer way for folk," said Buttons, "even if they are on the ups, to think that a postmaster has nothing else to do but stand behind a door waiting to see a letter shoot through."

"Your shooting high, Billy. My meaning is, after you gouge the hole, to put a box behind it; what Mr. Corkey would call a receiver. There's no need then to be standing behind the door. Go about your business. As soon as the letter is sent scooting it will take a drop, and be there until you pick it up."

"Why, Cagy," said the delighted Buttons, "that's as clear as spring-water with a sandy bottom. A fellow in my business has to put up with all kinds of folk. I'll follow your plan, though there's no mistake about it, in a free country like this I think everybody should come right up to the counter and do their business open."

"Free country, Billy, has nothing to do with it. It's all nature, and she's a lassie pretty hard to twist. You cannot make woodchucks run like foxes, or ducks trot like hens. Take folks as they be and hold your reins accordingly."

"It's a fact, Cagy. It's time to go. Pull the door after you; as soon as I am rigged I'll have to put a lock on the door. It seems all so funny these new lifts in life, don't it, Cagy; so funny to leave the woods and all our bearings. With the help of God I won't part with my gun and dog. I'll have a whack at the deer this fall."

"Billy," said Cagy mournfully, "if we are going into the government business it doesn't mean that we are going to give up our liberty. By deer-time the Poulets will be able to run the office tip-top, and Brie can take my place, so we'll be able to do the right thing by the deer. Anyway, it wouldn't make much fuss if the letters were three or four weeks late; news don't spoil."

Two old guides went laughing down Pleasant View. Three months passed before the necessary papers came from Washing-

ton. When they came it was known to Squidville. Berry announced the news from his passing stage. "Boys, hurrah! the senator's made Buttons a postmaster without a whimper. I have all the papers." He had. They were addressed to Jim Weeks.

A crowd gathered at the Hunters' Paradise to hear the "latest." Weeks, opening the bulky envelope, from the piazza addressed them: "This is a bright day for us. We're in it with the rest of the country. We have churches, school, and now, to crown everything, a post-office. Your loves and sorrows will be attended to now. The half of you can sell your horses, seeing business is so easy. Give your letters to friend Buttons; he'll see that they make a good start. You have only to write. Buttons, as soon as he is able, will sell everything in his line. Show your spunk by writing to all your friends, and help Billy. He's only allowed what stamps he crosses. Give him enough. You'll find him in at eight to-morrow; give him a call."

This speech of Jim's was received with cheers. It was the general say that a stiff business in letter-writing would be done that day. To the honor of local patriotism be it written, that men and women hunted up lost uncles and distant cousins in order to show their appreciation of William Buttons. Professor Slithers gave half a day to his scholars in order to direct the huge bundle of letters for the morning's mail. Cagy busied himself with the rigging of the Snipeville stage. It was to start at nine, returning the next evening at three, meeting Berry at Squidville; transferring passengers there for Porcupine Creek, Mud Pond, Duck Lake, Otter Bend, and all points south. Snipeville was to give a supper. Tatters McGarvey, Esq., was to make a speech and Cagy was down to reply. It was the trial of his life. As he rigged his stage he made his speech, violently shaking the wheels when he scored a point, surlily scratching his head when he missed the mark.

Not since the days when the doctor announced the flight of Hiram Jones was there such a commotion in Squidville. "It is," said Bill Whistler, "my idea of a popular demonstration."

Commotion, like a dry-bough fire, soon subsides. People are limited on every subject. After Weeks's speech had been viewed from every point, bed was refreshing. Tongues tire, eyes shut of their own accord, and heads become heavy. Sleep, whispering of the great things of the morrow, tickled the Squidvillites. They bent to her sway. La Flamme's dogs kept watch. Afar away a fox now and then sent them a note of defiance. A deer under the cover of night crossed the river. A catamount hung

on the edge of the mountain. The dogs laughed at such insolence; they, too, were dreaming of the morrow. Squidville slept. It is easy to tell when a mountain town awakes. A slight thread of smoke peeps from a chimney, curling itself into light gray rings, dying in the arms of the cool mountain breeze. Other chimneys follow, doors creak on rusty hinges, pent-up dogs salute their fellows, cows bellow, calves become frisky, and folks are busy doing "chores."

"What a life!" says the sallow, thin-blooded sportsman, as he turns in his bed, pulls the chair near that holds his vest, extracts his watch just marking five. He turns on the other side, smiles at his fellows, hears the jingle of gold in the dropped vest, consoles himself and goes to sleep.

"What a scarecrow that sport is!" says the guide later.

"As sallow as a duck's foot; a few crooked bones rolled in parchment, and making a poor parcel at that. He's as full of disease as an egg's full of meat," says another, "and as shrivelled as a beech-leaf out all winter."

"He's bound to snap. There's no sap in him," says a third. "I wouldn't be in his boots for all the money in the world," says a fourth.

It's our way to criticise each other. Happiness is many-sided. It is consoling to have such a word in the dictionary as opinion. Buttons's chimney led Squidville in the morning. It was closely followed by Weeks's. "I'm going over to Jim's for instructions," was Buttons's parting words to his wife. Early as it was the Hunters' Paradise was open, and young La Flamme so intent on writing that Buttons had to slap him on the shoulders to make him aware of his presence. "Hello, Billy! ain't you early up?" was his word. "Not a bit more than you be," was Buttons's retort.

"Do you open your office at eight, Billy?"

"Well yes, Frank, that is the intention—to have the mail made up for Cagy to have a good start."

"It's rather early, Billy. There's no sense in shutting up at three and opening at eight. The time between is just when a fellow has a chance to skip out and post his letter."

"Young man," said Buttons with an air of authority, "government business is not like running a hotel; it has its hours. You're at everybody's hour. I'm a government servant. As to your talk about shutting up, it shows how little you know about government business. There is no shut up, no such thing as a still post-office. I have put in a receiver; if I'm out he's in."

"A receiver, Billy! Who is he?"

"There you are again, youngster; you have been to Slithers's school for a year, and you don't know what a receiver is. It doesn't argue a long head. In the door I've gouged a hole big enough for a decent-sized envelope to slide through. Push it until it takes a drop. Of course it is only for gentle folk; but I suppose you're like all the youngsters. You'll be cock of the roost or nothing."

"Good morning, postmaster!" said the hearty Weeks, opening a side door. "Go to your breakfast, Frankie."

The boy's face lighted up; bounding from the store, he followed a path that soon brought him, unnoticed, to the post-office. The gouged hole made him dance with delight.

"Buttons never picked that out of his own head," he shouted. "Just the thing. I can write to Milly, and no one will be the wiser." His heart beat faster; his heart was wound up in that delicious name. "I don't see why Jimmie Barber went to Snipeville to live. Milly didn't like it a bit. I can't bear that Slithers. He thought, because he was her teacher, that he would cut me out. He can write better than me, has more in his head to work on; but if she likes me the best, she won't pay much attention to the writing; it's what's in it that counts. Cagy will work for me. She'll visit my mother and make friends with Jenny. They'll work for me. Everybody is on my side. Anyhow, I don't see how she can like that horrid Corkey."

These broken mutterings were consoling. La Flamme put his letter in the receiver, laughed at its pleasant dropping sound, and, taking the same path, gleefully ran to the Hunters', Paradise. A few hours after the post-office was opened for business, the Snipeville stage before the door, and a brisk business for Buttons. The people had shown their spunk. A late caller was Professor Slithers, who had left his school in charge of the largest girl. His thoughts were of Milly De La Rosa.

"How romantic her history!" he was saying. "Daughter of Castile mated to Corkey Slithers, ha, ha! I know my poem, when she reads it, will take her. What a capital idea is poetry! Things you cannot think of saying in prose, how easy they go in verse! What a fine beginning is the opening line: 'Enchantress of Castile'; then, showing the power she has concentrated on the seat of my affections, I remark:

'I bend beneath thy heel.'

If this is not poetry, then all the poetry in the Recent Collection of American Verse is unmitigated prose. That poem is my bait, so tempting that, once drawn in the line of her swimming, she'll hook."

Reflections such as these steadied his nerves and brought victory nodding to him. He was soon in sight of the office. The Snipeville stage had left—a fact that made his pleasant thoughts sour. The door was shut—additional evidence "of the way things were run." Within was a laughing crowd listening to Buttons's inimitable wood-tales. Sourness dislikes pleasantry. He was on his heel to return when the rough, awkward mouth of the receiver caught his eye. A wave of joy passed through him. The effect was visible in his eyes and a wriggling in his left foot. Taking his letter, pursy and unpressed, he squeezed it through the opening. The drop was music. It was a day's thought, a pretty story. The opening chapter in Squidville, the grand finale in Snipeville. The last act was a hooked fish. All of us have theatres pretty thoroughly rigged. Buttons stopped his tale to remark that the professor was of the gentle folk.

There was a smile, a shuffling of feet, and the story became more interesting. The professor was on his return. His brain puppets were in scene first, act the second. It represented William Buttons extracting from the receiver a letter addressed to Milly De La Rosa, containing intentions of love, and a poem after the manner of a Recent Collection of Verse. The actor that represented William seemed puzzled at the handwriting, and was saying to Cagy, "I wonder who writes to Milly; I'll bet that letter's worth having." "It wouldn't be Mr. Corkey?" responds Cagy. "A happy day for Milly to be mated to such a man," is Buttons's remark.

Cagy puts the letter into the Snipeville bag with an air of importance, and the curtain drops. Weeks passed; the general verdict was that Buttons had shown himself equal to his post. Harmony would make the world tasteless. Growlers are the salt of the earth. There were two in Squidville. Milly had not written, and Buttons's office was denounced by Slithers as an absurdity; in the more expressive vocabulary of La Flamme, as a worn-out fake. Such expressions were perplexing. If Milly would not write, why blame Buttons? It is not commendable to commit forgery. How else could William have given letters to his eye-devouring callers? Cagy was slyly questioned. He kept the saddle by an aphorism—"You cannot

tell what you don't know." Plants grow towards the sun; love to its object. Letters were to be the rays. Shut off love and plants languish. It takes time to kill them. Give them sunshine in the drooping state, and they will quickly revive. Months had passed. Slithers, unconsolable at first, was adjusting his sorrow. It was not the first time he had balanced his books.

La Flamme became sick and lonely. The store was a nuisance, friends a bother. Life was full of blue streaks, sleep a friend. In church he made a mental vow never to believe a woman's word. He did not express it, but the idea was con-

"PROFESSOR SLITHERS HAD LEFT HIS SCHOOL IN CHARGE OF THE LARGEST GIRL."

stant in his mind, that woman was created, much as the mountain brier, to tear men's flesh. The thought bothered him, as it awoke another, that these briers gave fruit. At this he forgot himself and muttered "Love! Yes, but you must tear yourself to pluck it." His mutterings made a charitable friend in a back pew elbow him. He was in a mood to resent. His eyes did the fighting. It was during the battle of glances that Père Monnier, in his artless way, said: "To accomplish anything in this life requires sacrifice." The rest of the sermon was forgotten; this was a limb pulled from the tree to cudgel the blue streaks. His love for Père Monnier was great from that day.

La Flamme was of that great company of sinners who pick a line from a sermon and label it "Meant for me." The sentence fitted his mood. It became his pocket-pistol through life. With it he shot sorrow and, let us hope, kept the way open to the better land. Buttons had a keen ear for sound. The sayings of Slithers and La Flamme nettled him. He would have made them chew their words had he not learned at Charley Pond that love made men queer. Like all guides he leaned on the past. Pitying their condition, he asked Cagy to find out "a something of Milly." A day later Cagy's information was poured into his ears, prefaced by a remark that Milly had no right to marry out of Squidville. The information was scanty but prickly. It spoke of Slithers as "an educated fool," of La Flamme as "an ungrateful wretch." The terms were strong.

The information came from Milly. Rumor added that she was engaged. This news leaked, and Squidville had its laugh. "Corkey was jilted, La Flamme was crazy," was the way it was put. Corkey from past battle learned to laugh; La Flamme keenly felt the sore, but cheered himself by shooting the spectre with his pocket-pistol. Cagy was proud of him. "His father every time," he said; "under fire he won't flinch."

In the way Milly had said "ungrateful wretch" the old guide, so accustomed to study faces, read hope. "Come with me, Frankie," he said. "I'll never go back on your father's son. You'll have a free ride, and you have a fine excuse. Tell Weeks you want to see your mother and Jenny. I have found the track and the deer is not so far but we can run her down. Once she hears your music, and knows you are in dead earnest, I don't think she'll run far."

La Flamme listened. Had he followed his first thought he would have started. Reflection made him a coward. It began with an if, allowed the conclusion; started another if, allowed its conclusion. Soon he had a bundle of them. The end of the play represented him leaving Snipeville in disgrace: Milly and her lover, heads closely pressed behind a window, making fun of him. He admitted his cowardice; was downed by a brain figment. He had forgotten his pocket-pistol. Cagy started. La Flamme bade him a wistful good-by. They prate of love, that it conquers all things. Sarcasm has often dulled its edge. "He who waits will be rewarded" is a stock phrase, used as a trotter by the well-to-do. It is not much in vogue with the waiter. Like most stock phrases, an accident may give it a meaning.

A year had passed. Slithers, despite the village talk, had continued to woo the muses, as meshes for entangling Milly. La Flamme had daily fed Buttons's receiver with letters. Milly was dead to such appeals. One day the Snipeville stage brought a note. It was for Frankie La Flamme. The handwriting thrilled him. It was evening before he opened it. It was short, a few lines. His eyes filled with tears; he read:

"Jenny Sauvé has died of fever to-day. Your mother is very low. Lose no time. MILLY DE LA ROSA."

Music consoles in sorrow. He whistled. Cagy, who knew the contents of the note, informed Weeks. It brought a sad scene to his memory. Brushing his tears aside with the sleeve of his coat, he ordered a buggy, and bade Frankie to get to his mother "as fast as Nelly could put." He but hinted at La Flamme's intention. The spirited beast threw up her head, pawed vigorously, sniffed the night air and started.

The road for a few miles was straight and broad; then it curved, followed the river a few miles, became narrow and crooked entering the woods. The night, calm at first, became fretful and broken. Rain changed to sleet, and the wind became cold and pointed. The moon lay amid dark clouds, sending now and then a flickering glance to make darker the harsh river. La Flamme was sure of his roads until he entered the forest. Here doubts arose. So many roads branched, some broader and more travelled than the one he was on. He lighted his lamp, fixed it to his dashboard, uttered a prayer for Jenny, and took the road that seemed most travelled. After an hour's drive, it led to a deserted logging-camp. Baffled and cold, he turned his horse to seek his first road. The wind was rising. The branches of the trees clashed above his head, thunder seemed human in its mighty groan, pines whistled, lightning played before his eyes, now cracking a branch, now heavily crushing a stately tree. The sleet became more worrying. At first it brought the blood to his cheeks, now it seemed to lay open his face with the keenness of a razor-blade. Stories of ghosts peopled his mind.

A rustle amid the branches, a quick, snappy yell, told him that the dreaded loup-garou was on his track. He pulled his fur coat closer to his shivering body, pressed the musk-rat cap closer to his head, and shouted to his faithful horse. She knew and loved his voice. Her trot became faster but jerkier. He was on his old road. His lamp tossed and flickered. Sleet

blinded him, cold crept through his buckskin gloves, making the reins fall from his hands. His head became dizzy, his limbs stiff. He tried to shake off this growing numbness; curved his mouth to whistle, clapped his hands to his sides, pounded his feet on the bottom of his buggy. It increased his weakness. Gathering his voice-strength he shouted to his horse, "To Snipeville, Nelly." A hungry fox, buried in fallen brush, barked.

Compulsory confinement often gives boldness to shy creatures. "To accomplish anything in this world requires sacrifice," came to him in his agony. He bent his head, tried to curve his voice to speech. He listened; no sound came. He thought he saw a light. Was it his lamp? The buggy swayed; he felt a sweet, pressing pain.

Jemmie Barbier sat singing in his cabin, wondering "what the night would turn to." He thought he heard a noise, but, as he said afterwards, "who thinks of noise in a storm." "Worst night I have seen in twenty years," he muttered, as he went to the door to take a peep at the elements. "Wind's changed; going down as quick as it came up. I'll make a start for Skinny's." Suddenly he became alarmed by a strange noise and a swinging light at the end of his house. Taking his lantern and gun, he cautiously advanced.

His first words were: "Some poor fellow has gone to his reward to-night. Bless my soul, Jim Weeks's Nelly! She couldn't drag the buggy far in that way. It must have upset within a mile of here." Barbier carefully unhitched the stamping, maddened horse. One of the buggy wheels, coming in contact with the house, was broken and the axle twisted. This seemed to have restrained the poor animal. Gently leading her to the barn, he wrapped her in an old blanket, wishing that Milly or his wife was home "to wisp her a bit." "She'll be herself again," he said, as he quickly hitched his own horse and started out to seek Nelly's driver. He was old, past the seventies, but his arm was strong and his sight was keen.

The reins in one hand, the lantern in the other, he kept his eyes glancing from one side of the road to the other. About a hundred rods from his house, just ahead of his horse's nose, he saw something black lying. Shouting "Whoa, my pet!" he dismounted and approached the lifeless-looking mass. He shook it, saying: "If ye be earthly, in the name of God speak." There was no answer. Getting on his knees, he turned the body over until his light fell on the face. A sigh burst from the old woodsman. "Frankie La Flamme, you're surely not dead!"

Cramping his wagon, he lifted the youth tenderly and laid him across the buggy-seat. Starting his horse, he held the limp body until the door was reached; then carried it to his bed and rubbed it long, using such simple remedies as his cabin gave. He was doubtful of success. Sometimes he thought La Flamme was dead; then he blamed his hearing and continued to rub.

"It's time to go," said Mrs. Barbier to Milly, "and see what's become of your uncle. I worry about him. We can do nothing more. We stayed with her to the last."

"Skinny died a happy death, auntie. Père Monnier said she made her purgatory in this life," said Milly.

"Yes, dear, she died a very happy death. As for purgatory, a little of it wouldn't do any of us a bit of harm."

"Do dying people, auntie, always talk of their young days? Didn't you hear how Skinny spoke of her mother—her eyes bright as coals, but black, black; her father, his old violin, Sister Marie, her husband, and Frankie, who might have been here?"

"Yes, dear, that's my way of thinking. I kind of believe that God shows us the bright spots in our life before he takes us."

"Well, auntie, then I'll talk of you and Uncle Jemmie when I'm dying." "There may be more to think of than us, child."

Mrs. Barbier and Milly knelt by the side of the old mattress on which Skinny lay, and prayed. On a little fresh straw, covered with a worn-out spread, lay the once laughing Jenny Sauvé, sweet in death.

"We have all to come to this," said Mrs. Barbier, rising; then, turning to the anxious faces that had hurried from their homes on the first noise of Skinny's death, "Wash and dress her. Milly and I are a little sleepy; besides Jemmy's old, and helpless about getting his own food. Come, Milly, and don't forget Skinny's present—the framed picture. I'll keep the violin for Frankie."

They passed out, and in a few minutes were in view of the log-cabin. "Uncle was just coming for us, auntie," said Milly; "see old Peggin harnessed before the door."

"It was always his way, child, since I've known him." The door was wide open. They entered. Tucked in the cozy bed lay Frank La Flamme, Jemmie Barbier bending over him, towel in hand. His face wore a triumphant smile.

"I've got him where I wanted him. I've got him. Your old man is no slouch, Selina. I've cured him myself. He was

dead all morning. About half an hour ago he commenced to live, and is doing first rate since. He's his father, every inch of him; cordy as a beech."

"Since he sleeps, uncle," said Milly, "tell us how and where you found him."

"You little rascal! you're not a bit sleepy."

"Why don't you answer my question, uncle?"

"Because I'm no hand at story-telling. You get him well, and then you'll have the water at first dip."

"YOUR OLD MAN IS NO SLOUCH, SELINA."

A few weeks later Frankie lay by the window, gazing at the long, dark line of bleak pines. He had just been told of his mother's death. It was a sad day. Milly had twitted him for promising to write daily, and then "shamefully breaking his promise." Explanations made things worse. She had nursed him back to health; "but," and her eyes showered fire-sparks, "they could only be friends." She had almost said the terrible yes to another. Frankie, left to himself, drew his pocket-pistol charged with sacrifice. It shot the spectre of his mother. Love laughed at its bullets. No other would have the choice of his life; saved from death was to him preserved for a better life. Like most woodsmen his beliefs were positive. What better life than to be mated with

Milly? He pressed his head to the pillow, shut his eyes and went through the drama "Love." Milly's tip-toeing called him to his surroundings. Love is all ears, ever ready to catch the slightest sound of the object loved. He nestled in his cot, pretending sleep, but letting his half-shut eyes take in the vision. Woman's eyes are quick; she smiled at his trickery. "Frankie La Flamme, don't you close your eyes when you sleep?" she said. He smiled and was captured. "Guess who's here?" she said. He was indifferent. "Oh, do guess!" she continued. "I'll give the first letter of the name." He shut his eyes. The name of his rival crossed his mind and soured his thoughts. "Guess quick; they come!" she cried. He turned to look her full in the face. Fortune was on the turn: Billy Buttons and Cagy entered the room, Buttons carrying a huge bag. Stepping in front of the sick man's cot, he emptied the bag before him, shouting, "Cagy, make the darned thing clear." Envelopes, big and small, crushed and bulgy, envelopes of all colors and makes, made the strange-looking pile. What a heap of fond dreams! Frankie's eyes were lost in them.

"Sit down, Milly; you have something to hear," said Cagy. "I'm to blame for this whole mess. I told Bill to put in a receiver. Bill was always obliging. To help folks in it went; but in putting it in devil a hole he left to take out the letters. Well, it might have run on till Gabriel blows his trumpet had not La Jenness thrown little Brie against it, and smashed the darned thing. The minute it fell, pop came the letters by the bushel. They were all for you, in two handwritings. 'Faith,' says I, 'Milly will have reading for six weeks, constant go. Says Whistler, 'She has got the grip on Buttons. She can send him to the jail for obstructing the going of Uncle Sam's mail.' It's a life job at that. Weeks thought it was best to lay the outs and ins of the case before Père Monnier. Whistler said that the père would know all the law in the case, and he advised Billy to take his medicine like a man. Buttons don't fear the face of clay, and he done too much for you when old Jenks's brain cracked for you to bring action against him for a few letters. Père Monnier fixed the thing in a jiffy. He told Buttons to bring you the letters, and hoped the reading would do you and Frankie much good. I hope so. That's all there is to the story, if I was to die on the spot! Of course, if you want to be mean—but I don't think there's a drop of that kind in you—you'll report us. I don't care for myself, but Buttons has a lot of mouths to fill."

Tears trickled down the girl's cheeks. "Report you!" she sobbed. "How could you say that of your little girl, Cagy? And you stand there and let him, Billy!"

She was caught in the arms of two old guides who stammered out apologies, Cagy's voice highest, saying, "Milly, didn't I provise there's not a drop of that kind in you, and ain't it so?"

"Milly," said Buttons, "Cagy would knock the man down that would say anything about you. You're a credit to Squidville. If poor Dory was alive wouldn't she be proud of you. No wonder Jemmie, aye, and for that matter Frankie's daft about you. Cagy, come and let the two youngsters read the pile and have a bit of a talk over it. I'll have no new wrinkles in my business again. Every man must come up to the counter and do his business open; no more receivers for gentle-folk in Squidville."

"Don't be rubbing the healing skin on the old sore," said Cagy. "It's all over. Let us go to the kitchen and have a smoke with Jemmie."

"Dinner's all ready," said Selina, poking her head into the room. "It's a cure for sore eyes to see Blind Cagy and Billy Buttons in our house. Yous won't put a foot out of this door to-night. It's little enough that the Snipeville stage can take one day in the year." Cagy was of the same way of thinking; he held the reins.

When he arrived a day late in Squidville his only remark was, "Another man would have remained a couple of days." On this Whistler said, "It seems strange there could be such a storm in Snipeville and not strike us."

A year after Professor Corkey Slithers addressed his pupils: "I have this jocund day received an invitation to the wedding of two of my former pupils, Frankie La Flamme and Milly De La Rosa. Tell your mothers to send flowers to the church next Tuesday, where your teacher and you, my boys and girls, will put up the finest decoration that Squidville shall ever see, if she shall prolong her existence to the end of the world."

"Big-hearted Slithers!" said Weeks. "Knows when to give up," said Buttons. "A gentleman and a scholar," was the common word. Père Monnier heartily laughed. Squidville was happy.

THE UNIVERSAL RESTORATION.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

THE HERETICAL DOCTRINE OF RESTORATION.

THE term *Universal Restoration* is liable to misinterpretation, because at first sight it seems to denote a false and heretical doctrine held by those sectaries who are called Universalists. This heretical doctrine teaches the final restoration of all angels and men who have sinned to that state from which they fell by revolt and transgression. This appears to be the Zoroastrian doctrine, or at least one form of it. It was also held by those heretics who were called Origenists, because they tried to shelter themselves under the great name of Origen, and it was condemned by several councils. This same heresy has been frequently ascribed to Origen, and even to St. Gregory of Nyssa, and has been represented as more or less tolerated by other Fathers, by modern Universalists. Even Catholic authors have said the same thing. St. Gregory and the other Fathers, however, have been amply vindicated from the charge of favoring in any manner the Universalist heresy; and in the opinion of many Origen, also, has been fully exculpated. The question has been discussed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD (February, March, April, 1883). The notion of a restoration of the inhabitants of Hell to their forfeited place in Heaven is wholly alien from the theology of Catholic Doctors in all ages, and has received no countenance from any of them. There is, however, an orthodox doctrine of a Final Restoration and Renovation of the universe, against which the false and heretical doctrine can create no prejudice.

UNIVERSAL RESTORATION A DOCTRINE OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

The Restoration or Restitution of all things in the universe, called in the Greek language Apokatastasis, so frequently insisted on by Origen and St. Gregory, is not an invention or hypothesis of these illustrious authors, but a doctrine derived from the plain language of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, in Holy Scripture. St. Peter, in the great sermon which he preached on the Day of Pentecost, ten days after the Ascension of the

Lord, in Solomon's Porch, announced that "Times of refreshment shall come from the presence of the Lord, and he shall send him who hath been preached unto you, Jesus Christ, whom heaven indeed must receive until the times of the *Restitution of all things*" (*Acts* iii. 20, 21).

Cornelius à Lapide explains this chiefly of the restoration of mankind in the persons of the blessed, and the repairing of the ruin wrought in the angelic hierarchy by the revolt of Lucifer and his associates. Secondarily, he explains it of a renovation of the whole world to primeval integrity, incorruption, and splendor. The idea of restoration implies a reparation of damages caused by the irruption of hostile forces, a return from a state of violence and disorder to a pristine tranquillity of order which has been invaded and disturbed. The idea of a regeneration and renovation to a state of incorruption and splendor which corresponds in its own degree to the glory of heaven, adds very much to the simple and nude idea of restitution, and must be separately considered, as we shall have occasion to see later on. For, the state of incorruption did not exist at the beginning in the order of nature, having been a special privilege conceded to elevated humanity alone. Restoration properly consists in the reduction of that part of the world which had been disordered to its due order, with a view to a regeneration and renovation which is to follow, bringing nature to its due and final perfection.

The ground and reason imperatively demanding this restoration is an exigency of the divine perfections, and an exigency in the nature of things, that all the works of God should be finally brought to their due perfection, and the whole universe be reduced to a perfect order.

The first condition to the fulfilment of this end, is the banishment of all the moral and physical evil which has brought disorder into the universe and inflicted an injury upon nature. St. Paul says that Christ "must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the enemy death shall be destroyed last. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then the Son also shall be subject to him who subdued all things unto him, that God may be All in all" (I. *Cor.* xv. 22–28).

St. Paul here presents to our view under the aspect of a kingdom a certain dispensation of God in the realm of created rational beings, in which free-will is left to put forth its power for good and evil. Over this kingdom Christ has been placed, to reign during the continuance of the warfare waged against

it by "enemies"—that is, evil powers. These enemies will be finally subdued, the injury which they have done will be repaired, and, as a king disbands his army after gaining a complete conquest over a hostile power, ceasing to be its commander-in-chief, so, the Son of God will cease to govern a militant kingdom when the peace of a universal order has been established and made perpetual. "God is All in all." That is, his plans are accomplished, his work is brought to its consummate perfection, all things in created nature are brought into their normal relation to their Creator and obey his laws without resistance, even Christ, in his human nature, wherein he is inferior to the Father, taking a position which is more apparently that of a subject, than was his place of temporary command over the hosts of the church militant.

The triumph of Christ, and the consummation of the kingdom which he hands over to the Father, no doubt consists chiefly in the glorification of all the elect, the perfect, everlasting beatitude of heaven. The enemy death is destroyed, in so far as the blessed are concerned, by their resurrection to glory and everlasting life. But this cannot be all; for it is not a "restitution of all things." The disorder of active rebellion and of a devastation in nature through the abuse of free-will by a multitude of angels and men must be rectified, and the ruin repaired.

St. Thomas says: "It pertains to the perfect goodness of God, that he should not leave anything inordinate in existing things" (*Con. Gent.*, iii. 146). The disorder in existing things must be rectified. The principal disorder is the rebellion of angels and men, and their warfare against the kingdom of God. This disorder is put an end to, when Christ has put all enemies under his feet and confined them under the irresistible laws of a perfect order, which they can never more violate. Another great disorder is the injury done to human nature by sin, and by death which is the penalty of sin. This injury is repaired, by the universal resurrection in an incorruptible and immortal state. Of this restoration of humanity St. Thomas says: "By the merit of Christ defects of nature are removed in the resurrection from all in common, both the evil and the good. Now, the souls of the evil have a nature which is good, as a creature of God. Therefore their bodies, in respect to that which belongs to their nature, will be integrally repaired, because, namely, they will rise in a perfect age, without any diminution of members, and without any defect and corruption, which an error of nature or infirmity has introduced" (*Ibid.* iv. 85, 89).

It has seemed, indeed, to many, that the irremediable and endless disaster which has befallen a multitude of angels and men, in the loss of their proper destiny and their final doom to the outer darkness of the infernal abode, is a deordination. That if it is becoming to the goodness of the Creator to leave nothing inordinate in the universe, all the inhabitants of hell ought to be translated into the celestial mansions of heaven. But this is an error. The meaning of the sentence of St. Thomas is simply this: That God must make all things which depend purely upon his own will and action perfect in their kind and order. But the beatitude of all those rational creatures who have been placed in a state of probation is the result of their own voluntary and free exercise of their own energy as concreative causes, and is a reward of merit. The loss of this beatitude in the case of those who have failed in the trial is the consequence of their voluntary deviation from the right direction into the opposite path, and is the just penalty of their demerit. It is no deordination that these should attain the term toward which they have directed their course without repentance, when their period of probation is over. It would be a deordination if God should accomplish by an act of omnipotence that work which he has assigned to created will and power, and reverse the primary, fundamental law of the moral order. It would be a reversal of this law of order, if the final term of merit and demerit were the same. Moreover, celestial beatitude is supernatural, and not a mere completion of the natural order. In the order and exigency of nature, the fallen angels are left in the possession of those endowments and that immortality which properly belong to them; and fallen men are restored to their specific integrity and an incorruptible existence by the resurrection. All pains and penalties to be endured in purgatory and hell are a reaction of the violated moral order upon offenders; they are a compensation for these violations; they restore the disturbed moral equilibrium. Purgatorial and temporary pains are means of restoration to those who incur them and all come to an end in the universal restoration. Those which are perpetual and endless are regulated by an exact law of justice which gives *suum cuique*, to each one his own. The subjects of this doom are where they ought to be, and their environment is what it ought to be, according to justice; so that they are not in a state of deordination, and make no discord in the universal harmony by which God is glorified in his creation.

REGENERATION AND RENOVATION OF UNIVERSAL NATURE.

The universal restoration demands something more than the suppression of the disorder which disturbed the already existing order. It involves the abolition of corruptibility and death. But although man, at the beginning, was exempt from this evil by special privilege, and became subject to the law of death as a punishment of sin, this law prevailed through the whole organic world from its origin. The necessity of corruption and death was a natural sequel of the law of organic life. In restored nature, everything is incorruptible. And here comes a difficulty and a puzzle to perplex us at the outset. It seems like an anomaly in nature, that this organic world, with the exception of human nature, after long ages of evolution, should become extinct. Yet, since corruptibility and death are the natural sequence of its law of existence and life, how can it be preserved in an incorruptible world? This is a problem which is apparently insoluble. At least, it is unsolved, and has, hitherto, been passed over with very little notice. If there is any one who thinks he can offer a plausible solution, he is welcome to try the experiment of unloosing a Gordian knot. I have no conjectures to propose on the question whether the renovated earth will have or can have a flora and fauna, and if they are supposed to exist, how they can be transformed into an incorruptible state. So, likewise, in respect to other worlds beside our own earth, whether these are the abodes of vegetative, sensitive, and rational-animal life, there may be an ample field for conjectural, plausible, even probable hypotheses; a field wholly outside the domain of faith, and beyond the limit which science has as yet reached, or perhaps ever can reach; and therefore free to the speculations of those who choose to indulge in them. I avoid all such speculations, remarking only, that whatever worlds may be imagined to exist as the abodes of creatures having organic life, they must be altogether exempt from all moral and physical evil, from pain, corruptibility, and death. For this is certain; viz., that, not only in the celestial kingdom of the blessed, there will be, together with the glorification of supernatural beatitude, a regeneration and renovation of nature, but that this renovation will extend to the whole circumambient universe.

This is no merely rational conclusion from theological premises, or speculative theory, striving to peer curiously into the secrets of the future world, but the plain, distinct teaching of Holy Writ.

"For the expectation of the creature waiteth for the revela-

tion of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly but by reason of Him who made it subject in hope; because the creature also itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now" (*Rom.* viii. 19–22).

Archbishop Kenrick comments upon this passage as follows: "Even the inanimate and brute creation, which are in an imperfect and suffering condition, may be said, by the figure of prosopopœia, to wait for a better state, such as will take place when the sons of God will be crowned with glory. The material creation is subject to many changes, which mark its corruptible condition. By a bold figure, will is ascribed to the inanimate and brute creation. As all nature should tend to its own perfection, the apostle intimates that the defects and disorders perceptible in it are not to be considered as necessarily inherent, but rather as decreed by God in punishment of original sin. Hope is figuratively ascribed to the creature, because its present imperfect state is to be succeeded by a perfect one. The material creation shall share in the glory of the sons of God, inasmuch as it shall be freed from corruption, and appear in renovated beauty. The creature is represented as groaning with the pains of parturition, under the corruption which it suffers."

This exposition of the archbishop is derived from that of St. John Chrysostom. Its leading idea of the renovation of the corporeal universe is obviously a correct explanation of the sacred text, the meaning of which is so plain as to need no exposition. There are some *obiter dicta*, however, which seem to have escaped from the pen of the learned prelate without much reflection, as an echo from an old and now obsolete theory, which the progress of science and a more mature study of the sacred text have rendered untenable. The imperfection and corruptibility of the inanimate and animal creation, namely, is regarded as a lapse from a prior and better state, the result of a curse which was inflicted in penalty of original sin, affecting not mankind alone, but the earth itself with its flora and fauna. There is nothing, indeed, absurd in the supposition that some accidental changes for the worse may have befallen the environment of fallen man who had incurred the penalty of death and a thousand attendant evils by his transgression.

In the old Aristotelian astronomy, the earth was not regarded as the controlling centre of the stellar universe by which its revolutions were caused and regulated. The movement was supposed to be originated by the First Mover and propagated

through the spheres which were nearest to the most remote with a decreasing velocity, until it ceased at the stationary earth. All these celestial spheres were supposed to be incorruptible, and only the four elements of earthly bodies, earth, air, fire, and water, to be corruptible. According to Plato, human and animal souls were spirits fallen down from a higher sphere, for whom this world was a place of punishment and possible purification. Christian philosophers, who inherited in great part the ancient natural philosophy of the Greeks, holding to the revealed doctrine of the primitive Paradise, and the fall of man, accounted for the physical evil existing in the present state of the world, as the consequence of the curse pronounced upon Adam when he sinned. Hence, the condition of the entire world given to man as his kingdom when he was first created and constituted in original justice and integrity, was pictured under an ideal aspect. The breath of science has shattered these poetical bubbles. The turmoil and confusion of unbalanced elements, the convulsions of nature, the destructive agencies of corruption and the irresistible, universal sway of death in the flora and fauna of the earth, date their beginning long ages before the planting of Paradise as an oasis in the desert, the creation of man, his brief period of primeval felicity, and his speedy banishment into the wilderness beyond the gates of Eden.

Nevertheless, although the disorders which prevail on the earth and throughout nature cannot be ascribed to the fall of man or the fall of angels as their cause and origin, there is a mutual relation and correspondence between them. God had decreed that there should be a period of trial and probation for rational creatures endowed with free will, before the consummation of his kingdom in the heavens. Revolt, sin, moral disorder, conflict between good and evil, a long train of sufferings and miseries, were incidental to this system, and foreseen—as actually future by the Divine Omniscience. The fitness of congruity demanded that the region and the period of this conflict of good and evil in the moral order should present the aspect of a physical likeness to its features, and form an analogous environment to the capital struggle for life and death of the contending powers.

It would have been most unfitting that the inferior part of creation, which is only the outskirts of the spiritual world, should have been brought to the perfection of order and beauty, while good and bad angels were still contending for victory. Most unfitting, that this lower creation should have been exempt from corruptibility and death, when the royal race of mankind

was subject to their grim dominion, and even the king and queen of the universe lay under the doom pronounced on Adam, Eve, and their posterity in Eden. Therefore, the period of probation and conflict, the time of the long and bitter struggle to establish a kingdom of hell in opposition to the kingdom of heaven, was fixed at an epoch in the history of the evolution of inorganic and organic nature when "the whole creation was groaning and travailing in pain." The notion of a restoration of the earth to an original state of incorruption is therefore untenable and must be abandoned. Not only so; but the old poetical figment of celestial spheres formed out of an incorruptible quintessence has vanished before the discoveries of modern astronomy, and given way to the nebular theory, which, if not positively demonstrated, is so very probable that it approaches very near to certainty. What is perfectly certain from scientific investigation is: that all the worlds of which we have any knowledge are composed of essentially the same elements with those of our own solar system, that our sun and its companions, which were improperly called fixed stars, are in a continual motion and a process of evolution. Nothing in all the universe which is within our ken has attained to a fixed and permanent state. The vivid and striking figure of St. Paul, which represents the creation as groaning in the pains of parturition, admirably expresses the actual condition of the universe as it is made known to us by science. This groaning is an echo of the groans of redeemed humanity, not yet released from the thraldom of mortality by the resurrection. This is the event for which the inferior creation is waiting and hoping. For, the redemption of mankind must first be fully accomplished, before the universal restoration can take place. And this restoration is not a return to a primitive state of incorruption and perfection, but a regeneration and renovation, the constitution of "a new heaven and a new earth" (*Apoc.* xxi. 1).

Undoubtedly, the moral corruption which has wrought such havoc in the world, and the dominion of physical corruption and death over the human race, have their origin from the sin of Adam, and the effects of original and actual sin have been extended to the whole environment of fallen man. But, if Adam had not sinned, and none of his posterity had sinned, still the condition of humanity and of nature would have been inchoate, imperfect, temporary, and demanding a regeneration and renovation into a higher order. In its present and actual state, as a charnel house of the carcases of dead generations, a Cloaca Maxima of filth, there is much to awaken emotions of sadness

and disgust, and to excite sympathy with the plaintive lament of St. Paul: "Ourselves, also, having the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of sons, the redemption of our body." There is a concert of lamentation and complaint, in which the cries of suffering from the brute creation, the wailing of the winds, the decaying leaves of autumn, the blighted flowers, the moaning of the sea, the groans and convulsions of earthquakes and volcanoes, the distant and mysterious catastrophes of which we get some dim glimpses in the sun and stars, join in the chorus of human voices; "the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain until now." If this were a wailing of despair, life would be unbearable, and lapse into nothingness the only desirable prospect.

No doubt, what Pope has written in his immortal verse commends itself to our reason:

> "All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
> All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
> All Discord, Harmony not understood;
> All partial Evil, universal Good:
> And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

But this is credible only in view of that future prospect which St. Paul partially discloses to us:

"The expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who made it subject in hope: because *the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*"

This is the consolation for the sadness which is awakened by the view of the evil marring the good of the present imperfect order of the world. The present state of things is temporary, the figure of this world is passing away, not into extinction but into a better state. Nature is not in the agonies of death, but in the throes of parturition, awaiting the moment of an auspicious birth. The earth is awaiting a catastrophe which shall finish the process begun with the first movements of the primordial nebula, and shall begin the new creation which is to last for ever.

"The day of the Lord shall come as a thief: in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works that are on it shall be burnt up. Since, therefore, all these things

are to be destroyed, what manner of men ought ye to be in holy demeanor and piety, expecting and hastening to the coming of the day of the Lord, in which the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall be melted with the heat of fire" (II. *St. Peter*, iii. 10–12).

This fiery flood is not, however, for the total and final destruction of the world. It is the laver of its regeneration, from which it will come forth purified and renovated. "But according to His promises we look for *new heavens and a new earth*, in which justice dwelleth."

SCIENCE CANNOT FORESEE THE FINAL RESULT OF EVOLUTION.

The general theory of evolution and the nebular hypothesis, although they can give a reasonable explanation of some part of the process of formation and the series of movements effected in matter by the force of active energy, cannot explain either the origin or the end of the creation. Science can explain the construction of the solar system, the orbits of the sun's satellites, and the laws which govern their revolutions. It can demonstrate the movement of the sun and other stars in space, the distances separating some of the heavenly bodies from each other, and other astronomical truths concerning the directions and velocities of the movements of bodies in inter-stellar space. The general laws governing the revolutions of the bodies composing the known sidereal universe and preserving its equilibrium have not been discovered. There is no scientific evidence that an indefinite continuance of these movements must result in a catastrophe, and that the mechanism of our own system, of any other, or of the whole, must eventually be shattered by a retrograde process of evolution, going back toward chaos. Neither is there any evidence of a coming development of higher and more perfect order by the forward progress of evolution. The modern theory of light, however, corroborated by all the investigations of science, predicts the ultimate extinction of the power of radiating light and heat by our sun, and similar, self-luminous stars; which involves the cessation on the earth, and every other planet which may be conjectured to have a flora and fauna, of all the conditions making life possible. Besides this grim prospect of universal darkness and death which is all that science can present, it cannot be denied that there is a constant liability to destructive accidents happening to single worlds, to systems, and perhaps to the whole fabric of nature. Our only safety comes from the providence of God,

which will preserve the present order on the earth, until he gives it over to the final conflagration. Science and philosophy cannot prove that conjectures and theories of future restoration are impossible or false. No doubt science furnishes to rational philosophy plenty of data from which it can infer that the world depends from a wise and benevolent Creator who governs it with sovereign dominion. Natural Theology can prove that God is the First and Final Cause, that rational creatures are immortal and capable of attaining eternal happiness, and that God will bring the universe to some kind of final end worthy of himself. But the final and general resurrection, the glorification of the organic human nature, the universal restoration of the physical, material creation, cannot be proved with certitude in this way. In fact, there has always been a tendency in spiritual and Theistic philosophy which is not Christian to undervalue the material world and endeavor to get rid of it in some way, as if it were a nuisance, an unreality, at best a temporary contrivance having no essential and permanent relation to the spiritual world.

THE UNIVERSAL RESTORATION A REVEALED DOCTRINE.

It is only from divine revelation that we obtain a clear idea of the normal relation of the body to the soul, of the cause and reason of its subjection to corruption and death, of the final resurrection, of the universal restoration of nature, and of the culmination of the creative act in that master-piece of Divine Wisdom, the Incarnation.

Although it is certain from the explicit declarations of Holy Writ that the restoration, or rather the regeneration and renovation of the whole creation will take place, we cannot, by the aid of philosophy and science, construct any certain theory of its mode and of the constitution of the new heavens and the new earth. All we know is, that the renovated world will be incorruptible, free from disorder, sin, suffering, and death. That its chief end will be the service and pleasure of all the glorious inhabitants of heaven, and of those human beings who have attained natural beatitude, is certain. Whether it may or may not be also the abode of other happy inhabitants, can be, like many other questions which our curious minds may suggest, only matter for conjecture and speculation. We must be content to know that there is to be an Apokatastasis, and that God will leave nothing inordinate in his creation.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth.

CHAPTER II.

Studies and Class Incidents.—Hebrew; Exegesis; Dogma.—Cudgels in and out of Class.—Lay Baptism.

FAVORITE class with many of the students at the Chelsea Seminary was that over which Dr. Clement C. Moore presided—the Hebrew class. There was no study to which my chum Beach and I devoted ourselves with more perseverance and regularity.

In the annals of the Chelsea Seminary Dr. Moore will not figure merely as professor of Hebrew. He was a prominent patron of the institution, and was closely identified with all its interests. Its very location on Twentieth Street, opposite to his own residence and between the Ninth and Tenth Avenues, was a thing of his selection and due to his choice. He taught in the seminary for thirty years previous to 1850, at which time he retired from active service as professor emeritus. In 1821 he was made professor of Biblical learning. His second appointment was to teach Oriental and Greek literature. He was the author of a "Hebrew and Greek Lexicon," in two volumes, published in 1809, and other works. It is a strange thing that a man of such great and varied learning as Dr. Moore, so versed in oriental and classic literature and a pioneer in matters of rare and deep research, should only be known to the general world of readers by one single ballad, "The Visit of St. Nicholas." A volume of poems, his only published work of this kind, was given to the public in 1844, while I was still a seminarian. This volume contains among other things some verses accompanying a gift of flowers to a friend. That friend, Mr. P. Hone, returned an answer also in verse, which so well specifies the various accomplishments of the worthy professor that I need only to give it to the reader in order to furnish a picture of this notable man:

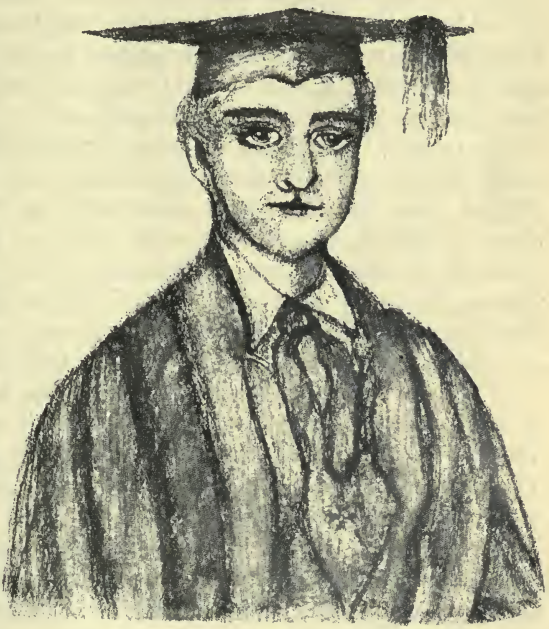
"Filled as thou art with Attic fire,
And skilled in classic lore divine,
Not yet content, wouldst thou aspire
In Flora's gorgeous wreath to shine?

Wouldst thou in language of the rose
Lessons of wisdom seek t' impart,
Or in the violet's breath disclose
The feelings of a generous heart?
Come as thou wilt, my warm regard
And welcome shall thy steps attend;
Scholar, musician, florist, bard—
More dear to me than all, as friend.
Bring flowers and poesy, a goodly store,
Like Dickens' Oliver—I ask for *Moore*."

The principal object of our studies in Hebrew was to prepare us for the class in hermeneutics over which Dr. Samuel H. Turner presided. After reading the first two or three chapters of Genesis, our readings in the Hebrew Testament were confined to its Messianic parts. These parts were always carefully marked out for the Hebrew class by Dr. Turner himself. Dr. Moore confined his teaching strictly to the Hebrew, and the translation of the parts thus marked out, but never meddled with the interpretation of Scripture. The nearest that he ever came to this in dealing with our class was one day when we were translating the seventeenth verse of the twenty-first Psalm, which, in the Septuagint and in the Vulgate and other Christian versions, reads, "They have dug (or pierced) my hands and feet." When we came to these words, the student whose turn it was translated the passage as above. "Well, yes," said Dr. Moore, "that's the way we read it in our English Bible, but here in this Hebrew Bible we have *Kari*, which would oblige us to translate the passage as the Jews do, 'Like a lion, my hands and feet.' To be sure, that don't seem to make good sense; but that is no business of mine. I am not here to inculcate good sense, but to teach Hebrew. Some learned people will tell you that the rabbins have changed the text on purpose. Well, perhaps they did. I didn't. Or, when you come to Dr. Turner's class, perhaps he will tell you that the word got changed by careless writing in Hebrew, shortening the tail of the last letter till they turned the *vau* into a *yod*. That would change *Karu* into *Kari*. In that case, all we need to make it right is to put the long tail on again. Then we have *Karu*, and can translate the passage, 'They pierced my hands and my feet.' Well, well, well! Let them fix it their own way. That's none of my business. Here we have *Kari*, and that means 'Like a lion.' In my class, young man, you'll

have to read it that way. I don't bother myself much about old versions, nor old manuscripts, nor old commentators, nor old rabbins. I am only a layman, but I know what Hebrew is when I see it in the book before us. Humph! Go on.'"

I have already said that the Hebrew class was a great favorite with me as with many others, and what we learned there was of the greatest advantage when dealing with Dr. Turner in the interpretation of Scripture. I have lost some valuable books in my day, sometimes through lending, sometimes through the casualties of house-cleaning, and sometimes because an eventful life has forced me to forsake them. For none of these have I mourned so much as for the Hebrew Bible which I interlined most carefully, in my study-room, with equivalent English words of the good doctor's rendering. I have never been able to recover it.



Life at Chelsea Seminary.—"One of Them."

My reminiscences of this seminary are largely made up of scenes from Professor Turner's class-room. I seem to see the professor before me now. I can still recall him most vividly, as he then sat at his desk. He was devoted to his class. His earnest devotion showed itself in his eyes, brows, mouth, nose, and in his very hair, as he gazed upon the Greek Testament before him, or bent his looks upon us to gather in from the expression of our faces the effect of his criticisms. We could see his legs under the desk. There his little hands took a busy part in the exegesis, pinching his trousers at the knees. One foot or the other was always tapping the floor of the platform. His feet were very small. This we could see for ourselves, and

I knew from his shoemaker that he was very particular about his shoes.

All this liveliness on the part of Professor Turner was perfectly unaffected. Indeed, there was something about him that always seemed to protest against affectation of every kind. When it was his turn to preside at the morning service in the chapel, he protested against that deep-mouthed throttling of the words of the service so frequent amongst his brethren of the clergy. He carried this even to an excess. In his dislike of pomposity he actually danced over very solemn words. He always chose the short absolution, and made very short work of it, too. On the contrary, when reading the lessons from Holy Scripture, he gave a triumphant and jerky emphasis to certain inelegant words of the text which others are apt to skip over lightly, through a sense of delicacy.

Professor Turner had a strong predilection for those students who showed a particular interest in his class, and this without exacting any strict adherence to his own interpretations. Indeed, there were some of us that took a quiet pleasure in hunting up authorities which militated with his views. He never manifested any offence at this. Some dialogue like the following would then take place:

"Well, have you any authority for that interpretation?"

"Yes, sir; I find Theodoret quoted for it."

"Ah, indeed, Theodoret! Well, I don't wish to dispute that Theodoret is an authority, but I must beg leave to differ with Theodoret in this case. Does Theodoret or the commentator who quotes him assign any reasons for their opinion?"

The reasons being given, the doctor would then continue: "The authority, no doubt, is highly respectable. I wish I could say as much for the reasons assigned." The doctor would then carefully go over the ground a second time, without offering the least rebuke to the independence of the student, and without saying anything to discourage free study, even though dissenters should be consulted or Catholic authors.

I was one of those who loved to ramble in study of authorities, especially after my first year, when I had found out that the world of theological doctrine was broader and deeper than I had ever dreamed of before. I was even bold enough on one occasion to give a translation to the Greek text differing in several respects from the King James version. The passage is that of Hebrews vi. 4, 5, 6. To the surprise of the whole class, I translated this passage as follows:

'For it is impossible for those, who were once enlightened, etc., etc., and are fallen away, to be renewed again *by penance*."

After hesitating a moment, the professor said quietly: "I don't object, Mr. Walworth, to your reversing of the sequence in this passage, nor your changing the voice of the verb, nor to your using the word penance, which may very well be understood as meaning nothing else than repentance; but how can 'by penance' be given as a correct translation of '*eis metanoian*'? *Eis* is a preposition, and is equivalent to *unto* and *into*, in English. I do not know of a single instance where any dictionary or translator has given it the sense of *by*. Do you?"

I had anticipated this objection, and it was my good luck to be furnished with one instance in the English Testament itself. It was easy for the good doctor to dispose of this point in my case. I had little confidence in it and was only amusing myself. What struck me most at the time was the gentleness, equanimity, and even respect, with which he treated my presumption.

I did not get off so easily with another friend, who took it much to heart. In our class was a student from Maine named Gardner, who was not only a good scholar but very fond of hermeneutics, and of all close and nice study in language. He was, moreover, a sincere Protestant, albeit of the high-church stamp. Having occasion to visit his room that same day, he received me with a seriousness that was startling.

"What is the matter, Gardner?" I inquired. "Have you received any ill news?"

"O Walworth!" said he, "I didn't think you'd do it. I didn't think you'd do it!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"I have been anxious about you," he answered, "but I never thought it would come to this."

"There must be something dreadful in your mind, Gardner. What is it? What have I done?"

"I did not think you would give such a translation to *metanoian—penance*. Oh! it is too bad; how could you do it?"

"Well," I said, "under all the circumstances, it was a foolish thing. Since it grieves you so much I take it back. Come, my dear fellow, forgive me, and brighten up again."

But poor Gardner could not be pacified.

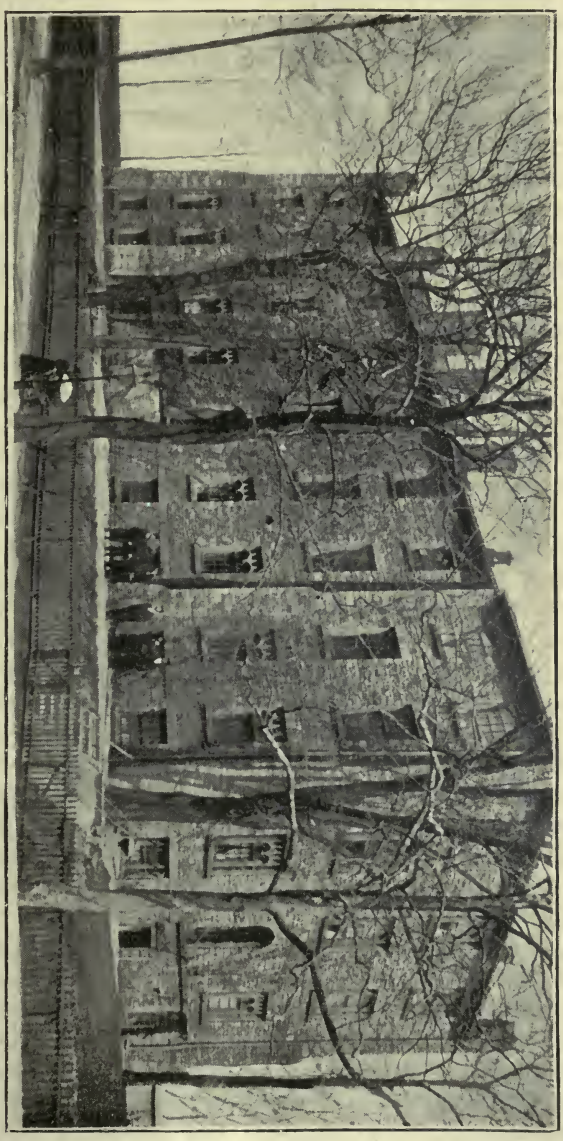
"You'll end in Rome yet, Walworth," he said; "you'll end in Rome."

It seemed to me at one time that Gardner himself was dangerously near the jaws of the same great dragon. He was very nearly led into the doctrine of transubstantiation by a learned

work of Dr. Wiseman on that subject. His arguments, derived from a critical examination of the sixth chapter of St. John and from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (x. 16 and xi. 24–29), seemed to me to be very strong. What struck Gardner's mind most forcibly, however, was the immense learning displayed by Dr. Wiseman to show that the words used by our Lord in instituting the Blessed Sacrament, "This is my body. This is my blood," must necessarily be understood literally. The force of the context, the circumstances attending the institution of the Eucharist, and the comparison of various passages referring to the Eucharist before and after its institution, these arguments would seem strong enough to convince any mind that fairly gives its attention to them. Gardner's fondness for critical learning, however, made him attach much greater importance to the almost infinite variety of citations from authors in almost every language to show the uses of the verb *einai*, when it is used literally and when it must be understood figuratively. I soon grew tired of all this learned detail, the most of which seemed to me trivial. Gardner, however, was both attracted and alarmed by it. He carried these questions to Dr. Turner, who entered into them with full sympathy. Gardner became at last convinced that the saddle-bags were as full on the Anglican side of the horse as the other, and he got no nearer to Romanism.

I think I caused some considerable chagrin to Professor Turner on another occasion when he was anxious to show off his class at examination. I was called upon to explain the sense of our Lord's words in "the sermon on the mount" where, according to King James's version, he says to his disciples: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out. . . . And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." I interpreted the passage as applying to an occasion of sin where the dangerous temptation is so great that there is no reasonable hope of escaping from sin except by putting away the occasion or flying from it. The doctor was well satisfied with this, but unfortunately carried the matter a little too far by asking me if our Lord by this teaching ever intended that one should actually pluck out an eye or cut off an arm. I answered that I thought the urgency of the occasion might sometimes require such extreme measures, if there was no other way of keeping in the grace of God. The doctor was evidently much mortified, as some very notable clergymen were present at the examination. I had, moreover, been the very one to handle this passage at a previous class recitation; I had extended its meaning with the

same literal severity, and the doctor had set me right very carefully. He therefore counted on me to do him credit before the visiting examiners. His brows gathered with vexation, but he



Front view West Building old Episcopalian Seminary, Chelsea Square, New York.

contented himself with setting me right once more. I was sorry to have grieved him, but I really believed that in such extreme cases as I had proposed one could dispense with an eye or a

leg, and even lend a hand to getting rid of them. I do not give this incident in order to fix any interpretation upon the passage in question, but only to illustrate the professor's gentleness to his pupils, especially to those who took any special interest in his class.

At times the doctor could be petulant enough. During the Christmas vacation at the close of the year 1843 several students remained at the seminary, including myself and Whicher, also a candidate from our western diocese. Some of us undertook to decorate the chapel for Christmas. We introduced evergreens after the usual manner, and as profusely as circumstances would allow, especially around the little chancel. Unfortunately, however, none of us being low-churchmen or evangelical, and none having any great fear of Rome before our eyes, we introduced a large evergreen cross at the centre of the chancel railing and directly in front of the desk. Professor Turner, who was also dean of the faculty, having charge of the buildings and all the rooms, was either offended at this, or feared that others would take offence. He sent for Whicher, berated him soundly, and ordered that the cross should be taken down. Whicher was disposed to resist this order as being unfriendly to the very symbol of our salvation, and fanatically evangelical. He consulted with his copartners in misdemeanor, who encouraged him to carry the case to Bishop Onderdonk, president of the seminary. This he did. Dr. Onderdonk expressed great surprise at the dean's order, which he considered very foolish and unnecessary. He advised, however, that we should submit promptly and quietly to the dean, who was acting strictly in the line of his office and ought to be obeyed. This ended the matter, but left us feeling very foolish. Episcopalians are not so skittish now. Ritualism has taught them to face everything Catholic except good doctrine. They are prepared to put on all the robes of popery with the understanding that nothing serious is meant by it.

It was not very often that anything took place in the classrooms to invite controversial discussions. Dr. Wilson, who presided over the department of dogmatic theology, was a truly learned man, and what would be called a very sound man by all except ranting evangelicals of the Bishop McIlvaine stamp. To Dr. Wilson, and to the excellent text-book upon which he grounded himself, I owe a great deal of instruction in fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which I shall always hold as very precious. Of course I came to the seminary receiving with implicit faith the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. More-

over, I thought that I understood it pretty well. In this, however, I was mistaken. I found that my knowledge of this doctrine was very superficial. This, I believe, is true of almost all Protestant laymen, and indeed of many of the clergy.

My course in Dr. Wilson's class was never completed, but yet I learned there a great deal concerning the two-fold nature of Christ, which helped me forward in that way toward the true and only church which I was following, unconsciously indeed and slowly, but none the less surely. The Sacrifice of the Eucharist was not taught in that class as Catholics understand it—a memorial Sacrifice actually and visibly taking place before their senses; but the perpetual presence of Christ at the throne of his Father as a victim, and so continuing and perpetuating his sacrifice on Mount Calvary, was so vividly presented to my mind that the Catholic Mass, with all its reality and sacredness, became something easy to receive. Then come in the solemn words of our Lord on the first Holy Thursday, "Do this in commemoration of me." Thus the sacrifice of Christ ceases to be regarded merely as a thing of finished and accomplished history. It is something still going on. Although Christ dies no more, although the actual death scene can only be repeated as a sacred drama, yet that sacred drama is repeated as a divine institution, with a victim present and an offering; it is a visible sacrament with a grace attached to it. It becomes easy now to take in the thought that the great Sacrament is not only perpetuated at a celestial altar in the immediate presence of God, but here also amongst us for whose benefit the sacrifice is made. It becomes a part of our worship, indeed the greatest and most solemn act of worship which we can offer. The thoughtful mind makes progress in this way from a mere matter of communions consisting at best only of thoughtful meditations, to a realization of the Catholic Sacrifice of the Mass. The Hebrews had their altar, but the victims offered at that altar were only types of the true victim who was not present; but Christ our pasch is sacrificed for us, and therefore we keep the feast. We also, as the apostle says, "have an altar, whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle."

Professor Wilson's class and *Pearson on the Creed* came to me late in my seminary course, but when they did come they did much for me. They did much to help me forward in my struggle for a sure and full faith, far more than noisier and more exciting disputations out of class. They did more for me also than the less solid but more controversial manner in which our course of ecclesiastical history was conducted.

Professor Ogilby was a partisan scholar, a controversialist of the *via media* school. To his mind truth was something which always poised itself skilfully on a medium line, and at a safe distance from Rome on the one side and ultra-Protestantism on the other. Adapting all his learning to this *via media*, as a good strategic point to fight from, he dealt out vigorous blows to the right and to the left. It was difficult to say which foes he disliked the most, Catholics or dissenters. If he did not teach much accurate truth, at least he stirred up many questions of historical importance, which his students could study up and discuss outside of the class-room.

A little while before I entered the seminary he had been party to a discussion with Dr. McVickar, of Columbia College, on the validity of lay baptism. Dr. McVickar maintained the validity of baptism by laymen, which Professor Ogilby denied. It was one of the first questions which I encountered upon my entry into the seminary, and it was some considerable time before I arrived at any settled conviction upon the point. It was with me a very practical point, for I had been baptized in infancy by a Presbyterian minister; and according to the belief of Dr. Ogilby and a large part of the Anglican clergy, these and other dissenting ministers are laymen, having no valid orders. I made up my mind very early to put the validity of my baptism beyond all doubt, by getting myself baptized again. I selected as the minister of this new baptism the Rev. Caleb Clapp, an alumnus of 1839, and an old friend of mine in Saratoga, where he married his wife, but at the time officiating in New York as rector of Nativity Church, near the East River. I was the superintendent of his Sunday-school, and he entered readily into my views. I reasoned that on the supposition of my first baptism being deficient, no Catholic would ever dispute the validity of this new one on the ground of a want of intention on the part of the minister, since Mr. Clapp was a firm believer in the necessity of baptism, and would not administer it thoughtlessly. Episcopalians could find no fault with a baptism administered by Mr. Clapp, since they could not class him as a layman. Baptists could not object to it on the ground of my being an infant and so incapable of receiving it. And lastly neither Baptists nor schismatic Greeks could object to it, since the method of trine immersion was carefully used. I find the certificate of this baptism securely laid away in a package of diplomas, certificates, and other like papers. It is carefully written out on vellum in my own hand, with the exception of the date and signature. Some of the most significant words

are heavily done in imitation of Old English lettering, ornamentally shaded with red. It runs as follows:

"I hereby certify that CLARENCE WALWORTH was by me baptized into the Church of Christ 'in the Name of the FATHER and of the SON and of the HOLY GHOST,' according to the mode of 'trine immersion,' on Thursday, the 22d day of June, in the year of our Redemption One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-three.

CALEB CLAPP,

Rector of the Church of the Nativity in the city and diocese of New York."

I introduce this event of a second baptism with all its particularity because it shows how a neophyte naturally felt bound to entrench himself in a seminary where so many conflicting opinions made the air hot and lively. Some two years later when received into the true fold by Father Gabriel Rumpler, C.SS.R., rector of the Church of the Holy Redeemer in Third Street, New York, I showed him this certificate. He laughed heartily, and said that this made my baptism about as sure as sure could be, and that I need never trouble myself about it again. Indeed, I never knew its validity to be disputed except by an old priest who wished to have a little fun. He ventured to throw some doubt upon my being a true sheep of the fold yet, for want of salt. I answered that my baptism had taken place in New York Bay, which is sea-water and well salted. He insisted that this salt had not been blessed, and besides that the rite used was insufficient for want of the exorcisms.

"Come to me," said he, "and I will give you the real thing with all the good old ceremonies that your minister omitted. I will give you the true *sal sapientiæ* and drive the devil out for good."

Caleb Clapp, the dear old friend who baptized me in the waters of the ocean with such scrupulous care, died in 1878. He clung to his old parish of the Nativity. I never had the pleasure to welcome him into the visible body of the true church. That he always belonged to the soul of that church I never doubted, nor that he now rests in the true fold.

My rebaptism by an Episcopalian minister is by no means a thing so very rare. Episcopalian clergymen generally hold that baptism is a necessary sacrament, or at least a ceremony of very high importance. Another prevailing opinion among them is that all dissenting ministers who have not received

ordination from some bishop whose orders have come down to him regularly, according to the law of uninterrupted apostolical succession, are really unordained and must be ranked as laymen. Baptism by such ministers is consequently only lay baptism. If, therefore, so they argue, baptism by lay persons is no baptism, the baptism of dissenters at the hands of dissenting clergy is not valid, and needs to be repeated when such persons become Episcopalians. When this repetition takes place publicly, and especially if the subject of this important rite is a person of note, it finds mention in the press and sometimes opens a public discussion.

This took place during my second year at the seminary, in the case of the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, now well known as Superior-General of the Paulists. His father was the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit, of Bridgeport, Conn. He himself was licensed to preach as a Congregationalist in 1842, but in the following year he was ordained deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Care, however, was taken to rebaptize him at Trinity Church, New Haven, neither he nor the Rev. Dr. Crosswell believing in lay baptism. This excited much surprise, the baptism being performed publicly in the church. The fact was sharply criticised at the time, especially by Dr. Seabury in the New York *Churchman*. On the contrary, it was defended in the columns of the *Christian Witness*. This repetition of so solemn a rite was occasioned by the fact that in this case neither baptizer nor recipient then believed in the validity of baptism when administered by dissenting clergymen.

All this seems very strange considering that Roman Catholics admit the validity of baptism even by heathens, when the intention is to confer Christian baptism, and the necessary conditions in matter and form are duly observed in the ceremony. Dr. Seabury notices this and quotes the Council of Trent for his authority. There is something very queer in it all, but nothing so very surprising. Episcopalians in this country, and Anglicans in England, are essentially Protestant, and their antics are remarkable when they try to be Catholic.

Enough for the present of professors, and classes, and the framing or setting of seminary life. In our next chapter Tractarianism in America will take on a wider life, with Arthur Carey for its central figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BELLS OF STONYHURST.

By P. J. Coleman.

Slow sets the sun,
The day is done;
Hark! down the golden gloaming stealing,
O'er hill and dell,
O'er field and fell,
The bells of Stonyhurst are pealing.
Old college bells!
Your carol swells
Like angel chords, or voices fairy;
Within my soul
I hear you toll
In fancy still your Ave Mary.

Now fold on fold
The sunset gold
Winds every westward vale in splendor;
And faint and far
To evening's star
The turrets toll their ditty tender.
Wild college chimes!
The vanished times
Live in your magic music airy;
Within my heart
Old memories start,
And wake anew your Ave Mary.

Old bells, old bells!
Your music tells
Of joyous hours and friendships cherished,
Of smiles and tears,
And golden years,
And dreams and hopes that long have perished.
Ah! sweet and sad,
When evening glad
Gives rest to hearts with toiling weary,
By memory tolled,
Sweet bells of old!
To hear again your Ave Mary.

GERARD'S REPARATION.

(*FOUNDED ON FACT.*)

BY MRS. A. E. BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER I.

ON a very lovely evening in early spring—delightful to any one in the mood for a contemplative ramble—I wandered out and away to the old rustic bridge that had ornamented the northern portion of our park for many a long year, the little stream beneath it ever flowing on with scarcely a ripple to check its progress. I was watching a straw as it floated down, and simultaneous thoughts of our lives and their likely changes were crowding in upon my moodiness, when the voice of my cousin, Robin Hamilton, aroused me from my reverie.

"Isabel, in dreamland? Why are you searching so intently in the depths of that very deep stream?"

"Why, Robin! When did you come home?"

"This morning, and the last term over, too." And up went his cap very triumphantly into the air at the pleasing declaration.

"Is Gerard home? Have you both passed your last examination?"

"We believe so; Ge has for certain."

"Well, now what is going to be the result of all that long steeping in classics and careful drilling?"

"Really I don't know, Isabel. They say that Ge is the man for the law, but I don't somehow think he's of the right material to give such a worthy cause a moment's consideration; and—" a small lizard crawling up the bank in close proximity to his foot carried his stick and his attention into another direction.

"In any case," I rejoined, "we must hope that the heir of Dumbarton will be a useful member of society. I suppose now we must turn our steps homeward, for it was nearly sundown when I left the house, and old Regan may be coming to tell me the time."

So we retraced our steps to the home of my childhood, which adjoined the lands of Dumbarton. As is often the case when

relatives grow up from youth to maturity, so frequently exchanging intercourse, the elder ones often read future probabilities in the lives of the younger: so I, several years my cousin's senior, seemed to see into the vocations of those two brothers just fresh from the termination of their college career, and each ready to play a man's part—whether for good or evil, only time would prove.

The elder, Gerard, was his father's idol; a fine, handsome fellow with disposition and manners that made him a general favorite. He seemed to have all he desired. "His father would pay his debts," was the response whenever his younger brother tried to keep down his expenses. Destined, as the sons of a prominent man, to hold some post of honor—to fill, each one, a place in a world where words and deeds must expect to bear criticism that a more obscure life would escape—this was the beginning of a new chapter that needed much pruning.

Here I would fain lay down my pen and leave my two cousins to good wishes and hopes, but this would not tell the story of their future lives.

While we glean our notes from the history of two individuals, we realize more and more the momentous importance of that of every being in existence, for it stands out in the full light of the Omnipotent, from childhood to manhood, as one that must certainly more or less influence other lives, either for good or evil.

CHAPTER II.

Summer had come, and many were the happy little excursions that we all took together—we of those neighboring houses—some relatives, some friends; and on such halcyon days when everything was *couleur de rose*, we did not stay to anticipate the dark shadows of evening that *must* fall, as the sunlight goes down on its westward way.

I stayed at intervals with my cousins at Dumbarton, and it was on one of these occasions that I became sadly enlightened as to the delinquencies of one of those two who should in future years become the prop of the old house whose history was so unimpeachable.

Between the howling of the wind and the rustling of the leaves one stormy night it was difficult to distinguish a gentle tap at my door, which awakened me from a quiet sleep, and a meek voice like Edda's asking to be let into my room.

"Cousin Isabel, don't you hear? Some one is groaning in the garden!"

I was soon upon my feet, and, throwing open my window, I also heard a sound under the portico. Dressing as best I could and bidding Edda await my return, I went on tiptoe to arouse Robin without disturbing the household. He realized at once what was wrong, and we hurried to the spot where, in the dark, dank mist, lay Gerard.

The task before us was no easy one, for the demented fellow could not help himself.

"How can we possibly get him to his room, hadn't we better call Duncan?" said Robin.

"Not if we can possibly do without. Pray save him all the disgrace publicity would involve."

"O Isabel!" replied Robin, "if *only* he would try to save *himself!*" And he made a desperate effort to raise his brother. By degrees we succeeded in placing the poor foolish boy upon his feet, and it was difficult to trace in him the fine expression of the Gerard of a few hours before. His dog, "Rough," came along—to our terror lest he should bark and arouse the family.

Then we two, Robin and I, at last prevailed upon the stupefied boy to help himself; and so we succeeded in getting him to his room and I was returning to mine, greatly relieved by our success, when another door slowly opened. Turning away I hastened on, but a heavy sigh followed me—from whom it came I knew only too well—and it had its echo in my heart.

Edda was waiting where I had left her. "O Isabel! I knew it must be Gerard. How wicked he is! He promised us so faithfully that dreadful night after Christmas that he would not give us such trouble again. What ever will become of him?"

"Edda, we must take our trouble to the Sacred Heart. Go back to your bed, child; you are tired enough."

Poor Edda, so devoted to her unworthy brother! Her young heart was aching sadly. It was the heart of a sweet, innocent girl who could not understand deep sin. She was one of those buds of promise just ready to become a lovely blossom fitted rather to bloom in an elysium than in a world which is too often only a labyrinth of thorns and snares.

The sun had risen high above the hills before I realized the hour in the morning, so that I had to make a very expeditious toilet in order to be at the breakfast-table as usual, for my ab-

sence would have been far more tell-tale than a weary-looking appearance.

There were fresh lines of sorrow upon the brow that we had always known to be so unfurrowed. The head of the house took his breakfast in silence, for one who should have been there was absent. During the morning I saw Gerard sauntering along in the direction of the stable, and when it was time for our usual luncheon he assumed an air of *nonchalance* that miserably fitted him. There was a bruise to mark the face that could have been so handsome; and this his younger sister, Winifred, was about to notice when Edda gave her a timely check.

The household mail was, as usual, on the hall table, and my Uncle Hamilton took his letters as he went to his room. Suddenly, however, he stopped—evidently not pleased with all his correspondence.

"Gerard, come here! What do these mean? These accounts are yours, and a host of them too, and if your bad habits are not to cease they must be paid by you. O Gerard! if only you would be as you were, and not as you are—the vile character that darkened the door of our home last night. *Who*, I say, is bringing misery into a home that has always been peaceful and happy—that has never known a stain upon its name?" An inexpressible look of pain passed over his dear old noble face as he turned away with "O Gerard, Gerard!" and closed the door of the library behind him; there, doubtless, to relieve his over-burdened heart.

Gerard turned away; he took his hat and went out, and all we knew of him after was that he spent the hours that supervened in his own room. Robin sought him before evening, begged his father to forgive him, obtained a reconciliation, and at the later dinner hour we were all again endeavoring to be as happy as before.

CHAPTER III.

Robin, in an official capacity in town, was the pattern of a wise, industrious man with a good name, a healthy body, and a peaceful mind. What a contrast! One brother, endowed with brilliant talents, was casting all to nothingness; the other, considerably less endowed, was building upon what he had, ever improving nature's fewer gifts, until they increased to many.

As time went on at Dumbarton there were occasional grievous outbreaks to mar our peace, and as Gerard attained the

prefixed age of his majority, there was no alternative but to take steps to send him to some country where he would find it less easy to give way to his unhappy propensity—an enemy which he was not man enough—*brave* enough—to conquer.

It was, therefore, decided that he should sail for Tasmania at an early date, and his stay there would be for an indefinite time.

Then came the day of departure—and a very sad one it was to us all. Gerard was faithful to his promise to write from every port, and upon his arrival in Tasmania he sent us a very glowing account of his first impression of the country.

Weeks, months, and years rolled by, and then there came a time of anxiety. Ten months passed and we had no news of the absent one, until there came a letter bearing the Tasmanian post-mark, but not in Gerard's handwriting. It was addressed to my uncle, and we all went in search of him—so impatient were we to hear the news. Edda found him in the vinery and we soon knew all. The letter was from a nurse in the hospital of Le Bon Secours, and it told us that Gerard, after suffering from a painful disease of one eye, had now entirely lost the sight of both. As this climax had occurred within the last week, he was unable to make any attempt at writing, but desired the most loving and consolatory messages sent to all; "and," added the nurse, "will you allow me, dear sir, to send one line that will be most consoling to you, viz., that I believe this affliction to be a very merciful intervention of Divine Providence to save your son—both his soul and body. I do not say this without knowing that if he had continued as he was, *i.e.*, leading the same life as when he came to us some months ago, his death must soon have resulted, and that probably when he was not master of his senses. Had not the Unseen Hand been placed upon him so kindly, *and the discovery that he was losing his sight forced itself to be felt*, I often fear to think how different it might have been with your son. He is daily becoming more resigned to his affliction and alive to all the serious consequences of his illness. Your son will remain in this hospital, and we shall await your instructions as he desires."

"Our good God, Edda!" was all I could say to comfort the poor girl whose heart was stricken with grief. My uncle's sorrow suppressed words. He went out to give directions for his horse to be brought that he might go to town immediately. Turning to me he said, "I shall telegraph that one of us will sail by the next vessel. I will see Stanley and your father, and

we will consider what further to do without delay," and he rode away.

The hours passed slowly enough that afternoon. We wondered who would go, and awaited the return of the trio and Robin from town.

"But O Isabel! if he shouldn't live *now!*" sighed poor Edda.

Before sunset that day busy preparations were being made for Robin's departure by the *Hesperus*—a ship that would sail in two days for Tasmania—a telegram having been sent to that effect. How sudden the change, and how we should all miss Robin, could not be thought of then. It was uncertain if Gerard could return home with him; but Robin was going with the intention of bringing back his brother.

The *Hesperus* sailed, and with her he whose hopes and fears were great as those of the loved ones he was leaving behind.

We did our best to cheer the weary days of my poor uncle. Then there soon came a cheery letter, and the ship was making a fair voyage.

Then came a second letter from Tasmania telling us that Gerard had been very ill, but that now he was on a fair way to recovery, and, the telegram having been received, his doctor and nurses hoped he would be convalescent at least when his brother arrived.

Thus we gathered that Robin might not be detained long in that country, and from subsequent remarks it was obvious that the doctors considered Gerard's case very hopeful.

Every day of suspense is a double day. Summer was just beginning to dawn, May blossoms were turning to fruit, and the May birds' notes were sweeter than ever, when a long-looked-for letter was brought to Dumbarton. Robin had arrived. He found Gerard so far recovered as to take daily walks, and, better than all, the doctors were sanguine as to the good result of the voyage upon his health. He would be ready, they thought, in about two weeks for moderate travelling, going by easy stages wherever it was possible.

CHAPTER IV.

The face of nature was changing, and cold winter—as dull as it can be—was giving way to a sunshine that remained with us longer and longer each day as the season advanced. We were gathering some of our early lovely flowers—my brother Stanley

and I—when our attention was aroused by a person who in the distance looked like a messenger from Dumbarton, and so he proved to be, for he brought us the news we were eagerly anticipating—a telegram bearing the name of the ship in which Robin had sailed, and the date on which they had left Tasmania.

"By *Queen*, April 30," was the substance of the message that enabled us to trace the ship and watch the progress of those who were dear to us. This was very soon followed by a letter that allayed all our anxieties. Taking the journey by easy stages we might expect it to be accomplished just at the best season for the invalid, viz., in the brightest, warmest summer-time. Meanwhile we waited and hoped, until one day there came a letter asking that a carriage might be sent to Portland to await the arrival of the travellers, and in about a week from that time we had the happiness of welcoming back our long-lost Gerard—though now such a wreck—to his native land and home.

The meeting was to him a terrible trial for his little strength. He seemed so fully to realize that the whole household united in the welcome that rang through the old halls, and he appeared also to know that there was not a dry eye amongst them.

If we could but have seen the glow of health upon that bonnie face!

Now that we were all together once more things soon began to look brighter; and by rest and care we hoped in any case to build up the poor shattered frame of Gerard. Edda became his constant attendant, and when a few weeks had passed, and every care had been lavished upon him, we were encouraged by his recovery from the fatigues of the voyage and the utter prostration that for a time threatened to overcome him. The invalid chair being wheeled out to the shade of the old oak on the lawn, Edda would sit there for hours reading aloud the cheeriest books she could find; and we often all gathered round to form a merrier party. On the whole Gerard bore his affliction manfully, and oh! so meekly. He told Edda it was "unquestionably preferable to be a blind man than a species of brute with eyes to see."

Yes, Gerard, you are happy! for you can realize with a great saint, "Aut pœnitendum, aut urendum." In honor and honesty may you live down the past!

CHAPTER V.

The inscrutable arrangements of that Divine Providence which overrules all that concerns us—as long as we own such loving care—were such as to alter the tenor of the lives of those who occupied that pleasant country home much sooner than could have been expected by us poor finite beings, who, like the summer butterfly, were sipping sweets from every honeyed flower.

We did not see a cloud which at that time overhung Dumbarton until it had burst upon us in all its fury.

One day after we had been enjoying a little picnic party, and were returning home before the mist of evening had thickly gathered, there came in sight a carriage whose occupants at the distance we could not recognize. A nearer view, however, showed us that my father was there, so we supposed that he might be bringing some unexpected guest, and we went into the house to be ready to receive them. We had scarcely removed our hats when the conveyance drew up to the door. In a moment we saw that something was wrong, and as at such times there comes an intuitive perception of the reality, I seemed to realize what could not be told in words. Edda ran to Gerard to keep him from any sudden shock, and I went forward into the hall just as the noble form of my Uncle Hamilton was being placed upon a couch by my father and Stanley. Their hopeless look was sufficient to confirm my worst fears. To describe the scene that followed would be impossible; from one end of the house to the other there was grief true and deep. Where was Robin? Stanley had gone in search of him to break the sad news before he returned.

Uncle Hamilton was sitting with a friend in town when he suddenly fell back in his chair senseless. No time was lost in applying every restorative possible, but all to no purpose, for in a few moments the pulse of one so dear to us had ceased to beat.

Yes, we were really now in the presence of death; or perhaps it was more really that which, in "the sight of the universe," is "a *seeming* to die," but he who was gone from us was "a just man" and so his soul was "in the hands of God."

Duties prior to the last sad rite—those duties that are performed almost mechanically by the inmates of a home upon which a blow has fallen so suddenly that everything is, as it were, plunged into a deep mist—these followed in succession, and needed much strength in our great weakness.

Then came the morning of the interment. This was indelibly fixed upon our memories by the loving respect that was shown by every man, woman, and child on the estate and in the vicinity, who together formed an exceedingly long line of procession, to follow to his resting place their best and truest friend. We left his revered remains in the family vault beneath the old parish church and returned, a very desolate party, to the old home.

The will which my uncle had left was a very huge document, and the formal reading of this took place a few hours later, when we were all assembled in the dining-room at Dumbarton. As soon as the attorney had completed his task, before any word could be spoken as to the carrying out of directions left by my uncle, Gerard rose and, in a voice firmer and stronger than we supposed him to possess, addressed himself to us all with unmistakable determination:

"My uncle, my friends! Do not imagine that I, Gerard Hamilton, would be likely to accept the heirship of Dumbarton. You cannot but understand that I fully realize, not only my utter incapacity, through blindness, to fulfil its duties completely, but also my entire unfitness to call myself master of the old home of my ancestors, whose doors have never been darkened by an heir who could accuse himself of having caused his predecessor sufficient sorrow to bring him to his grave. Robin, I resign all to you, every inch of it. Every letter in our father's will I refer to you. Save me the pain of argument; take it, and let me spend the remainder of my life in some corner of Dumbarton as quietly as possible."

The subject was immediately changed. Edda suggested an afternoon ride, and we all withdrew with unspeakable relief from that never-to-be-forgotten luncheon-table.

CONCLUSION.

Dumbarton in 1870 and the same in 1878. Bridget Maloney and her husband Pat, an old pensioner of my father's, were standing at the little gate by the cottage that led to our house, when Bridget exclaimed:

"Hist! dinna ye hear it, Pat? What may it be? The auld bell at Dumbarton. Sure an' yer deef."

"An' dinna ye ken, Bridget, that Misther Robin's made guvnor, and they're expectin' him home the day? Get on yer best

gown, an' we'll go to the end o' the lane an' see 'em go by; bless 'em, they all desarve our blessin's, don't they, Bridgey?"

Here the whistle of the engine as the train neared the station hastened their preparations, and, in their Sunday best, they hurried off to the high-road.

The party in question approached.

"An' who may she be? Why, Bridgey, that's the winsome-lookin' lassie that was here in the summer, and there's her brother, too! They do say Misther Robin is likin' the lassie weel."

"An', Pat, there's Misther Stanley o' the Lees, and we ain't seen him since he's bin a priest, God bless 'im!"

And to supplement their respectful bows, Pat and Bridget shouted a long "Hoorah" and "God bless ye, all o' yees!" at the top of their voices.

Yes, the "winsome-looking lassie" would probably soon become the bride of Robin (now Governor) Hamilton; and the alterations and improvements that had been made at Dumbarton were most opportune.

At the Lees, which adjoined Dumbarton, and a portion of which belonged to the latter, it may interest our reader to know that plans were being made for the restoration of that part of the old house which had, many years before, belonged to the church, and it was this that brought about the visit of our brother Stanley Ellsworth, now a priest.

The new building was to be given to the community to which our hero had become attached, and where he would now spend most of his time.

Nobly to rise above temptation, to abhor the cause of an ill-spent youth, to avoid that cause as he would avoid a serpent—flying from every occasion that might bring him into contact with it—was the future aim of Gerard, the blind heir.

AN OLD TOWN AND HER SONS.

By Marion Ames Taggart.

ALBERT DÜRER.

NUREMBERG stands in the heart of the Franconian region, a city of about seventy thousand inhabitants. The very name recalls vague visions of unforgetable yet altogether indescribable beauty.

From the first mention of this quaint town in an edict of the Emperor Henry III., dated 1050, Nuremberg—properly Nürnberg—it has had a large place in the thoughts of mankind, through eight centuries of waxing and waning glory.

Time has dealt kindly with the Bavarian town, as she is now; nowhere in the world, perhaps, can one so completely lose sight of the era in which he lives, and be transported to the life of the independent mediæval towns of the empire.

Through her picturesque streets, with their jutting, irregular buildings, one walks, meeting on every hand the same types which Dürer painted, the wide-eyed, innocent faces of the master's canvases.

The proud Nuremberg proverb, that

> "Nuremberg's hand
> Goes through every land,"

has been narrowed to a purely mercantile application, but in the fifteenth century "Nuremberg's hand" was full of the richest gifts, which she showered generously upon the lands into which it extended.

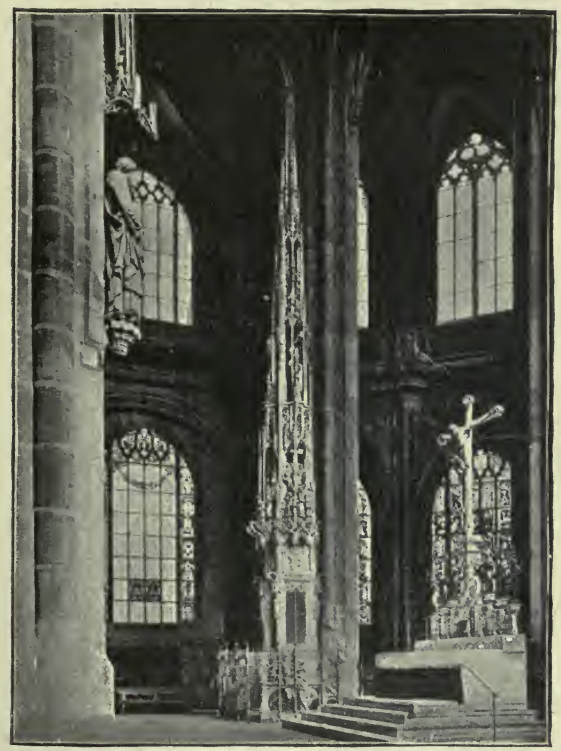
The name of the city is said to be derived from Noricum, the inhabitants of which emigrated thither in 451, and began at once foreshadowing the glory of the city which they had founded, and the direction in which it should be attained, by becoming renowned among their fierce neighbors for their skill in working the metals in which their mountains abounded.

Through the years succeeding 1050, in which Nuremberg first emerges from the mists of her early history, she bore her share in the troublous times in which history was made, organ-

ized a crusade, and was loyal to her emperors, the favorite residence of some of whom she became.

From the year 1219 Nuremberg enjoyed the right of coinage; some of her early coins are still extant.

The castle, and the splendid churches of St. Lorenz and St. Sebald, began to rise early in the middle ages, but were not completed till the fifteenth century—the century of Nuremberg's glory, when arts and letters chose her for their home.



"Like a Foamy Sheaf of Fountains."

Among all her glorious associations one figure stands out prominently at the mention of Nuremberg, even as his statue by Rauch stands out in the square that bears his name.

There were giants in those days in Nuremberg: Peter Vischer, the smith, was working on the wrought-iron shrine of St. Sebald, that we all know so well. Adam Krafft was carving the sculptures of the Agonies, still well preserved, and finishing that celestial dream in marble,

"Like a foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air,"

the Sacrament House in St. Lorenz' Church. Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, was beginning his lays, and organizing his fraternity of Meistersingers, while in science there were many enriching the world with discoveries which it still uses in forgetfulness of its indebtedness. First of them all stands Albrecht Dürer, the painter, engraver, and artisan, whose portrait is shown in the front of this issue.

For his early family history we are indebted to Dürer himself, who copied from his father's records the facts that his grandfather was called Anthony, his grandmother Elizabeth, of whose four children the eldest, Albert, born in Hungary in a village called Eytos, came to Nuremberg in 1454, and married the young daughter of his employer, Barbara Haller, then but fifteen years old.

We have the portraits of this worthy couple, painted by the son who made them famous.

Dürer continues to quote his father's records, which in the space of twenty-two years included the birth of eighteen children, of whom Albert was the third, born on "Friday of Holy Week, 1471."

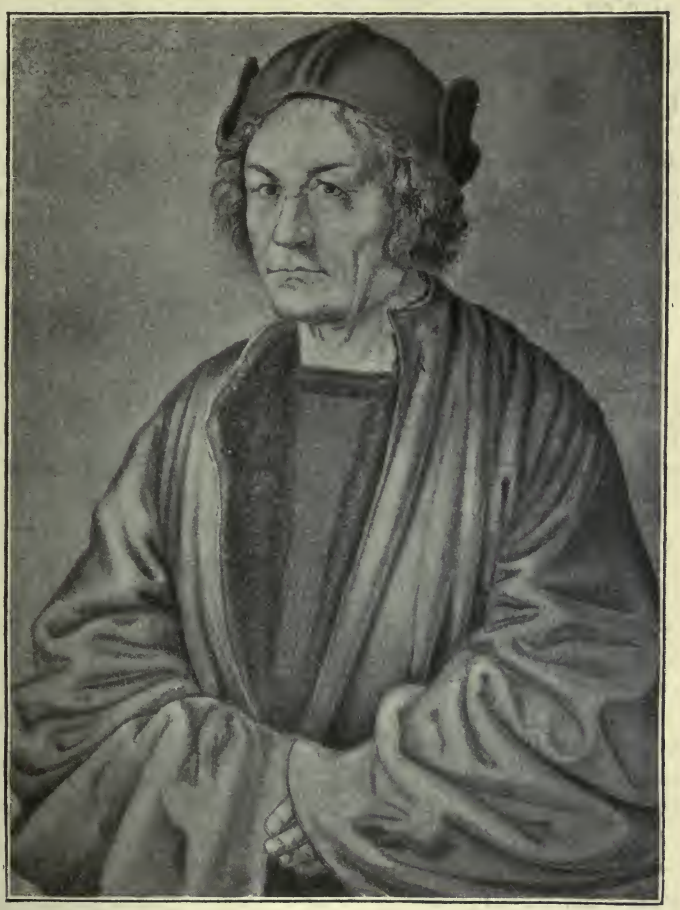
'My father's life," he says, "was passed in hard struggles, and in continuous hard work. With my dear mother bearing so many children he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. He indulged himself in few pleasures, spoke little, shunned society, was in truth a God-fearing man."

This good father, Albert goes on to tell us, took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honor of God. "He made us know what was agreeable to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbors; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life. For me, I think, he had a particular affection," which the second Albert evidently fully returned, and which the sweet and intelligent face which has come down to us fully justifies.

It is the earliest drawing of the master's extant, and was done in his thirteenth year, "in a glass," as is written beneath it in his own hand, "while I was yet a child."

Young Dürer was sent to learn the goldsmith's art, but the bent of his nature was too strong for him; he disappointed the elder Dürer by announcing his desire to become a painter.

The wise father accepted the regret which his son's vocation



"My Father's Life was passed in hard Struggles."

cost him, and apprenticed him to Wohlgemuth, then the greatest painter in Nuremberg.

The three years of apprenticeship ended, in which time, he says, "God gave him diligence to learn well," his father sent him to travel, gave him three *Wanderjahre*, considered then, as now, so necessary to complete true education.

The records of Albert Dürer close with the death of his father, the simple relation of which may not be out of place. "Soon he clearly saw death before him, and with great patience waited to go, recommending my mother to me, and a godly life to all of us. He received the sacraments and died a true Christian on the eve of St. Matthew, at midnight in 1502, as I have written more at length in another book."

That other book has been lost, only one page found, but by a happy chance it is the one recording this death. It says: "The old nurse helped him to rise, and put the close cap on his head again, which had become wet by the heavy sweat. He wanted something to drink, and she gave him Rhine wine, of which he tasted some, and then wished to lie down again. He thanked her for her aid, but no sooner lay back upon his pillow than his last agony began.

"Then the old woman trimmed the lamp, and set herself to read aloud St. Bernard's dying song, but she only reached the third verse, and behold! his soul had gone. God be good to him! Amen."

How sweet and simple is this glimpse of the hidden life of Dürer; how tender the man shows through the glamour of the fame of the artist!

It was eight years before the death of the elder Dürer that the younger had recorded his marriage to Agnes Frey, who came to him with a dowry of two hundred gulden.

Posterity has been hard on the fame of Agnes, representing her as a miserly termagant, who made Dürer's life unhappy and exercised a paralyzing influence upon his career.

The evidence against her seems to lie in a letter written by Pirkheimer, a life-long friend of Dürer, who does not himself appear to be altogether a model, and who may easily have been actuated by spite against a lady whose dislike for him may not have been without reason.

Certainly Dürer himself said nothing to betray that she was the virago his friend called her, and recent investigations seem to show that she has been slandered.

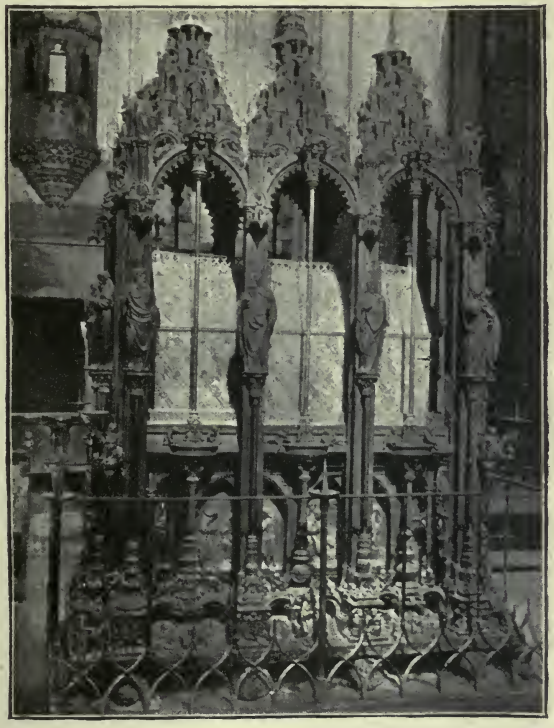
She bore no children to perpetuate the name of Dürer through the greatest line, and her faults and virtues have long ceased troubling the opposing factions of her friends and foes among her neighbors, who probably greeted her with equal respect as the wife of Albert Dürer when she walked the quaint streets.

Some time after his marriage Dürer travelled in Italy, and

his letters to Pirkheimer throw a delightful light upon his character.

He was received with honor, lionized and appreciated at Venice, which was then, like Nuremberg, in the zenith of glory. Dürer wrote playfully and affectionately with such a merry humor as betrays another side quite unsuspected by those who only know him through his pictures.

Some of these letters begin with a droll polyglot of Italian,



Shrine of St. Sebaldus.

Spanish, and Portuguese; others express awe of Pirkheimer, who has received some honor, after which, Dürer says, "so great a man will never go about the streets again talking with Dürer the hard-up painter—with a poltroon of a painter." Others contain funny little outline sketches, and in one he says: "My French mantle and Italian coat greet you, both of them."

With what pleasure we read that Giovanni Bellini, then old, but "greatest of them all," says Dürer, came to the German

artist, asking him to do something for him, and delighting to honor him.

What charming glimpses of the life of those days, and the devotion to art shown by these, her high-priests, these letters betray! Have the ages silenced the jarring of petty jealousies, or were artists greater in soul then than now?

Nuremberg has carefully preserved the House in which he Lived.

Resisting the overtures made him by Venice, Dürer returned to Nuremberg, and there worked on to the end, except for a journey to the Netherlands, in which his wife accompanied him, undertaken in the last years of his life.

Dürer, like Raphael, wrote verses, and with no better results. In them the moralist was more apparent than the poet,

but from them the laughter of friends could not dissuade him. The end of his long poem on the Passion has the beauty of its quaint sincerity:

"O Almighty Lord and God!
Who the martyr's press hath trod;
Jesus, the only God, the Son,
Who all this to thyself hath done,
Keep it before us to-day and to-morrow,
Give us continual rue and sorrow;
Wash me clean and make me well,
I pray thee, like a soul from hell.
Lord, thou hast overcome: look down;
Let us at last to share the crown."

When Dürer died on April 6, 1528, the eighth anniversary of the death of Raphael, the old city of Nuremberg lost her greatest son. She laid him at rest in the cemetery of St. John beyond-the-walls, and has carefully preserved the house in which he lived, has called the street beside it and the square near by after his name, and has raised a statue to him who is her chiefest glory.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies.

"Dead he is not, but departed; for the artist never dies."

HANS SACHS.

It was twenty-three years after the birth of Dürer that Hans Sachs was born not far from the church of St. Lorenz.

His father was a tailor named George Sachs, his mother was called Christine, and the archives of Nuremberg showed the house in which they lived to have been their own, proving them to have been comfortably provided with this world's goods. Hans tells us the little we know of his story himself, in a jolly, frank self-satisfaction. He says he was brought up in good principles, virtue, decency, and honesty. He went at the age of seven to the Latin school, and got a smattering of grammar, music, Latin, and Greek, according to the simple custom of that period. He adds that he forgot it all afterward, which consoles us who resemble him more in this respect than in many others.

However, he does not always speak so lightly of his preceptors, nor his own attainments. He loved books, and his education began when he left school, which, unhappily, is not always the case.

He read with avidity, and, although through a translation, became familiar with the classic authors. He enjoyed his *Wanderjahre*, following the fashion which his biographer truly calls: "Une bonne et heureuse coutume, on il (le jeune homme) faisait l'apprentissage de la vie, après avoir fait celui de sa profession, et qui, s'il etait nè penseur ou poète, developpaient en lui les facultès d'observation et d'imagination."

This was in his eighteenth year; he left school at fifteen

and was apprenticed to a shoemaker; his term over he went upon his travels.

Returning to Nuremberg, he married at twenty-five—the age required by a municipal ordinance. His bride was Cunegunda Kreutzer, and was in all respects an excellent wife. The young people had together a considerable fortune, and Hans Sachs says that at this period he was "prospering in all sorts of riches."

The first two houses which he occupied were sold, and the third, which now bears his name, was purchased. A plate indicating it as the house of the poet has been affixed to its wall, and the statue of Hans Sachs is near at hand in Hospital Square.

Hans Sachs was an adherent of the doctrines of Luther, and his songs were of immense value to the new movement. He wrote voluminously, satires, hymns, songs, plays, everything that could be the subject of his tireless pen. The list of his works is of such length as to dismay one who has not a very strong bent for statistics. His influence over his time, and especially his city, was unquestionable; it has been truly said that the moulders of a people's thought are more its singers than its philosophers.

Hans Sachs's jolly face at fifty-one, smiling, with a touch of scorn about the eyes for the follies of the world, is familiar.

He was above all things a Meistersinger, the greatest of them all.

The tenets of Luther found ready acceptance in Nuremberg; only two churches of the old faith are to be found in the town, one near the gates, the other the beautiful Frauenkirche—Notre Dame—built on the site of the synagogue destroyed in the persecution of the Jews which occurred in 1348.

St. Sebald's and St. Lorenz's are Protestant; the saint in Vischer's beautiful shrine hears no one invoke him in the walls of the noble church; the Sacrament House has been rifled of its Guest, and its delicate spire points upward to the heaven where alone he is to be found, banished from his delight to be among the children of men.

There is a beauty and interest in Nuremberg sought for in vain elsewhere. Other cities are as lovely, many more splendid, but Nuremberg is itself, unlike all else, where in spite of its present prosperous manufacturing of toys—in itself an industry poetic and alluring—its old-world quality remains intact, and the shadow of the middle ages envelops one who treads its streets as the shadows of its irregular, mediæval houses rest on the heads tired of modern bustle and confusion, to whom Nuremberg means rest.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the Tower, A.D. 1535.

By Mary Elizabeth Blake.

[Now, when it was plain that the King's Grace no more would be content but that Sir Thomas should pay with his head the affront done his Majesty, there came to him in the Tower his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper; who debated with him, giving many fair and good reasons why he should bind his conscience to take the oath. "For in sooth," quoth she, "there be many goodly souls have done the same." At which he, shrewdly smiling, stroked her cheek, saying: "How now, Mistress Eve! Hast thou come to tempt thy poor old father, even as Mother Eve did Adam before?"]

ND hath it come to this, my daughter dear,
My little daughter, dearer than myself,
That thou art here to tempt thy father's soul,
And play the serpent, e'en as Mother Eve
Did tempt old Adam? Verily I deemed
That if all others looked askance at me
And held me curst with pride, or little wit,
Thou, bonny Meg, wouldst read my heart aright,
And know me for the one I take myself.

For truly, though I question no man's right
Who takes this oath upon him, though I fain
Would serve the king whose hand hath honored me,
Still must I strive to please my God the more;
And bide what fardels Time may lay therefor,
Rather than He should turn His face away.
For I can pin my soul to no man's back
And bid him carry the poor load for me,
But of myself must travail.

How now, Meg!
Thy brow yet drawn with heavy knitted care,
And on thy lips, that tremble as they speak,
The question: "Wherefore should ye stick to swear
When others yield them, holy lords and wise,
Nor think to soil their conscience?" Nay, though all
Did read within, and feeling this thing right,

Lift up pure hands, and swear them to the law,
There sure be better folk in Heaven to-day
That will outnumber these a thousand fold,
To bear me witness where aloof I stand,
And hold my heart to steadfastness.

God wot
I would not be a churl save for His law.
But on this issue have I slept o' nights,
And waked at morn to grapple it again,
And question if there might be any way
Whereby my soul might glad her earthly lord,
Nor shame the Greater. I have wrestled sore
With this weak flesh, that cried aloud for grace,
And bade me think on all that it hath lost:
The sunny fields of Chelsea, and the fair
White house wherein our happy days were spent;
The song, the dance, the fireside set about
With loving face of friend, and child, and wife,
(Thy head, my daughter, ever at my knee!)
The high place at the council, and the free
Companionship with souls that lit mine own
As flint doth kindle flax! Fame, Fortune, Love—
See now how true I count the bitter cost,
Yet waver not. For truly, though I be
A man as weak as any walks this earth,
There can but come to me what God doth will,
Nor shall there lack His help to bear with it.

Strait is this little room, and dark, and cold;
But let none pity me that I am held
Shut in from summer air and light of heaven.
For in this narrow limit have I known
Such gentle peace, such golden-girdled hours,
That I be like unto some well-spoiled child,
Whom God doth set, all loving, on His lap,
And dandleth there. Although the body fret
With pinching ache, and sorely smitten sense
That hath been used to softer hap than this,
Yet hath my spirit known not of such bliss
Nor revelled in such glamour of content,
When this poor shell that holds it walked with kings
In the brave pomp that waits on mortal power.

How then, my Meg! shall I not see again
The wimpling laughter light thy loving eyes,
The sweet shy dimple dance upon thy cheek?
Since all that stands 'twixt me and perfect good
Is thy grave forehead. Why, but look you now!
If One should come, and for some passing pain—
A little day of absence, or a plague
Of swift vexation that might come or go—
Would offer me most lordly recompense
Of wealth and honor; yea, should even say
"If this thou dost, behold! thy place shall be
Beside me, on the throne, for evermore!"
Would you be vext, and whimper like a babe,
Or stand against my way with tear and cry?
Nay; but the rather perk thyself in pride,
Put all thy jewels on, and silken state,
Hold high thy head, and look the world i' the face,
That thou hadst been the child of such a man.
Yet thus, my Meg, my daughter true and fair,
Thus shall the Lord of lords say unto me
If I but hold my courage!

Cheer me, then,
With thy content, that marvelling thereat
Mine own shall be the greater. And make sure
That in that other court to which I pass—
By God's good mercy—I shall not forego
To plead thy cause, and all beloved of thee.

Here to mine arms once more! Now thus! and thus!
And so, sweetheart, farewell a little space!

SOME REMARKABLE KENTUCKY CONVERTS.

By Elizabeth B. Smith.

AMONG the early conversions to the Catholic Church in the United States was that of my grandmother, Elizabeth Barnett Piatt, the wife of one of the pioneers of Kentucky. She was the only child of the second marriage of both parents. William Barnett, her father, was of English descent; his ancestors came to Virginia in early colonial times; her mother, Isabella Harrison, *née* Woodard, was of English and Irish ancestry. Mrs. Piatt was born October 2, 1780, in Fluvanna County, Virginia. Her father entered a large tract of land in Kentucky near where the city of Frankfort now stands, and moved his family, about 1784, to their new home. William Barnett did not live to see his daughter grow to womanhood, but died suddenly, leaving his widow in reduced circumstances. At the age of nineteen my grandmother married Benjamin McCullough Piatt, who was scarcely a year older than herself. She had been brought up in all the luxury that could be obtained at that time; being an only child and very handsome, she was a pet in her family and much admired by her friends. She developed a strong character, added to great ambition. She was persevering, industrious, brave and imperious enough to be a commander of men. At the same time she was a true woman, tender and devoted, with an exquisite refinement of taste, extremely fond of pictures, flowers, ornamental work, and music.

After her marriage my grandmother began the battle of life; she passed through many trials, some that would have discouraged almost any other woman. She bore them all with the strength and courage that belonged to her nature. At the time of her conversion to the Catholic faith she had borne ten children, six of whom survived.

In 1824, Rev. John Austin Hill preached a mission in the first English-speaking Catholic Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. This church was a frame building, moved in from the suburbs to Sycamore Street, immediately in the rear of my grandfather's house on Main Street, only a garden separating, pro-

tected by a high board fence. While this mission was in progress, Jacob Wykoff Piatt, the eldest son of my grand-parents, happened to be taking a walk one Sunday morning, and passed the church while Father Hill was preaching; curiosity led him to enter; interested in what he heard, he remained until the sermon was finished. He then hastened home, and told his mother how much he had been surprised and edified by what he had heard. Reared amidst all the prejudices then existing against Catholics, and therefore knowing nothing of the belief, Mrs. Piatt thought it a disgrace to be seen entering a Catholic church. However, she went the next Sunday, and was as much impressed as her son had been.

Father Hill was himself a convert, having formerly been an officer in the British army. His determination to devote himself entirely to the service of God was made during a severe illness when his life was despaired of. He was married, but his wife also became a convert, and joined a religious order when her husband became a priest. Divided between her desire to learn more of this to her new religion, and a natural feeling of human respect, which caused her to shrink from the criticism of her neighbors, Mrs. Piatt opened a way through the fence and entered the church unseen.

When this building was erected, in 1819, Mrs. Piatt cautioned the workmen not to injure her garden. Having received the necessary instructions, aided by religious teaching, my grandmother became convinced that her forefathers had been in error in leaving the old faith, and determined to return to it. She told her husband of her intention; he had been brought up a strict Presbyterian, and was consequently shocked and displeased; he was so greatly excited that in his anger he told her he would shoot any priest that entered his door. Finding her resolute, he became more reconciled, and after several years became a Catholic himself. I remember the circumstance of my grandfather calling the family together for morning and evening prayers, reading them from the *Christian's Guide* with so much devotion that they remained impressed on my memory never to be forgotten. After my grandfather's removal to the country, away from the immediate influences of religion and a long distance from church, he ceased to practise the duties of his faith.

My grandmother was an enthusiast in everything, and carried her zeal into her life as a Catholic, and was in truth a fervent convert. She practised her religion earnestly and faithfully,

living up to all the rules laid down by those who believe and wish for their soul's salvation. God tried her in many ways, but she bore her cross bravely and prayed unceasingly for all those who were dear to her. One particular act of self-abnegation should be told: she had the vanity natural to a handsome woman, and to overcome this fault she resolved never to look in a glass to admire or arrange her dress, and to this determination she adhered during the remainder of her life. Judge Piatt was very fond of country life; in 1828 he purchased a farm in Logan County, Ohio, one hundred miles north of Cincinnati. The place was in a primitive condition, the settlers few, and their dwellings far apart. Judge Piatt called his place Mac-a-cheek, the Indian name of a small stream that ran through the farm, and emptied into the Mad River, a branch of the Miami. He cleared away the forest and built a double log cabin on a plateau overlooking the prairie. Here my grandmother did all that was possible to make her new home comfortable and agreeable, and to beautify the grounds. She then desired to build a church, and selected a spot on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley, and within easy walking distance. This hill was densely wooded, and Mrs. Piatt employed men to clear away the trees; and while this was being done she, accompanied by the children and servants, would spend an hour or two on pleasant days gathering the branches and removing the debris. A small chapel was erected of hewed logs, the grounds arranged in walks and groves, free from undergrowth. Leading from the chapel door was a path where the young trees had been left on either side, and were arched and lapped overhead, making a picturesque arcade. This was called the "priest's walk."

When the missionary priest visited that part of his charge, the few Catholics in the neighborhood were collected and Mass was said in the chapel. Sometimes the bishop would call on his way to the different stations of his diocese. On those occasions there were special preparations made—the church was ornamented with pictures, the altar dressed with flowers, and all were excited and busy, and delighted with the unusual event.

One bright Sunday in summer the bishop arrived. It was in the early days of Archbishop Purcell's administration. The few Catholics of the parish had been notified, and assembled and had taken their places near the altar. The remaining seats were filled by Protestants, led from curiosity to witness the services of a religion of which they had heard only in terms of

condemnation and reproach. Abusive stories had been circulated among them, which had descended with increasing exaggeration from preceding generations. Catholics were supposed to be strange beings, unlike other people, and some of the more ignorant believed they had horns like animals. The bishop commenced the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and proceeded quietly until the elevation of the Sacred Host, when he turned and requested them to kneel when the bell was rung, and, if not willing to do so, to leave the church. The seats were soon emptied. In a few moments no one remained but the family of Judge Piatt and their friends.

A short time after the door of the chapel was broken open and the pictures torn and destroyed. In consequence of this all the remaining ornaments had to be removed to the house. Many missionary priests said Mass in the little chapel; one I especially remember, a Belgian, Rev. Father Thienpont. He was a most zealous man, untiring in his devotion to duty. He kept two saddle-horses; one he often left on the farm while he rode the other. During his visits he would tell of his adventures, many of them pathetic and amusing. Looking back upon the example of this earnest, good man, one can appreciate the words of St. Francis Xavier when writing to St. Ignatius for missionaries—"Send me Belgians."

My grand-parents lived to an advanced age. My grandfather died in his eighty-third year. A priest was sent for to attend him on his death-bed, but, alas! when he arrived the patient was speechless; he was anointed, and received Christian burial. May God have mercy on his soul! Grandmother lived three years longer. Ten years before her death she received second sight, and I have often seen her reading her prayer-book without glasses. One of her last expressed desires was to have a new church built on the site of the old one, which had fallen into decay. For many years interest in keeping up the use of the little chapel had flagged, many of the children and grandchildren had married and moved away. The war came, sons and grandsons were engaged. After the war closed, the sons were occupied in building new dwellings for themselves, and the erection of the church was deferred until a more convenient time.

Colonel Donn Piatt became a practical Catholic in the latter part of his life. Mrs. Piatt was a convert, and they decided to build the church. A great-grandson of the foundress of the first church, who had studied architecture, made a design for

the building, and was prepared to superintend the business, but the arrangements could not be completed. The son, Colonel Donn Piatt, and the great-grandson, Adrian Worthington Smith, have both passed to a better world, and the memorial church of St. Elizabeth is still a work of the future.

Within the past few months General Abram Sanders Piatt, the youngest son of Judge and Mrs. Piatt, has restored the log chapel, and will preserve it a few years longer. The holy Sacrifice of the Mass may again be offered within the walls built more than sixty years ago. A new generation may gather round the altar and pray for the soul of her who, through the grace of God, left them the gift above all gifts—the true faith.

My heart to-day is filled with hopes divine,
With faith and holy zeal my spirit burns;
To rend the future's misty veil it yearns,
And view on yonder hill a stately shrine.
As life endowed, the temple chaste and white
Springs from the simpler chapel's ruined mould,
With chrysalis expanding wings of light
In lofty spire, and cross of shining gold;
It shines afar, with gleaming roof and dome,
The crowning glory of a life of grace;
A monument befitting the last home
Of one who only lived to bless her race.
Through the rent veil I see the old, the young, the fair,
Enter its portals amid incense, praise, and prayer.

THE REIGN OF NON-SECTARIANISM.

By Rev. Thomas McMillan.

CHRISTIAN BELIEF THE GROUNDWORK OF THE CONSTITUTION.

HON. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY has often declared himself in favor of the positive teaching of religion to children, and so long as the society of which he is the distinguished president follows his guidance it will continue to deserve the aid of the charitable and humane without distinction of creed. For almost twenty years it has rebuked in open court parental cruelty, has provided legal defence for helpless childhood to secure the punishment of vice and to enforce the maintenance of virtue. In this organization for the prevention of cruelty to children the brutal parent has been confronted with a power which no personal, pecuniary, or political influence could control.

Before the mayor of New York City objection was made recently by Mr. Gerry to a theatrical performance, on the ground that its effect upon one of the characters, a girl under sixteen years of age, would be to undermine and ultimately destroy her reverence for religion. He contended that as an American citizen, born and raised in this country, he had a right to raise his voice against sacrilege and blasphemy. The impious usages of continental Europe could not be allowed to prevail in the United States, because the Christian religion is here a part of the fundamental law. To ridicule or mock that religion is forbidden by the criminal code.

ARROGANCE OF NON-SECTARIANISM.

This argument may be urged against the new species of non-sectarian defenders of American institutions, whose ideal of a citizen seems to be one having no definite religious belief. Rather than allow the clear teaching of Christian truth, they avow principles that undermine religion and produce indifferentism. By a most peculiar process of evolution they profess to be able to make at all times and under all circumstances a composite non-sectarianism out of Methodists, Baptists, Pres-

byterians, and others, not excluding a few agnostics, while Catholics are to be condemned always as depraved members of the body politic, obstinately attached to the doctrines accepted by the largest body of Christians in the world. This latest manifestation of compulsory non-sectarianism is most dogmatic and intolerant. It claims the right to impeach the loyalty of any one who has the courage of his convictions in religious matters, as well as to dictate absolutely what shall be taught to our future American citizens. The founders of our republic were not required to meekly accept the pernicious theory of non-sectarianism now so loudly proclaimed. They were educated amid Christian influences, by teachers authorized to assist parents in making known the truths of religion and morality, while giving due attention to the secular branches of knowledge.

GOOD GOVERNMENT REQUIRES RELIGION.

An ordinance for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio River passed July 13, 1787, by the United States in Congress assembled, contains this significant declaration:

"Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall for ever be encouraged." History does not inform us that any subsequent act of Congress attempted to deny the grand truth expressed in the ordinance of 1787. As a nation, America has never denied that religion, morality, and knowledge are necessary to good government and the happiness of the human race. Notwithstanding the new departure proposed by Vice-President Wilson, the federal government has maintained a dignified and becoming attitude in relation to what is called "our American system" of education, giving large grants of public lands to encourage the growth of free schools. "Here in America," wrote Father Hecker, "when Church and State come together, the State says, I am not competent in ecclesiastical affairs; I leave religion its full liberty. This is what is meant here by separation of Church and State, and that is precisely what Europeans cannot or will not understand. They want to make out that the American state claims to be indifferent to religion. They accuse us of having a theory of government which ignores the moral precepts of the natural law and of the Gospel. Such is not the case, and never has been from the beginning. That is a false interpretation of the American State" (*The Church and the Age*, page 113).

WASHINGTON CONFESSES A GOD.

No voice was raised against Washington when, on assuming the presidential office at New York, he said:

"Our first duty on this momentous day is to return thanks to the Supreme Being under whose fostering care we have passed safely through our trials, overcome all the obstacles in our path, and reached the goal of national independence. Our next is to implore the continuance of his protection, and the aid of his spirit of wisdom in the deliberations of Congress, that all our acts may tend to the welfare of our country."

After serving his country eight years longer, Washington in his farewell address acknowledged the duty of teaching something more than secular knowledge in these words:

"Without morality in the people, good laws and order and the preservation of liberty are simply impossible. Now, whatever may be said of the effect of education and refinement on certain peculiarly moulded individuals, it cannot be expected that people in general will preserve the principles and practice of morality without the teaching and observance of religion."

Following the example of Washington, Congress and other deliberative bodies in the United States begin their sessions with prayer. Thanksgiving day is a public recognition of God. The observance of the Christian Sunday is established by law, sustained by a verdict of the people at large, which the directors of the World's Fair were compelled to respect.

DANGER OF IRRELIGION TO THE STATE.

Education may be turned into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked, by neglecting the training of the will and concentrating all energies on the culture of the intellect. At a banquet of the Grand Army of the Republic held in Worcester, Mass., Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., made a significant point in showing that patriotism has work to do in time of peace by developing moral strength in the individual citizen:

"As he is, so is the state. His morality is the test of the state. His loyalty to principle, his loyalty to God and man, is the state's salvation. Intelligent citizenship which values liberty in itself and safeguards it in others, which makes the individual citizen realize his responsibility, which holds him true to his conscience, which demands the same high standard of morality in public and in private life, in business and in politics, such intelligent citizenship is what is needed, and the nearer man

keeps to his God the safer is the republic. The religion which teaches loyalty to God cannot be an enemy to liberty, or a danger to citizenship. Our duty is to preserve liberty, to transmit to future ages the precious boon of civil and religious liberty. Fidelity to what our fathers taught us, fidelity to what our soldiers fought for, fidelity to the principles of Christian morality will save us. Not what the age wants, but what it needs.

"You men have fought for liberty when blood was demanded. Stand now for the preservation of that liberty in the conscience and life of every individual. Dangers threaten us, but it is not from religion, but from the absence of religion. No school that teaches God and Christ, no church that enforces loyalty to religion, can be a danger. The danger is in the demagogue, the bigot, the un-American, who has lost confidence in his fellow-men. The danger is in the lust for power and wealth, in the crowding out of the poor, in the monopoly that grinds the life out of the working-people.

"Let us look at all sides of the country and stand for what is right and just, always remembering that to each of us has been entrusted the care of the sacred shrine of liberty, and that we must do our duty according to our conscience, and for the best interest of God and man. Americans, all of us, and all for America. The flag of freedom our inspiration to the best development of our manhood."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S SENTIMENTS.

Dr. Lyman Abbott fully admitted the necessity of moral and religious training under our American system when he wrote this passage for the *Christian Union*, November 22, 1888: "Development of intelligence without a concurrent development of the moral nature does not suffice. As has often been pointed out, intelligent wickedness is more dangerous than wickedness that is unintelligent; the devil knows enough, sending him to public school will not make a better devil of him; knowing how to make dynamite, without also knowing what are the rights of property and the rights of life, will not make the pupil a safer member of society; skill in speech unaccompanied with conscience, gives to us only that product of modern civilization—an educated demagogue." It may be safely affirmed that this statement by Dr. Abbott is fully endorsed by all Christians. Recent events among Anarchists have brought forth many similar declarations from the ablest minds through-

out the civilized world, indicating a general conviction that religious training is of paramount necessity for the highest good of the individual and the welfare of society.

The Nineteenth Century Club arranged last February an amicable discussion of the school question. Each speaker was permitted to present his own point of view, and to utilize the lessons taught by practical experience in dealing with the young. In answer to the question "How should the moral and religious education of the child be provided for in our American system?" Dr. Lyman Abbott said in part that the question under consideration assumes, in the first place, that the child is a moral and religious creature. It is taken for granted that he is more than an animal; that he has a moral and religious nature, and that in some way that nature must be provided for. For my purpose I will assume that morality has to do with the relations of the soul and the body, and each individual with his fellow-man, and that religion governs the relation which the individual bears to God. The individual, if of sound mind and adult age, is better able to take care of himself than any one else is to take care of him. Whether that be true or false, we are not here to determine. But it is certainly the American idea.

He may be ignorant—he probably is—but he will suffer less danger from his ignorance than from the selfishness of some one else. This American system does not imply that each individual in the community is already able to take care of himself, but that he has a dormant capacity within him to do so. Individualism is the first element in the American system. Still it is not the only element. Individualism carried out to extremes is anarchism, and the American system means self-government under the law. It further involves the proposition that the community has a corporate character, and that the state, the city, the nation are not mere aggregations of individuals, but collective bodies, having certain corporate functions to fulfil.

The question to be considered, then, is, What provision should be made for moral and religious education, under a system which leaves every man to take care of himself? It seems very clear to me that the only system is this: that the community must provide the education of the individual in all those elements necessary to enable him to take care of himself. The nation has the right to protect the individual, and the community must have the moral judgment and the moral nature so

educated as to decide rightly. The people are the supreme court to decide all great public questions, and they must be educated in the principles of right and wrong.

Dr. Abbott further declared that the work of education cannot be left to the church altogether. The church has her own work to do, and she has all that she can do to fulfil her own special work. The first thing to be done is to create a public sentiment throughout the nation that will secure the preservation of the public-school system as a moral system—not as a workshop or a manufactory. We have first of all to teach the nation that no system of education is worth what it costs if the nature and purpose of it is not to make men and women understand the principles of right and wrong.

WHAT THE STATE OF NEW YORK HAS DONE.

The writer of this article followed Dr. Abbott with an address on the same topic, claiming that the State of New York fully represents the American system of education. By granting charters to universities, colleges, and academies, and other institutions of learning, the State gives the protection of law to the munificent endowments for higher education from individuals and religious bodies. This department is under the management of the Board of Regents. It secures official co-operation with many institutions sustained from sources of revenue not under the control of the State. Free tuition in the common schools is provided for by general taxation, leaving to the local trustees extensive power to select the best plans of securing an education for the children of the common people. I can find no evidence that the sovereign people of the Empire State at any time authorized the Board of Education in this city (New York) or elsewhere absolutely to prohibit the teaching of the Christian religion.

Abundant proof is to be found, however, showing that the plan designed for the religious and moral training of the children in this City of New York has proved most unsatisfactory. It is most difficult to understand how sincere men ever expected to secure by such a defective plan the positive teaching of the great moral truths which underlie the foundations of law and civilization as embodied in our American institutions. Our young folks have been sent forth with minds confused on most important matters. Need we wonder that many have become slaves of vice, advocates of socialism and anarchy, degenerate citizens unworthy to be called Americans.

A TEACHER'S VIEWS.

Professor J. H. Hyslop, in the *Forum* of February, 1894, has written what may be generally accepted as the verdict of competent teachers on the small value of religious exercises as now conducted in the public schools. Many expressions in his article indicate that he has had no opportunities to observe how religion is taught in our Catholic schools. He says: "Religion and ethics, as they are or would be taught in the public schools, can only appeal to scientific instincts. In fact, in no institution is there any effort to treat them in any other way." Every Catholic institution of learning makes successful efforts to teach religion and ethics in a practical way calculated to influence life, and exercise a motive influence upon the will.

Professor Hyslop intimates that some Christians—not Catholics—have slumbered in time of danger:

"In this country at one time the Westminster Catechism was a part of the teaching, though the practice obtained only in Puritan settlements or where Calvinistic doctrines prevailed, and in pioneer communities. But no one wishes this custom restored. It is only when somebody demands that the reading of the Bible be excluded that religious zeal is evoked to defend religion in the public schools. But the strangest thing of all is that Christians would have slumbered while all the sincere practices of the past were gradually eliminated, and then arisen in rebellion when some one objected to a perfunctory service which had little meaning and no influence. All the distinctive religious teaching of the past has been gradually discarded, until there is left nothing but Bible reading and short devotional exercises which, in nine cases out of ten, are a sham. . . . They are not calculated in their nature to effect any important result; they represent too small a portion of the day's work to be of any marked influence on the mind. It is this simple, plain fact that astonishes me when I see so much zeal displayed in behalf of such exercises; and the immense disproportion between what is expected . . . and the results; . . . the advocates of religious instruction in the schools prove by their argument either that they do not know anything about education, or that they are governed only by traditional prejudice of the blindest sort.

THE BIBLE A TALISMAN.

"No public school spends more than fifteen minutes a day in religious exercises, and these are unaccompanied by instruction

of any kind. Even if they were, public opinion would not tolerate anything like proselytism, and hence they must be a merely mechanical appendage of the day's work, a concession to the prejudices of patrons, and a means of avoiding friction with those who seem to think the Bible has the virtues of a talisman. The want of seriousness and sincerity in these exercises is one of the most striking features of them to all who have any powers of observation. I could state whole pages of my observations of instances where there was no more seriousness than at a comic opera, although there was perhaps not *quite* so much laughing. But grant that they are serious and sincere, they are not conducted in a way to produce moral and religious instruction, however impressive they may be. No sort of pressure is brought to bear upon the student to attain proficiency in morality and religion by any such exercises compared with the influences employed in his general education.

"A student's standing in his class among his fellows, his proficiency as a scholar and his diploma, certificate of character and scholarship, are all rewards of attention and studiousness in the various branches of the curriculum. Penalties of various kinds hang over him if he does not come up to the standard required of him by his teacher. His position in life is fixed by the degree of success in his studies.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER SCIENCE.

"But no such effort is made to inculcate moral and religious truth. Even if it were, fifteen minutes a day would not suffice —nor even an hour, considering that it is tenfold more difficult to imbue the mind of the average boy with moral and religious interest than with the spirit of the bread-and-butter sciences and foot-ball. People who imagine that morality and religion can be taught in the manner of our public schools, after surrounding all other subjects with a vast system of rewards and penalties, and these with none, certainly have very queer ideas of education. If they could offer a prize for the best conduct during chapel services, a scholarship for proficiency in religious information, a course of study in religious doctrines, made as compulsory as mathematics and to occupy as much time, and certain special honors for excellence in it, the object which excites the zeal of the religionist might have the same chance to be realized as the object of education has in the sciences and arts. But no other policy will have such an effect."

In another passage Professor Hyslop claims that every one

may have his own opinion whether it is right or not to advance the movement for the entire secularization of the public schools. A careful student of the social problem would hesitate before giving such a permission to socialists, anarchists, and others who find religion the chief obstacle to their piratical greed. However, he gives an opinion deserving of much attention in these words: "The facts show unmistakably that the defenders of religious instruction are in a dilemma. For they must either set about an entire reconstruction of the public schools and colleges on the basis of the system in vogue during the previous two centuries, which they seem no more disposed to do than any one else, or they must reconcile themselves to the inevitable elimination of the subject, or to the existing condition of things, which they themselves regard as inefficient, or as a sham and a fraud."

NO PLACE FOR THE PARENT.

The very important consideration that parents have a right to be consulted seems to have escaped the attention of Professor Hyslop. It is a common omission among modern thinkers. Yet it may be here stated most positively that the collective experience of the Paulist Fathers derived from missionary labors in the United States furnishes reliable testimony that Christian parents are at a disadvantage in training their children, when the environment of their homes presents to young minds the seductions of vice. This is especially the case in New York, a vast, crowded city with twenty families in one house in many of the tenement districts. Incentives to wrong-doing are abundant. The home influence cannot produce its most salutary effects. Careful observation renders it evident that Catholic people recognize the necessity of safeguarding the moral welfare of their children by positive religious instruction. They feel that industry, temperance, truthfulness, and other virtues should be taught in the school-room without fear or favor, and without detriment to the secular branches of knowledge. According to their conscientious convictions, good Catholics believe that in school and out of school children should be trained to regard obedience to the law of God as a supreme duty.

Needless to say that this public assertion of divine law cannot be adjusted to fit in with a theory of morals which excludes the recognition of an omnipotent Law-giver.

These convictions have cost dearly. The Catholic parish schools in this Archdiocese of New York represent an expendi-

ture of about six millions for property and buildings. The cost of maintenance last year was fully three hundred thousand dollars. In the parish which extends from 54th to 65th streets, along the river front, the Paulist Fathers have a fire-proof school building which, with the ground on which it stands, is estimated to be worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Proof can be given of concrete results from these efforts.

Catholic children instructed daily in the principles of Christian morality, and habituated to their practice in the school-room as well as at home, easily acquire the civic virtues that make for good citizenship. It has been estimated that three-fourths of all the children who go to school leave before the age of twelve, which indicates that many of them become bread-winners at a very early age. Unaided home influence does not suffice to build character in these young lives strong enough to resist the influence of vicious surroundings in factories and squalid tenements. Theorists with philanthropic impulses waste precious time in lengthy dissertations, but do not study the actual problem of applying preventive agencies for juvenile delinquencies. Modern pedagogy must use the data found by observation on the earth's surface, and take cognizance of the moral welfare of this vast body of children who leave school to become bread-winners before the age of fourteen. These young sons and daughters of toil should not be classified as truants in statistics of school attendance.

UTILIZATION OF VOLUNTARY FORCES.

It is wise statesmanship to utilize the volunteer service of men and women consecrated to the work of education for the moral and material advancement of the nation. The Gerry Society, the Foundling Asylum, the Free Kindergarten Association, the Cooper Institute in New York, and the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn illustrate what is meant by the volunteer forces in educational work.

THE SALUTARY EFFECTS OF MORAL STIMULUS.

The most important part of the problem relating to moral education is to determine clearly the connection between cause and effect. If positive religious teaching of the law of God is the most potent factor in human conduct, it is a most efficient restraining power against the dangers that threaten society. Courtesy and the usages of social etiquette are simply manifestations of the Christian law of fraternal charity. School discipline

is an aid to external propriety, and the outward indication of moral habits. But without the appeal to conscience, and the recognition by each individual of a personal responsibility to obey the mandates of an infinitely just and benevolent Father in heaven, the motives for heroic loyalty to duty are necessarily weak, resting mainly on expediency. Hence the need of providing for moral instruction the sanction of religion, with the hope of eternal reward for good actions. Human history and every-day experience give evidence that wrong-doing is often approved by men, and that public honors are unjustly distributed. Viewed by the limitations of space and time, virtue is not its own reward in many cases. Finally, as well-informed clergymen are specialists in moral science, they should be awarded the privileges extended to specialists in other less important matters.

THE CATHOLIC MIND ON THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Perhaps it may be well to make here the statement that Catholics would not, if they could, destroy the system now established for popular education in the United States. In common with other citizens we can see many things to be admired in its working, and some things to be severely criticised. The surgeon who recommends the amputation of a diseased portion of the human body, aims to save life, not to destroy it. Large numbers of our most enlightened statesmen accept universal suffrage as an essential requisite of our American system. Yet they show their loyalty to it by a most persistent agitation in favor of ballot reform. That robust American and champion of the Catholic Church, Dr. Brownson, wrote a passage some years ago which is equally true at the present. His words were:

"We wish to save the [free public-school] system by simply removing what it contains repugnant to the Catholic conscience —not to destroy it or lessen its influence. We are decidedly in favor of free public schools for all the children of the land, and we hold that all property of the state should bear the burden of educating the children of the state—the two great and essential principles of the system which endear it to the hearts of the American people. Universal suffrage is a mischievous absurdity without universal education; and universal education is not practicable unless provided for at the public expense. While, then, we insist that the action of the state shall be subordinated to the law of conscience, we yet hold that it has an important part to perform, and that it is its duty,

in view of the common weal, and of its own security as well as that of its citizens, to provide the means of a good common-school education for all children whatever their condition. It has taken the American people over two hundred years to arrive at this conclusion, and never by our advice shall they abandon it" (from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1870). It may not be amiss to add that the article from which this extract is taken was approved before publication by Cardinal McCloskey, Father Hecker, and other eminent scholars.

A COMMISSION OF EDUCATIONISTS.

The adequate answer to the question proposed for discussion by the Nineteenth Century Club cannot be given by any individual. To have weight the answer should be framed by a tribunal or commission of experts after an official study of all the interests concerned. From that commission two beings in human form should be rigorously excluded, the theorist who can never learn anything from the teaching of experience, and the alarmist, whose imagination is ever filled with forebodings of danger. Such a commission was appointed in the year 1886, to do for England what has not yet been done for the United States, namely, to gather the testimony of the most reliable educationists—not the most boisterous bigots—on the changes needed in the existing law. The report of that English commission is a treasure-house for any one desiring to study the religious question in relation to elementary education.

"FROM LANDS OF SNOW TO LANDS OF SUN."

By Helen M. Sweeney.

"Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one
Its course has run
From lands of snow to lands of sun."

READ'S exquisite lines sang themselves in my brain all that long day; and as I stood on the after-deck of the *Ailsa* as she moved out from her dock, in her slow, stately, swan-like movement, I realized I was truly off, fairly started toward the "lands of sun."

It was a superb day, crystalline clear, cool and fresh as October weather. The long, soft, purplish blue line of the Jersey coast gradually receded on the right, the horizon widened and widened until at last the open sea received the brave ship, which looked pitifully small in the vast waste of waters. The sun-track in the west was one glorious blaze, such as only Richards' brush could paint. The few sails in sight were black against that brilliant background.

At length Barnegat light, the last glimpse of the friendly shore, winked and blinked a dumb farewell, and we were left alone to night and silence and the restless sea. At 10 P.M. I went down to my stateroom feeling as though life still held some compensations, after such an excellent dinner in such pleasant company. It is strange how quickly that tiny little world became acquainted; in less than six hours we had settled down and fitted into each other's grooves and corners more readily than in a year's intercourse on land. I was rejoiced to learn that there were two medicine men on board; though not in need of their services, it was just as well to know they were there in case of an "emergency." The much-dreaded *mal de mer* still remained an unknown quantity, and I "turned in" at eleven for my first night's rest at sea.

The *Ailsa* is a steady old boat; not much plate-glass and gilding about her, but "plain homespun," and, as her captain

says, "perfectly seaworthy." I went to bed so cold my teeth chattered, piled on the bed-clothes, and lay there wooing sleep, horribly conscious of the throbbing of the engines, the turning of the screw, and the swish-sh-sh of the black waters alongside. I had heard that just lying still and not thinking was an infallible remedy for insomnia. I emptied my brain and lay motionless for what seemed to be an hour; groped for my watch: 11:15!

I turned over as rapidly and well as my limited accommodations would allow, and settled down again. This time I be-

"The Colored Race are impressionable."

gan to think; but as my rebellious thoughts would retrace the ship's course and dwell on my dear ones at home, I found salt water inside as well as outside my berth, and that would never do. I dried my eyes and looked again: 11:50!

Finally I was ashamed to look my watch in the face, and lay there counting the bells as they told off the half-hours, until some time in the wee sma' hours I dropped off into uneasy slumber and was wakened by the coffee-bell at 6:30. They had a very comfortable habit of serving coffee and biscuit (the American "cracker") in the rooms, thus staying the "inner man" until the regular eight o'clock breakfast hour.

Next day was Easter Sunday. The Day of days was ushered in by a wild, driving, steady downpour. How it rained!

With the wall of falling fluid and the surface of rising ditto, the dampened spirits of the little party could hardly rise to the level of Easter joy. A private reading of prayer-books, a little nap, and an excellent, elaborate luncheon helped to liven up matters a little, and when we went out on deck afterwards the clouds were lifting. Away on the western horizon a band of lighter gray could be seen, lifting, lightening, broadening, until finally the dense mass of cloud was broken, here and there, into silver-edged groups. Then a fresh, glad wind came sweeping along, the first harbinger from the sun-steeped land toward which we were steaming, and scattered the cohorts of the storm to left and right, and great islands of deep soft blue began to appear in the mottled sky.

But on the extreme west the greatest beauty lay. As far as eye could reach a silvery line stretched under the cerulean wall. Wider and wider spread the white splendor until the dazzled eyes could not follow the shimmering, gleaming, dancing, glittering line. But one would have to be a Ruskin, the king of word-painters, to do justice to the wondrous beauty.

About thirty hours out the air grew warmer. We had entered the Gulf Stream; the gray-green waters were changed to a deep dark blue, the wonderful reach of sky changed with every movement, and was more and more beautiful with every change. For hours I sat "aft" looking "for'ard." (For the first time in my life I have those terms straight. Before we reached Jamaica I mastered the intricacies of "starboard" and "port" and "leeward," and all the other eccentricities of English which are never by any means pronounced as they are spelled, to the confusion of the landsman or woman trying to be nautical.)

Standing in the "bowsprit" that evening, the sunlight preached to a congregation of two an effective Easter sermon. Far, far out could be seen what seemed to be surf breaking on a shore. With ready self-deception I made out the blue coast-line, the white strand, and was filling in all minor details, when the ship gave an extra high leap skyward and showed me my mistake. The sunlight, whose rays were invisible to us, hidden as they were behind a bank of intervening cloud, had touched the crest of the distant waves, and the seeming land was but the deep blue of the boundless sea beyond. Thus light, the commonly accepted emblem of truth, can deceive. It is only the Light of the World, whose glorious full shining was

manifested on the first Easter morn, who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

Upon rereading my note-book of this trip I find right here a wide space left blank but for one line, "Laid up for repairs."

We had reached Cape Hatteras. To every one who has gone down our southern coast that statement is sufficient. The unenviable reputation of the Channel is merited by this stormy bit of American coast. Even if we had hugged the shore instead of being one hundred miles out as we were, I could not have passed any comment on this exciting projection, for upon the first premonitory symptoms I had retired. Before leaving home I had received much advice as to the warding-off of this most dreadful of harmless ills. One of them I should have followed. It was "Don't." Another, equally efficacious, was "Go by rail." But my experience has been, Do not mind what any one says; for if you are going to be sea-sick, sea-sick you will be; and while in that deplorable condition you will solemnly assure yourself that you were never as sick in your life before; but once having gotten well, you will agree with me that you were never as well in your life before.

When four days out we had our first glimpse of land after leaving home. A low-lying, tiny island off to our right, known as Watling's—a commonplace name for an uninteresting little bit of sand and rock and shelving shore, until dignified by the name "San Salvador." It is now pretty well conceded that this was the identical piece of land that broke on Columbus's sea-weary eyes on the eventful October 14.

Now, such is fame, it boasts of a light-house and a small reputation as a pine-apple district.

Where are the "summer seas" promised us about this time? To be found only within the covers of the optimistic guide-book evidently, for they certainly are not here. Talk of waves mountains high! These are Himalayas. At least a dozen times we had to hold on to the rail or each other like grim death while the *Ailsa* showed how far she could tip without going over. Three times the breakers dashed over the saloon and gave us an impromptu bath; the staunch old boat shivered and groaned, but still kept bravely, steadily on, making her ten knots an hour, every knot bringing us nearer to sunny skies and smoother waters.

Toward sunset the next evening, from the bridge, we viewed the approach to Fortune Island—a misnomer judging from the desolate look of its surf-beaten, sandy shore. Here we halted

for about ten minutes and exchanged mails with a sister-ship homeward bound; and took on board eighteen blacks to help unload the cargo at Kingston.

What a life! Active, agile fellows they were, their movements full of an easy, indolent grace, working hard when they did work, and moving always to the swinging rhythm of one of their monotonous chants.

Their life on the island is as dull and featureless as it well can be, relieved only by occasional calls from passing steamers in need of help for the cargo, for which they earn from fifty to seventy-five cents a day and their board, which munificence lasts for about fifteen days, while the vessel makes the round of the islands, taking and discharging cargo. They touch this lonely little spot of earth again on the homeward trip. But they are happy enough, and on the last night entertained us hugely with an amateur concert, the proceeds of which they very generously contributed to the widows and orphans of the unfortunate *Alvo*, which went down last August with every soul on board.

That concert is really worth noting. Negro voices at close range are very disagreeable. They are loud, coarse, and strident, but these people have a most wonderful idea of harmony and perfect conception, of rhythm, and their songs swing along melodiously enough, much to their own entertainment and ours.

"Oh! dig my grave both long and narrow" was one of the selections, the melancholy words being in marked contrast to their easy-going, laughter-loving voices. But most of their songs were meaningless; as

"Oh, give me my money
And let me go 'shore!
Heave-ho! roll me down one.

"Oh, give me my money
And let me go 'shore!
Heave-ho! roll me down one."

And another, a great favorite,

"The captain stands on the quarter-deck,
His spy-glass in his han'."

Two of the men danced. One was convulsed with laughter; he shook like a mound of chocolate jelly all the time he was going through the slow, graceful movements of the dance. A soft, rich chuckle accompanied every movement of his bare black

feet in what were really intricate steps. But the other! A mute in attendance at a funeral could not have been more solemn. His ebony visage never lost the settled look of melancholy all the time he was walking through the rhythmical motions, and not even the applause his effort evoked could bring a smile to his face.

The memory of that last night will never leave me.

At last we were in the "summer seas," and calmly, steadily, majestically we sailed on.

"A Glimpse of the Sea was caught in an Opening between the Cashew-trees."

"The night so mild
Was Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled."

The deep, soft, blue-black sky, thickly studded with brilliant stars, was reflected in the blue-black sea rippling and lapping at our side. The whispering, white-crowned waves were purling away at the bow in great long ridges of snowy foam. The broad track in our wake glowed with a faint radiance, and was gemmed with myriad points of light, like fire-flies of gleaming phosphorescence.

We ran rapidly past the islands on the left, but which,

showing no lights, were scarcely discernible from the clouds banked upon the horizon.

It had been an ideal day. Not exactly a cloudless sky—the zenith indeed was a soft, rich deep blue, but bands of warm, ashen gray clouds lay on the horizon's rim, flushing into amber, rose, and violet when the sun dropped into the west. The sea, and what a glorious sapphire blue it was! was just rippled by the freshening breeze that blew soft and warm against our faces. There were glints and gleams of silver far as eye could see, and flash after flash close to our side as the flying-fish leaped from crest to hollow. The latter were in one sense a great disappointment, for, judging by illustrations in natural histories, we thought of them as being from twelve to sixteen inches in length, while in reality they are but four or five inches, but are of a beautiful silvery color. But there was one reality more beautiful than the description, and that was Kingston harbor. At five A.M. we steamed slowly in. Rugged-looking, softly wooded slopes, a faintly shadowed, cloud-wreathed hill-top slowly emerging from the dusky shadows of the dawn, an encircling arm of land thrown round the blue horse-shoe, and Kingston harbor lay before us, one of the three most beautiful harbors in the world, Naples and Rio Janeiro being its rivals. But even its beauty is eclipsed by the town's picturesqueness.

It is almost impossible to single out now the first impression made by that unique scene, but I think it was one of color. I never saw so many dusky faces together in my life before. Negroes of every shade of brown; coolies with their straight, handsome features; Chinamen with their sallow, expressionless faces, and the few, very few whites, all tended to produce an impression I will never forget.

There are two hotels always mentioned when one speaks of Kingston: the Myrtle Bank in town, and the Constant Spring House, about seven miles out. But they exist merely to have the tourist exclaim, "How badly you need a good hotel here!" It was my good fortune to avoid both, and become an inmate of a Creole household.

Right here let me explain. For years there existed in the popular mind an idea that "Creole" and "Colored" were synonymous. According to the *Century Dictionary* the meaning of the word is:

"(*a*) In the West Indies and Spanish America, originally, a native descended from European (properly Spanish) ancestors,

as distinguished from immigrants of European blood, and from aborigines, negroes, and mixed (Indian and European or European and negro) blood. (*b*) Loosely, a person born in the country, but of a race not indigenous to it, irrespective of color.

"2. In Louisiana, originally, a native descended from French ancestors who had settled there; later, any native of French or Spanish descent by either parent, a person belonging to the French-speaking, native portion of the white race."

George W. Cable's books have done much to dissipate that erroneous idea with us, but if one had a lingering doubt on the subject let him go to Jamaica. There, with the few native whites that are left, the color question is of vital importance. There are as many grades and shades of color as there are individuals almost. First, there is Quashi, the pure African; if he marries a white, the child is a mulatto; from mulatto and white comes quadroon; from quadroon and white, octoroon; from octoroon and white, mustee; from mustee and white, mustefina; from mustefina and white comes "white below"; and even further complications might arise, I suppose, but the highest evolution would still be "smoked." The utmost caution must be exercised in discussing the color-question before a stranger, as the blue-eyed, light-haired individual to whom you are speaking might have had a black grandfather or nearer ancestor.

Americans, as a rule, are not liked by the colored population (by "colored" is meant, having an admixture of white and black blood), as the prejudice co-existent with American blood is almost impossible to eradicate or conceal. We are unconsciously unjust, as we judge every dark skin by the flotsam and jetsam washed to our shore by the waves of the "late unpleasantness." In Jamaica, as in America, freedom has been, in many cases, anything but a boon to the individual; but naturally the race has improved its condition there by education and enterprise, and is gradually absorbing everything—the army, parsonage, school, college, government clerkship, and every other walk of life. There the races are reversed, the majority being colored; the white man is tolerated. There is positively no future left for the few white inhabitants. The English, Canadian, and American immigrant, who is making his living there, endures everything with the one hope of "going home" ever before his eyes; the intensely conservative Creole, who will not associate with the colored race, is being driven to

the wall; so much so, that one of them thanked God his only child was dead—"For whom would she marry?"

They have gone education mad in Jamaica. In Kingston are a number of what are called elementary schools, supported by government grants; institutes, training-schools, college, and University College, which confers the degrees of B.A. and M.A. under the University of London examinations, and a very fine government school and boarding-school conducted by the Franciscan Sisters, many of whom have gone directly there from St. Anthony's Convent, N. Y. As one of them bravely said: "What

OFF FOR A DAY'S FISHING.

matters it what sky is over our head, as long as we are working for God." All of these are attended by black and colored students, the children of the whites being educated privately. "What is the result?" said one bitterly resentful Creole. "We are being pushed aside by the sons of our cooks, who, with a pen behind their ear instead of a spade in their hands, are being lifted entirely beyond their positions, and as a natural consequence look down on their parents and less-educated relatives." What they do want is industrial schools, where a practical knowledge of husbandry, agriculture, forestry, and the plain arts will be imparted to the people who now are so edu-

cated they know well how to handle a pen, but do not know how to manage a plow. The tillers of the soil are disappearing. What is the result? Importation of produce from the United States, of which thirty per cent. better is lying at their very doorsteps. The sugar estates are fast disappearing, once the main wealth of the island. To-day the raw sugar is sent to the United States, where it is refined and sent back, or beet-root sugar substituted for it. Flour, butter, and tinned goods go down there in every cargo.

The truth is, Jamaica is teeming with possibilities. The soil is surprisingly rich, the surroundings and conditions more than favorable, the transportation—the main line being the Atlas Co.'s steamships—now requiring six days, might easily be reduced to three; but for all that she is a vast mine unworked. The mountains, wooded to the summit, have in their forests quantities of mahogany, yacca, ebony, cedar, and other beautiful and valuable woods. Some of the mahogany-trees are of immense girth, from which panels might be cut of extraordinary size, one beautiful sweep of the lovely "feather" unmarred by a seam. It is left there, the years adding ring after ring to its wonderful size, but wasting its sweetness on the—well, not desert air, but unappreciative atmosphere; for, if cut and hauled down to the seaboard, 6*d.* a foot is received for what it cost 18*d.* to haul. What is the matter with a government so indifferent to its own interests as that? What they want there is American gold, American push and energy, and American ingenuity in making the best of all available resources. As an evidence of the good derived from an influx of American business talent, the export of fruit in 1879 was £40,000, in 1892 it was £315,000, a fact due to the Boston Fruit Co., which, with its own line of steamers and roads for the transit of fruit from the interior, has done much for the improvement of the island.

Mineral deposits are numerous in the mountain districts; iron, copper, lead, manganese, and cobalt have been found in large quantities, but never worked to any extent. The climate is diversified, being tropical on the sea-coast, and falling to 50° on the mountains, some of which are over 7,000 feet high. An entire district remains unsettled at the present time owing to the steepness of the country and the want of roads; but there is no other portion of the island as rich in timber and other valuable productions. This in the face of the statement that England has made roads around the world; that wherever an English colony has been planted there will be found good roads.

Certainly the main roads of Kingston are good—they are macadamized, and on the shore-road one could ride the entire round of the island. The public vehicles are unique; dignified by the term "bus" are old rattle-traps of buggies, scarcely able to hold together, drawn by an anatomical specimen of horse-flesh of the same description.

The railroad is equally primitive. It was begun in 1845, and ran feebly along for about twenty-two years, having managed to crawl to the Angels, a distance of about fourteen miles; in 1890 it improved somewhat under government control, and in that year passed into the hands of an American syndicate, who are now, to use an Americanism, "making things hum."

I had an experience on the "Jamaica Railroad." I had gone to Spanish Town, a Rip Van Winkle sort of place—with this exception, Spanish Town has forgotten to wake up—to visit the free or government school there, kept by the Franciscan Sisters.* I went out second class, being determined to try everything. The "carriage" was a box-like enclosure, roughly boarded to within two feet of the top, where the tobacco-smoke, noise, and odor from the other "carriages" came freely into ours. But once on the move all discomforts were forgotten. The day was exquisite, the train jogged along between great wide fields of guinea-grass on the one hand and cocoanut-groves on the other, with here and there rows of banana-trees, that would be graceful but for the wind which tears their long, wide leaves to ribbons, which flutter and flap in the soft warm breeze. At one point a glimpse of the sea was caught in an opening between the cashew-trees, blue as the lapis lazuli, half-encircled by Port Royal and the Palisades. The novelty of the scene; the brightness of the April sunshine, as warm as our August sun; the soft, sweet wind blowing down from the hills where the white clouds lie like wreaths of mist veiling Blue Mountain's royal head; the exquisite turquoise sky seen through the lace-like branches of the cashew-tree; the groups of queer little toy houses with their uncurtained windows between the green jalousies, all served to make an indelible picture on my mind. But could I live and teach in that stagnant, sleepy old town? I can think of no greater misery. I would have to gird me with the strength of a martyr, or, in synonymous terms, would have to put on a nun's habit.

A very pleasant day was spent there in exploring the school, the King's House (the former residence of the governor in the palmy days when Spanish Town was the seat of government),

* This place was formerly called St. Diego de Vega—St. James of the Plains—but when, in 1655, the island passed into the hands of the English, the name was changed to Spanish Town. It boasts of a cathedral, the centre of which was originally the Catholic church of St. Diego.

the Rio Cobre Irrigating Canal, the Parade, the Rio Cobre Hotel and Leper's Home. The latter was rather gruesome. The poor wretches suffering from the much-dreaded disease are here comfortably housed, well fed on nourishing food, and are under daily supervision of a most able physician, whose services were secured by the government in order that leprosy could be studied carefully. The doctor, my host and guide, assured me the disease was neither infectious nor contagious. Certainly neither himself nor his charming wife have suffered any bad effects from their proximity and kind, careful attention for the three years he has held the position. But I was glad

"The Donkey and the Woman are the Beasts of Burden."

to drive away from the poor suffering people back into the sleepy old town. But my getting away from Spanish Town was where my first encounter with English money occurred. Upon applying at the ticket-window for "one first-class to Kingston" I found I had in my purse about three dollars in American money and only two sixpences in her Majesty's. I felt as if I were on an "L" station at home, where "no foreign or mutilated coin" was received. I was compelled to return second-class, not having caught a glimpse even of the Pullman first. My democratic spirit revolted, but my democratic impecuniousness prevailed.

Another day I went to the penitentiary—for a limited time.

In a city of 50,000 I thought 550 prisoners a pretty good showing. The prison is wonderfully well kept, clean, and cool, and positively cheerful-looking with its fine workshops, its garden filled with the beautiful tropical foliage, the blue sea lapping its southern wall, and perfect system of management.* There is a Protestant chapel, also a Catholic one. There were only thirteen prisoners of the latter denomination. The town supports three synagogues besides numerous "chapels" of the Church of England, and only one Catholic church with a few mission-chapels for the entire island. The Church of the Holy Trinity, in the city, is of a good size, of tasteful interior, and is presided over by the Jesuit, Bishop Gordon, and five zealous co-workers. In January last the bishopric was placed in the American province, a grateful, much-needed change. The few priests are overworked, and are sad at heart to see the wide field of industry lying about them perforce neglected through lack of priests. Three American fathers (would it had been thirty-three!) arrived while I was there, and were more than welcome. The colored race are impressionable, emotional, quick to respond to religious callings, though not apt to be very stable, and in many places do not see a priest from one year's end to the other. One little hamlet, only five miles out, has Mass once a month. Some of the children are a year or older before they are baptized. Small wonder if proselytizing is successful.

Under the patronage of the bishop there exists at Alpha Cottage a fine industrial school, one of the successful solutions of the educational problem. Here the children are not taught the classics, but are thoroughly grounded in the common branches, and are taught to use their hands in order to earn a good living by and by and form decent homes for themselves.

Upon remarking the scarcity of priests, one of the fathers said to me feelingly: "Oh! we are in such sore need of priests."

"Why not make use of the material at hand?" I said.

"Oh!" with an expressive shrug. "No, thanks."

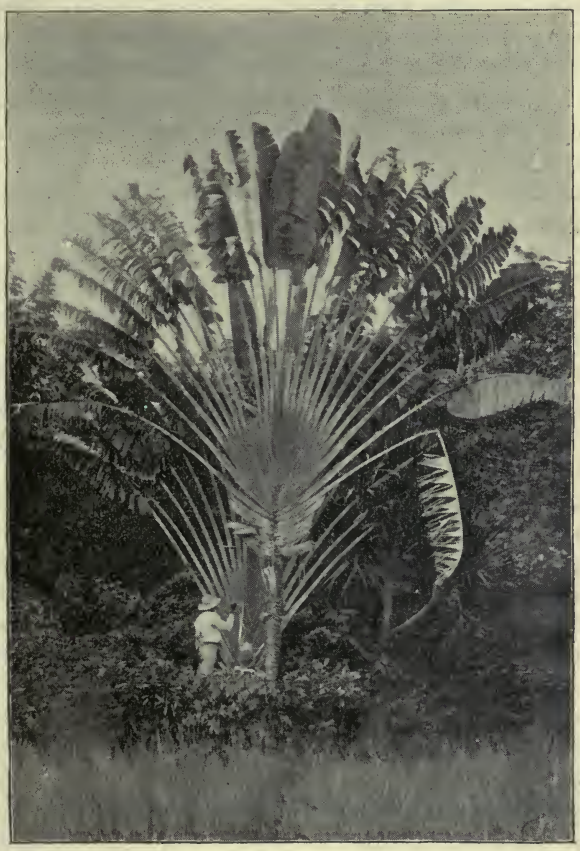
"But we have two colored priests in the States."

"Then keep them there as curiosities. A colored priest would be entirely out of place here, and worse than useless. He would not be trusted among his own people. Anyway we cannot afford to educate them. What we do want are American priests and plenty of them."

The little white children are so quaint, with their much-

* There have been known cases of wilful misdemeanor in order that a former prisoner might get back again to the place where such care is taken of him.

abbreviated skirts, low socks, tiny strapped slippers, and beruffled sun-bonnets. They are kept strictly within doors during the greater part of the day, the sun being their worst enemy. But it is the little "pickaninies" who are happily oblivious of any danger of sunstroke. Most of them, clad merely in a string of pink beads and a bright smile, defy criticism or danger.



"The Traveller's Friend."

The peasantry are very picturesque. On Fridays, all day long, hundreds of them may be seen coming into town for Saturday market, flat baskets filled to overflowing on their heads, sometimes weighing over one hundred pounds. Their skirts girded up a generous distance from their bare feet, they swiftly swing along, erect, graceful, cheerful, and always courteous to the passing stranger. Sometimes they are accompanied by their

tiny donkeys, so laden as to be as broad as they are long, and not unfrequently with a stalwart man or woman surmounting the load. That is about the only share of the work the man does; the donkey and the woman being the beasts of burden, the women even loading and coaling the ships. They sometimes walk for thirty miles or more with their garden produce; and if they are asked to sell on the roadside invariably refuse, preferring to trudge along to the scene of the one bit of excitement the week holds for them. Their *patois* is almost incomprehensible, but their laughter is contagious. Among the country folk proverbs are current, some of them pithy enough, some containing the gist of our old saws. The following are a few I picked up:

"Cockroach meck dance 'im no ax fowl." Meaning, when the cockroach makes a dance he will not ask the hen—for fear of being eaten up.

"Dog hab too much owner 'im tarb." If a dog has too many owners he will starve; equivalent to our "Between two stools one falls to the ground."

"De cost tak away the taste." If at a subscription party the entrance fee is excessive, the appetite is taken away.

"De time you playin' no de time I da dance." Your way of thinking is not mine.

"Dog nebba nyam dog." Dog never eats dog; no clan preys on its own, as it were.

"Dog hab money 'im buy cheese." Meaning, that when one has a superfluity of wealth unnecessary things are indulged in.

"Cotton-tree nebba so big dat wee ax can't fall 'im." The cotton-tree grows to an immense size in Jamaica, is really the largest tree in girth and branch-room; but it is never so large, according to this proverb, as not to be felled by the small axe.

"Ceda' boa'd laff afta dead man." That is to say, a man's coffin can laugh at him.

"Blin' man no need looking-glass"; the meaning of which is obvious.

"Eb'ry John Crow tink 'im picknie white"; which must have been the parent of our "Every crow thinks his crow white."

"Han' go, packey come." Literally translated it reads, When the hand goes out the cup returns, which is expressed by our "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to you."

"Cashew neba bear a guaba." The cashew-nut-tree, an inferior tree, will never bear a guava. Our "Cannot make a silk purse out of a pig's ear" expresses, a little less elegantly, the same idea.

"Coward man keeps soun' bone" needs no translation.

"Cry, cry picknie nebba hab right." A child who is constantly crying at trifles is never believed when he is in trouble.

"Cow know weak fence fe jump oba." *Fe* is always used for *to*.

"Ebery day no Ch'is'mas." Every day you will not be victorious.

"Ebery day debbil help tief; one day God 'elp watchman." Which means that though the devil does help the thief every day, God will one day help the watchman.

These country folk are said to be much superior to the "town-nigger," who is apt to be bold and impudent; but of that I cannot speak, as during my stay in that delightful, sleepy old town I experienced nothing but the utmost kindliness, courtesy, and true hospitality from my good hosts down to the blackest of the blacks.

While there I was induced to try matrimony; which startling statement is somewhat modified by the explanation. The star-apple, a large fruit of the color of our egg-plant, when opened displaying a perfect white star in its pulpy interior, is scooped out and mixed with the pulp of an orange, sugar and spice are added, and the combination is "matrimony"—a highly satisfactory union.

Every one there takes life easy, is not rushed, enjoys the lavishness nature has provided, and lives to a good old age, lazily indifferent to the bustling enterprise of the great continent at whose gate they lie. They are happily unconscious of their open sewerage (which sometimes meanders down the side of the road, sometimes in the middle, sometimes crosses it), of their want of sidewalks, which gives to the pedestrian no rights at all while he skips out of the way when cautioned by the universal "Hi!"

To some life there would be ideal; the multiplicity of fruits, the sunny skies, the wealth of flowers making all Kingston seem like one great garden; the uniformity of weather, the freedom from any grave illness (notwithstanding the open sewerage), all would so fascinate in a short time as to reconcile them to the few discomforts. As a health resort I can imagine nothing better, for one can have almost any climate for the seeking, and the easy, indolent life would calm any worn-out nerves except those of a born New-Yorker, who thrives on noise and excitement. But novel and fascinating as it all was, home was better, and once on board the *Ailsa* again, glad indeed were we to feel that every turn of the steamer's screw was bringing us nearer and nearer to the "dearest spot on earth."

THE WHITE-SLAVE TRADE.

By John J. O'Shea.

ONE of the most esteemed shibboleths of conservative economists is the phrase "Freedom of contract." It is a fine-sounding phrase, but it covers more infamy in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred than any other sophism of subtle man's invention. Economics or social conditions are never wholly destroyed; they are only displaced or metamorphosed. Thus, although slavery has been abolished by law in civilized countries, the conditions which originally induced a state of slavery still exist, and are employed by many just as remorselessly as those the law found it necessary to sweep away in order to satisfy the general conscience.

It is not to lay one's self open to the charge of animus against any class to point out the evils that spring from the arbitrary exercise of power by one over the other. Labor makes its mistakes from time to time as well as capital. All the evils which exist in the economical world are the results of mistakes; for no one will act foolishly or cruelly, in matters of business, for mere wantonness. True wisdom dictates, in the long run, a policy of generosity on the one hand and forbearance on the other—a policy, in short, of live and let live, and of doing unto others as one would be done by.

Experience has shown, however, that no matter how well-inclined the general run of capitalists may be, it is necessary to use compulsion, and very powerful compulsion at times, with individuals in order to enforce the most elementary principles of justice and humanity in dealing with the working population. To such men the abolition of slavery as a system was a positive gain. Self-interest made the slave-owner careful of the bodily welfare of his thrall; and he was in many cases intractable as well as expensive. This responsibility is unknown in the social state of to-day; but the capitalist wields a power more terrible than the lash of the master of serfs. When he is a severe and cold-blooded speculator merely, and not one pervious to the claims of justice and humanity, he holds the scales of life and death, in much more than a figurative sense. His

capital bears the same relation to their existence, so long as they are in his employment, as light and air. This power renders him, for the people who are dependent upon his caprice and his will, a far more formidable person than the old-time slaveholder.

Up to recent times the absolute power of the capitalist was asserted without question. He was all-powerful in the legislature; the voice of his suffering employees scarcely ever found an echo there. They pined in his fetid and sooty workshops until their emaciated bodies no longer could sustain their souls; they burrowed, unsexed and dehumanized, away down in his mines, deep in the bosom of the earth, men and women and children, scarcely ever coming up to blink at God's blessed sunlight; they sweltered their lives out before his great sooty furnaces until their anæmic bodies gave up the ghost. They were allowed to live and to rot, and to wither away into their graves, as heathen, soulless, chattel things, for generations, until at last the ultimate remnant of trampled manhood rose up in the horrid shape of murder and outrage and compelled the attention of the world to the hideous system which illustrated for the working classes in England the proud boast that "Britons never, never shall be slaves."

We do not know whether very many people of the United States are familiar with the history of this subject. It is not much in vogue here, or in these days. It is contained in the blue-books of the British Parliament which report the proceedings of the Sheffield Outrages Commission and the subsequent commissions which investigated the condition of the working-people of the potteries districts. What is found in these reports is something to make the flesh creep. They tell of women, young and old, working in the mines along with men and horses, lost to all sense of womanhood; of human beings who never heard the name of God, and to whom the word morality had no meaning; of thousands upon thousands of God's human creatures, in short, distinguished only by a few semi-incoherent forms of human speech from the brute creation. And all this had been going on from generation to generation whilst the edifice of commercial prosperity was being built up in Great Britain until it challenged the admiration of the world. Where the glare of the electric light shows brightest, there the shadows are blackest. The statutory barriers of the British capitalists went down quickly before the wave of public indignation which at once resulted from this *exposé*. Up to that time the law of

conspiracy made it penal for working-men to organize or meet for the advancement of their trade interests. That law went by the board, and emancipated Labor sprang from the earth like an unbound Prometheus. It is now the mightiest power in the British Empire—next to Capital.

It is a proof that the boast of a more progressive spirit in this country is no idle one that here was established the first State organization for the protection of industrial interests. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics is the first institution of the kind, having the same foundation and the same scope. Its mandate was to collect all available information regarding the material condition, the educational status, the moral and material well-being, and the sanitary provisions of the industrial classes. This board was established in 1869, after a feeble resistance by the legislature. It was soon followed by the setting up of the United States Bureau of Labor, and subsequently the State Department of Labor. Now the United States possesses twenty-seven Bureaus of Labor in touch with this department.

As a means of education the Department of Labor has been found a highly serviceable instrument. The light which it has been enabled to shed upon the condition of the toiling masses has been most helpful to beneficial legislation. The factory system has been wonderfully ameliorated under its salutary illumination. Particularly to working-women and girls has it brought easement and alleviation. But so vast is the army of female workers in New York, and so multifarious and elusive of control the character of much of their occupation, that no possible system of regular supervision is applicable to their industrial or social circumstances.

But there is one large section of the industrial population which lies altogether outside the pale of protective law. This is the unhappy class who are driven to find their living in the large dry-goods stores—especially the retail stores. Many of these white slaves are captured at a very early age, condemned to work in the store until they are past the period of youth, and then ruthlessly thrust out on the world to seek a living by any means they can, or seek a refuge in the grave. The lot of the average store-girl, unless she is fortunate in matrimony, is the most tragic note in the whole threnody of industrial misery.

Go into one of those leviathan dry-goods stores, say on a hot Saturday in the early summer, before the hot season has compelled the early-closing arrangement. Go into one of the

most respectable sort. Some of them do not adopt any early-closing rule, but keep at work, hammer-and-tongs, from little after sunrise until midnight. But take even the better class. Go in there during the busy hours of the day. You find yourself in the midst of a vast surging crowd of buyers moving from counter to counter, and a multitude of attendant girls inside the counters, and another multitude of very small girls, some of them robed like charity children, running hither and thither incessantly in response to the incessant and all-pervading shrill cry of "cash" from the girls inside the counters. In some of those stores, if you cast your eyes upward, you will perceive groups of other girls clustered together in little cages of galleries close to the ceiling. These poor children—for they are usually little more—are in the worst plight of any, for their lungs are filled with the carbonized and dust-choked air which exhales from the crowd and the skirt-swept boards below, all the day long.

If you descend into the basement, the scene is still more animated. There the crowds are denser, because the articles sold are more varied, and such as are indispensable in every household. The narrow passages are in one long state of congestion; the temperature is about twenty degrees higher than that overhead, for there is no current of air from the street level; the ceiling is several feet lower. The daylight is so scanty here that the electric light or the gas is constantly kept burning; the air is stifling, the turmoil incessant. Heaven help the miserable heads which are doomed to bear it all the day long, all the night long too, very often until midnight! With the thermometer at 95° on the ground-floor—a very moderate standard for a New York summer afternoon—it is not easy to imagine the condition of things in one of these dry-goods-store basements when the tide of business is at high-water mark. The hold of an African slave-ship could hardly be more baneful to the human system.

This is only one of a host of wrongs which these imposing and attractive monster houses cover. They are demoralizing in many more ways. Their owners pick up the children of the poor at an age when they should be only about half way through their school-days, and send the little things to work, sometimes for sixteen hours a day! Fancy this—a child kept running or standing or walking for sixteen hours, with only half an hour for lunch and no time for supper. This is on Saturdays. On other week-days they remain from half-past seven in the morning until six in the evening, as a rule; but they are often

detained to arrange stock during periods ranging from an hour and a half to four hours, with no extra pay.

Two dollars per week is what these children usually hire at for this drudgery—some get only a dollar and a half. Only one store pays these girls two dollars and a half. The salaries of saleswomen are often very low; in the more important departments it ranges up to eighteen dollars per week, but it goes in others down as low as two dollars. In the best houses the average of the salaries does not exceed seven dollars; in the ordinary run the average is from four dollars to four and a half. A system of fines for the smallest breaches of rule brings the salary often to a very low point indeed. A child who earns only a dollar and three-quarters is fined ten cents for being ten minutes behind time in the morning, even though she may have been kept at work in the store until eleven o'clock the previous night, supperless and unpaid for over-time!

It is the policy of many stores not to keep any saleswoman beyond five years. When a woman becomes at all *passé* she has no earthly chance of obtaining employment in this way.

Storekeepers are constantly on the watch to pick up young girls for their slavery hives. Whenever one sees an advertisement in the paper intimating that respectable employment can at once be obtained for "young misses leaving school," the fine Roman hand of the white-slave dealer may be at once sworn to.

What permanent physical injury must be inflicted upon the human species by the overworking of children and young girls in this systematic way may not be easily surmised. It is a most alarming consideration for those charged in any way with public responsibility. The stunted growth, the etiolate frame, the anæmic skin of many of those careworn little maidens, are the auguries for the fruitage of another harvest. The faces of many of those children furnish a curious puzzle. They are not the faces of the young, yet neither are they the visages of the old. They are the countenances of such a race as the fairies, or the elves, or the gnomes might be, had these any real existence.

In other stores there are moral evils no less pestilent in their possible effects. These are the places where a good many males are employed as well as large numbers of females. In some of these the sanitary arrangements are at variance with the needs of decency—inadequate and improper. Contagious diseases may be propagated by the scant supply of towels in the wash-rooms. In other respects the regulations of these

places are not those of a civilized community. They are improper and inhuman. They would not be tolerable in a convict prison.

Once in a way inspectors from the Board of Education and the Board of Health come around to these places and shake things up. Some of the younger children are then sent away, but in a few weeks after the visit these are back in their places, as their parents or guardians cannot dispense with the pittance, miserable as it is, their drudgery insures. Their morals are sometimes endangered by the language they are accustomed to hear, in some places, from the lips of the salesmen and packers in the basements; not less so by the fact of their being compelled so frequently to go home at late hours through the by-streets to their homes.

And the ill-paid girls of more mature age, what of these? Where they have no material resources beyond their small salaries, is there no danger in wait for them? They have to dress well, to live somehow, and to pay for their lodging. An awful responsibility rests upon those who expose them to the temptation of the ever-watchful wolves prowling outside.

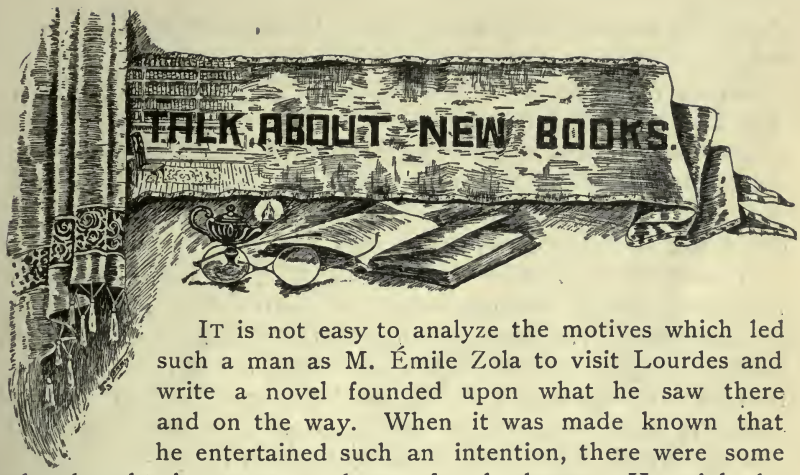
There is no statutory method devisable by which this form of evil can be effectually met. We cannot go back to the days of Edward III. and lay down a scale of wages for labor. It would not be advisable, if it were feasible, to set up an inquisitorial tribunal to meet such cases. Only the force of public sentiment can be brought to bear, in aid of the efforts which are possible to organizations for the protection of women, to bring employers to a sense of their duty in a question of such gravity and delicacy as this.

But legislative action is possible in nearly every other condition of the system where it operates for injustice and injury. It is not easily apparent why the laws applicable to the working of factories could not be modified so as to embrace dry-goods retail stores, and every other sort of store where female labor is the running power. Not easily apparent, but quite easily guessed at. Several fruitless attempts have been made to get the State Legislature to adopt the extension, but the capitalist interest has been effectual in every case to defeat the efforts of the friends of the workers.

Until a railway director was killed, Sydney Smith said, there would be no redress for the grievances of railway employees. Such a heroic sort of remedy was possible in their particular

case; but by no conjunction of circumstances could the wife or daughter of the millionaire proprietor of one of these great stores be got to run the risk of falling down fainting from her seat after twelve or fourteen hours of exhaustive labor in the basement, as frequently happened to the cash-women employed there. The spirit of commercial ingenuity has made for such girls their place of business something equivalent to a torture-chamber. Like the dungeons of Chillon, it is below ground, and, as the natural flow of fresh air into the place was totally insufficient for the use of the number of human beings crowded into the den, artificial means of supplementing it had to be resorted to. A labyrinth of mechanical cash-carriers encloses it, and the din of these appliances, in a state of perpetual motion, has an effect so dazing upon ear and brain as to shatter the nervous system. Here, in this mechanical Inferno, all through the hot, sweltering summer days, toil the tenders of these cash diableries, until they are stricken with dizziness, or overcome with the carbonized atmosphere and the intolerable heat. The place is worse by far than an old-fashioned bakery, or a glass-blower's, by reason of the dreadful ceaseless rattle of the cash-carriers, yet frail-looking girls must endure it even though they faint day after day, for there is no law to make the proprietor provide any better.

Here is a subject upon which the energies of women reformers might concentrate themselves without any risk of provoking unfavorable comment. It is one upon which public sentiment needs to be awakened. Comparatively little is known about it outside the ranks of the women concerned. The sympathy of all classes will be with the victims of a system which, under its present conditions, it is hardly hyperbolical to stigmatize as white slavery.



IT is not easy to analyze the motives which led such a man as M. Émile Zola to visit Lourdes and write a novel founded upon what he saw there and on the way. When it was made known that he entertained such an intention, there were some who thought it meant a change for the better. He might be like the flippant church-goers hit off by Goldsmith:

"Fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

The columns of closely-printed levity now running in the Sunday papers attest how mistaken was this charitable vaticination. They show, besides, that to the school to which he belongs there is nothing sacred in human feeling. No consideration of decency whatever can actuate them. Even in a savage those things which grow out of the spiritual side of his nature are respected by his conquerors. It is reserved for the representatives of the highest civilization, the "scientific" *littérateur* of the most "advanced" age, to subject to his vulgar test things the most sacrosanct in Christian eyes, and hold up to public gaze the physical sufferings of the afflicted people who are brought to Lourdes, in a way that is at once revolting and subversive of the writer's ostensible purpose. The painfully minute descriptions of these cases are fit only for the pages of a medical journal; they inspire only a feeling of nausea, instead of the ridicule which seems to have been the intention. This impression is not relieved by the repetition of pictures of the devotional features of the journey and the giving of the *ipsissima verba* of the prayers of the clergy and the attendant sisters. In the recitals of the cures which are given by the way the description is distinctly intended to convey the writer's belief that they who had been restored to health, as they believed by supernatural means, were the victims of some extraordinary self-delusion. The picture of one of the passengers, an infidel priest,

hopelessly in love and still pursuing his clerical studies, at the very outset of the story, affords an example of the spirit in which M. Zola approached his subject. To predicate of such a character, were it really possible, that he would go to Lourdes to get some of his scepticism cleared up is of a piece with the clumsiness which invented him at all. M. Zola believes, apparently, that the adoption of "realism," as a literary style, relieves him from the necessity of even trying to be artistic.

Plainly, if M. Zola were honest in going to Lourdes—which we by no means postulate—he was destitute of every fitting predisposition. He seems to imagine that the copying of a few Catholic prayers from a book gives him a knowledge of Catholic faith. He is utterly dense about the true spirit of Catholicism. It would be just as rational to send out an uneducated and unscientific man to study the conditions of a solar eclipse as to send such a writer to Lourdes to give a faithful account of what transpires there. It is not even to the most devout that the marvels of which it is constantly the scene are always revealed. But it is manifest that M. Zola's intention in going there was dishonest. Therefore his narrative is sickening, in more than a single sense; and robust indeed must be even the infidel gorge which could survive its perusal throughout.

Nothing could be more timely or serviceable to New York Catholics just now than the admirable pamphlet given us by the Rev. M. J. Considine, the Inspector of the city's parochial schools, in connection with the Catholic Educational Exhibit. In this work* the learned and reverend author gives us a rapid sketch of the growth of that immense system of Catholic education in the archdiocese whose outward manifestation has astonished all beholders at Chicago. He traces the system back to its very root, in the modest "New York Latin School" of the time of King James II., at which some of the leading colonial families received their education. The sketch of the succeeding institutions—none of which sprang into existence until after the close of the Revolutionary War—is extremely interesting from an archæological point of view, more especially the particulars regarding that sturdy nonagenarian institution, St. Peter's Free School, the oldest Catholic place of education in New York State. The facts recited in the course of this luminous pamphlet are in most cases such as must fill many minds

* *A Brief Chronological Account of the Catholic Educational Institutions of the Archdiocese of New York.* By the Rev. M. J. Considine. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

with wonder and many hearts with pride. It is no small testimony to the zeal for a religious education which fills the Catholics of the city of New York that they have already expended on their parochial school system over five millions of dollars, and that they maintain that system at a voluntary cost of a quarter of a million dollars annually. We regard the present time as extremely opportune for bringing these truths under public notice. The fierce light of jealous inquiry is being turned on everything that pertains to the Catholic religious system, and it is a deeply gratifying circumstance that on whatever side of it the glare falls it is well prepared to endure the scrutiny. To Father Considine a special word of praise is due for the excellent way in which he has prepared this corollary of the Educational Exhibit. Dealing with so many parishes, the work of searching up dates and biographical ana must have been no mere idle-hour task, but a substantial, patience-testing labor.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has essayed a more difficult task in the production of *Marcella** than in either of those literary *tours de force*, as we may perhaps style them, which brought her into notoriety. In the discussion of metaphysical problems and the strivings of the human soul after the infinite, there is for the mass of mankind enough interest to secure for their record, when skilfully told, a respectable body of readers, though they may be, indeed, "caviare to the general." *Marcella* essays the task of weaving into the fibre of the romance the debate of things of insignificant import in comparison with the eternal problem of the human soul—the social and economic displacements of the time and the passions which are only of the age and the day. It seems that when Mrs. Ward first conceived the idea of utilizing polemical subjects as the basis of her fiction, she must have been mistrustful of her own power to make it attractive without their aid. *Marcella* convinces us that the fear, if it possessed her, was unfounded, for this story is strong and interesting, aside altogether from the adventitious aid which it derives from the infusion of the burning topic of socialism and other problems of political economy. The discussion of these questions at meetings, in magazines, and the daily press is so incessant, so pursuing, and so very much the *toujours perdrix* order of polemic, that the average citizen and the average reader could not be blamed if he took refuge from it in the pages of romance, or to be irritated to find the spectre intruding itself there as well. The writer who tries it

* *Marcella*. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Macmillan & Co.

must have strong consciousness of power or a strong assurance of patronage, and Mrs. Ward possesses a good deal of both the one and the other. At the outset of her literary career she showed that she knew how to command success; in the work under review she exhibits her gratitude for support in high quarters in a graceful passage—none of the clumsy, fulsome flattery of your Otways and Butlers, but the neatest of literary compliments, cleverly interjected, yet not a letter suggestive of the "God save the Queen" on a "command night" at the theatre. The elements of success were present also in the ground-plan of the work. In the character of Aldous Raeburn, the rich heir, to whose simple, studious tastes great wealth comes much as a heavy responsibility, the long-suffering rich will find much solace, if they find it hard to get in real life a heroine like Marcella, who through long study of material problems like the social one becomes spiritualized, and finds that true happiness can be had in a couple of small rooms and on twenty-eight shillings a week. Or, will any of them be rather in the mood of Marcella's mother, who reads her novel "with the hard, satiric brightness in her look" suggesting that she was probably "speculating on the discrepancies between fiction and real life, and on the falsity of most literary sentiment"? Despite glimpses of truth like this in many parts of the work, *Marcella* will not prevent many from sharing the lady's satire.

Whatever we may think on reality or unreality of character in fiction, however, there are many fine passages in this work. The author's reflections upon social problems and the growth of human institutions are out of the common; and the dramatic arrangement of the work is admirable. It is altogether destitute, though, of that quiet, good-natured cynicism and gossipy, drowsy description of places which lends such a charm to George Eliot's work. In no respect can it be compared to *Felix Holt the Radical*, save in the fact that in this the social problem is the pivoting question too. It may be literary heresy to say this; but we cannot help saying it, all the same.

Pepys' Diary, vol. iv. (which has been just issued),* brings the narrative of the author down to a period of much interest. It carries us back to that portion of Charles II.'s reign when hostilities with Holland were being precipitated as much by the

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. With Lord Braybrook's Notes.* Edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: George Bell & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.

drift of events as by the selfish interests of speculators and intriguers. We in our own day know how easy it is to inflame men's minds, once the tide of popular feeling has set in toward war. Popular feeling in England in those days ran high against the Dutch, and there were rogues to be found artful enough to fan this sentiment for their own advantage. The final outbreak of hostilities was heralded by many *gobemouche* stories, and Pepys relates one of these. A Swedish mariner came to London, he tells, and gave out a circumstantial story of Dutch outrages on British subjects at sea, merely for the purpose of making some capital for himself on 'Change. His blood-curdling tale was to the effect that De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, had seized some British merchantmen off the west coast of Africa, tied his prisoners, not males exclusively, back to back, and flung them into the sea.

This story had the effect of sending stocks running down and probably gaining the narrator some money, but it was soon found to be a concoction, and he had to fly.

In our own age, even with the civilizing agencies of the newspaper and the telegraph, stories of this kind play an important part in the fomenting of a war feeling between countries where a predisposition in such a direction already exists.

This volume of the Diary is embellished with four copperplates—one remarkably fine one being that of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. The curious in popular aphorisms will take some interest in another—that of Cocker, a famous mathematician and professor of penmanship of the same epoch, whose reliability as an authority is vouched for in the old saying, "According to Cocker." There is also a portrait of Sir William Petty, the eminent surveyor and scientist.

We have now the second volume of the *English Prose Selections* edited by Mr. Henry Craik, the first of which was noticed about a year ago. The name of Lord Bacon begins the series embraced, and that of Jeremy Taylor concludes it. An introduction by the author favors the view that much as the writers of the Elizabethan era did for English literature, they might have done still more had they but made an effort worthy the cause. Those who dive deeper into the causes of things will not easily be persuaded the Elizabethan writers were in reality capable of higher flights. The highest amongst them, even Shakspere and Spenser, were not above the evil influences of patronage; and the foppery and frippery

of a court found its reflection not seldom in the affectation and hothouse conceits of an euphuistic literature. Our admiration for the much-lauded Elizabethan era must be seasoned when we look at the work of the period a little more closely; and few will care to dispute the dictum of Swift, who attributed the decadence in literature which immediately succeeded that era to the loss of simplicity in style begotten of this courtly gangrene.

Turning, however, from the literary discussion to things more practical, it seems an opportune thing that amongst the selections made by the editor should be one from John Milton on no other subject than the persecuting spirit of Protestantism! Hear the immortal author of *Paradise Lost* on this interesting theme:

"How many persecutions, then imprisonments, banishments, penalties, and stripes; how much bloodshed have the forcers of conscience to answer for, and Protestants rather than Papists! For the Papist, judging by his principles, punishes them who believe not as the church believes, though against the Scripture; but the Protestant, teaching every one to believe the Scripture, though against the church, counts heretical, and persecutes against his own principles, them who in any particular so believe as he in general teaches them; them who most honor and believe divine Scripture, but not against any human interpretation though universal; them who interpret Scripture only to themselves, which by his own position, none but they to themselves can interpret: them who use the Scripture no otherwise by his own doctrine to their edification, than he himself uses it to their punishing; and so whom his doctrine acknowledges a true believer, his discipline persecutes as a heretic. The Papist exacts our belief as to the church due above Scripture; and by the church, which is the whole people of God, understands the pope, the general councils, prelatical only, and the surnamed fathers: but the forcing Protestant, though he deny such belief to any church whatsoever, yet takes it to himself and his teachers, of far less authority than to be called the church, and above Scripture believed: which renders his practice both contrary to his belief, and far worse than that belief which he condemns in the Papist. By all which, well considered, the more he professes to be a true Protestant, the more he hath to answer for his persecuting than a Papist. No Protestant therefore, of what sect soever, following Scripture only, which is the common sect wherein they all agree,

and the granted rule of every man's conscience to himself, ought by the common doctrine of Protestants to be forced or molested for religion."

We welcome to the ranks of Catholic periodicals a new auxiliary which makes its *début* under promising auspices. Its name is *Our Lady of Good Counsel*, its promoters the Augustinian Fathers, and its editress Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Under such conditions a bright future ought to be before it. The little monthly is marked by excellent taste in production, and its artistic and literary contents, though modest, are the best of their kind. There is a brief initiatory poem by Miss Donnelly, as well as some other metrical cameos by other well-known Catholic writers. The prose contents chiefly relate to the devotion of which the little magazine is the mouth-piece, and cannot but be efficacious in the spread of that beautiful cult. The magazine is published by D. J. Gallagher & Co., North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

To many the spiritual character of the sainted founder of the Redemptorists is familiar from his highly prized works, and the reverence which he commands is based upon his fame as a teacher of the most scrupulous nicety in matters of conscience, as a type of the most self-sacrificing follower of the Divine Master in all humility, and as a doctor profound and discriminating to the utmost of logical analysis. To such as know him thus the publication of his *Letters*,* as translated from the Italian by the Rev. Eugene Grimm (of his own order), must present Saint Alphonsus in a new if not a surprising light. It reveals him as the active, shrewd, and able man of business, conducting all the affairs of his episcopate down to the smallest detail, and dealing with a vast multitude of subjects, simple and delicate, connected with his bishopric (of St. Agatha) and the foundation of the eminent order which is associated with his name. Manifold indeed were the difficulties which he was called upon to encounter; innumerable, petty, and irritating at times, the internal troubles of his administration; yet through all his letters relating thereto breathes a spirit of patience combined with earnest, unflagging purpose which seemed providentially designed for the solution of problems to others perhaps apparently hopeless, and the winning over of adversaries by sheer force of sweet compulsion. Above all, even where the questions under consideration are of the merest business kind,

* *Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.* Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

the tone of ardent devotion in which they are couched cannot fail to be noticed as a distinguishing mark of this illustrious servant. His days were cast in a time of many internal abuses in the church as well as many grievous troubles from without, and it will easily be seen that he never failed to avail of an opportunity to urge reform where it was most needed, nor to pray with all the fervor of his intense nature for succor from above when danger was imminent.

This is the third volume of Part I. of Father Grimm's translation. It is commended to the religious world by the warm eulogy of a prelate who has suffered much for the faith and borne himself through many trials as a soldier of Christ, Monsignor Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva.

It was announced some time back that a MS. had been discovered purporting to be a copy of "the Gospel according to Peter." This discovery was made, it was asserted, in the course of some explorations carried on by direction of M. Grébaut, then head of the museums in Egypt. A transcription of the MS. was made by M. Bouriant, whose opinion was that the work was not earlier than the ninth century or later than the twelfth. An English translation of the work, together with the original Greek text, is now given, together with a study of the whole work by an anonymous scholiast.* The experience of ages with regard to literary forgeries, and especially with regard to spurious "Gospels," must induce a respectful timidity concerning this so-called discovery. The MS. is only fragmentary, yet such scraps of it as are complete in themselves show variations of no inconsiderable character from the accounts in the Evangelists. For instance, when the narrative of the Saviour's death is reached, the words put into his mouth, instead of those in the Gospel, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" are "Power, my Power, thou hast forsaken me." "(H) e dynamis mou, (h) e dynamis kataleipsás me." A strong flavor of the Docetic heresy runs through passages in the fragment, such as the following: "And they brought two malefactors and crucified between them the Lord; but he kept silence as feeling no pain." The author of the "study" feels no doubt, from this passage and some others, that the fragment is part of a so-called Gospel of which Serapion, bishop of Antioch about A.D. 190, wrote warningly to his flock. There must have been quite a plethora of spurious Gospels from time to time; it is upon them—that

* *The Gospel according to Peter.* A Study. By the author of *Supernatural Religion.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of St. Barnabas, as it was called—that the Koran is believed to be largely based. As the author of this treatise upon the fragment acquiesces in the theory that his subject is part of the veritable writing denounced by Serapion, what is the object of his analytical study of it? Merely to suggest a doubt that it is the Gospels which are accepted as canonical which are unreliable, because "in their process of reception by the church" they "secured a gradual revision which might have smoothed away any roughness from the Gospel of Peter had it been equally fortunate." This is, briefly, the animus of the whole work. "Roughness" is the easy-going euphuism which covers a heretical doctrine of the first magnitude; for if the Redeemer availed of his divinity to evade his human suffering on the Cross, as the fragment plainly conveys, then the whole process of the Atonement was an illusion. No more monstrous or blasphemous heresy was ever maintained.

The suggestion that the church in the course of time gradually polished up the accepted Gospels affords another clue to the motives which inspired this study.

Amongst the literary agencies now doing good work in England for the rehabilitation of the church ought to be classed a tract entitled *Lead, Kindly Light*,* by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. The work is arranged in the form of enumerated notes or points of doctrine or theology, as suggested by the queries of a real inquirer who at one time was seeking elucidation of his doubts at the hands of the author, and has since found their solution in the acceptance of the true faith. The plan of juxtaposition of paragraphs so as to exhibit differences of doctrine on the most cardinal matters, between the church and between the sects, is used in the course of the work very effectively. Absence of ambiguity, conciseness, and simple force of argument are the chief features of this really admirable tract.

An excellent novel for the more thoughtful class of schoolboys is the Rev. Walter T. Leahy's *Clarence Belmont*.† Its picture of school-life, its hopes and strivings, its annoyances from the trickery of the worthless and the vicious, is graphic and life-like, and its stimulus to the well-meaning and honorable student encouraging. There is a deep moral in the story for parents, too, which ought to be taken to heart by those who

* *Lead, Kindly Light.* By the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Art and Book Company.

† *Clarence Belmont; or, A Lad of Honor.* By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

have a true interest in the welfare of their children, spiritual no less than temporal.

In the pages of *Under the Red Robe* * Mr. Stanley A. Weyman essays to enlighten us on the inner life of some classes of the French nation in the reign of Louis XIII. and under the *régime* of the great cardinal-statesman, Richelieu. The professional *roué* and swashbuckler, if this picture be true, would appear to have had a good time there and then. Some allowances must be made for the difficulties of an English author in dealing with a subject that he cannot understand; but even giving him the utmost latitude possible on this score, it is not clear to our mind how he can possibly expect such a character as the Gil de Berault in this narrative to be accepted by anybody as the sort of person whom a beautiful, highly cultured, and keenly sensitive Huguenot lady like the Mlle. Cocheforêt of the same tale could, under any condition whatever, accept as a lover, not to say fall violently in love with of her own accord, when we consider that the proposition the author puts before us is that De Berault goes down to her house to play the spy upon her brother, who is a Huguenot rebel, and arrest him and bring him to Paris to be executed, even though the disgraceful job be undertaken as the sole means of saving De Berault's neck from the halter. It does not matter that whilst the swashbuckler is playing the spy he repents and feels his shame; it is a foul libel on the French gentility of the period to picture such a character as a type of any section of it. Besides the book is stupid, inasmuch as it is all taken up with the single incident of the espionage and its immediate developments. Mr. Weyman writes well: if he could only construct a plot and imagine characters true to life, he ought to be able to turn out something better than this piece of absurdity.

I.—ETHICS *minus* MORALITY.†

The importance of ethics to human society renders the discussion of the subject inferior only in interest to that of religion. Ethics being intermediary between religion and the laws governing human conduct in private as well as in public life, may be described as the practical part of religion in so far as

* *Under the Red Robe.* By Stanley A. Weyman. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Data of Modern Ethics Examined.* By Rev. John J. Ming, S.J., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

it relates to the mundane world. The pre-Christian philosophy represented ethics standing in place of creed, and, in the absence of any higher enlightenment, controlling the moral life of the civilized world and forming the basis of public law. The ethics of those days were founded upon the idea of a divine obligation, for even to the logical pagan mind it appeared as impossible to construct an ethical system independent of a Divinity and a human responsibility as to build a house without any support from the earth. It is reserved for the scientific *savants* of the present day to formulate an ethical rule which discards such a base, and rests upon the inherent selfishness of human nature as the highest ground for its observance by civilized people.

The difficulty which presents itself to the ordinary student of this necessary branch of education is that of following arguments manifestly tending to one common end to starting points as diverse as the races of man. He becomes lost in a realm of shifting quicksands. Analysis is fatal to all these empirical philosophics. Father Ming's new book on Modern Ethics is immensely helpful in exposing the fallacies on which the spurious gospel of the materialists rests. He makes it as clear as noonday that their reasoning needs but to be followed out to its legitimate conclusion to prove destructive of its own object. The lucidity of style and the methodical arrangement of the different branches of the treatise must strike the student as he proceeds with the perusal of this volume. We venture to say that the work must find a wide appreciation wherever it is necessary or desirable to strengthen the mental training by a course of methodical and orderly exercises in philosophical argument.

NEW BOOKS.

BURNS & OATES, London:

Pax Vobiscum: A Manual of Prayers, with Special Devotions for the Sick. The Theandric Kingdom, et Potestas Temporalis Definienda est. By the author of "Civil Principality."

FLYNN & MAHONY, Boston:

The Authorized Catechism of the Christian Doctrine, with Explanatory Notes. By Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D.

R. HERDER, St. Louis:

Explanation of Deharbe's Small Catechism. By James Canon Schmitt, D.D.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, New York:

The Novena of Benediction in Honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Little Treasure of the Devout Clients of St. Anthony of Padua.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

The Roman Catholic Religion, Reason and Science. By Thomas O'Neill, Philadelphia. *Columbus the Catholic.* By George Barton. (Popular edition.) *The Children of Charles I. of England.* By Mrs. C. S. H. Clark.

F. D. COBURN, Topeka, Kansas:

Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for the quarter ended March 31, 1894.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

The Cathedral Library Catalogue.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

The Diseases of the Will. By Th. Ribot. *The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms.* By Alfred Binet.

CATHOLIC PUBLICATION CONCERN, Philadelphia:

Thoughts in Verse, Religious and Miscellaneous. By John J. Brann.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Little Prayer-Book of the Sacred Heart. By Rev. Bonaventura Hammer, O.S.F. *Pearls from Faber.* By Marion J. Brunowe.

MACMILLAN & CO., London and New York:

Celtic Twilight. By W. B. Yeats.

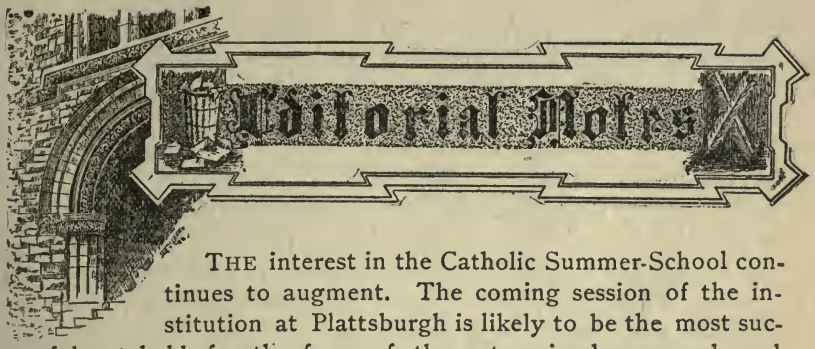
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York and London;

Ban and Arriere Ban. By Andrew Lang.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

CATALOGUE (illustrated) OF THE W. B. FEELEY ECCLESIASTICAL ART COMPANY, Chicago.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Worcester, Mass.: *Revelation.* By Rev. W. H. Goggin.



THE interest in the Catholic Summer-School continues to augment. The coming session of the institution at Plattsburgh is likely to be the most successful yet held, for the fame of the enterprise has spread, and many are coming from long distances to see and hear for themselves. Even from England a large contingent may be expected this year, as we learn from the Catholic press on that side of the ocean. For teachers the ensuing session will be peculiarly advantageous, as a special course for their benefit has been arranged for, to be carried out during the last week of the meetings. The arrangements at Plattsburgh and on Lake Champlain for the reception and amusement of the visitors are comprehensive. The committee in charge of the ground which has been purchased for the permanent location of the Summer-School are working hard to have things ready, and it will be found that the art of the landscape gardener has not been thrown away upon the place, by the time the visitors get there. Places of entertainment will be fitted up, a handsome pier run out into the lake, and other things done to transform the place from a solitude to a live resort. The committee are working hard, moreover, to secure the facility of a special steamer on the lake during the session. Thus everything looks bright for the outing portion of the programme, the intellectual agenda-paper will be equally well attended to.

In a series of temperate and argumentative resolutions the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church in England, recently assembled under the presidency of Cardinal Vaughan to consider the subject, have placed on record their views on the question of Catholic education in the primary schools in England. These resolutions are to form the basis of a bill which it is proposed to introduce in Parliament for the settlement of the question in Great Britain. There the education difficulty has been rendered acute by the action of the noisy element on the school boards, whose aim is to take away all power from

parents in the education of their children and hand it over to the state. The English hierarchy take up an unequivocal position as the champions of parental right and the religious training of the child.

One of the most cheering tokens of the reality of that progress about which there is so much vague talk is the recent convention of Working-girls' Clubs in Boston. These clubs are something more than a name. They are genuine associations wherein working-girls find home life and pleasant society, as well as amusement and intellectual culture. They comprise girls employed in stores and factories and workshops, and women of wealth go in there and help in their work, not with any view of affecting patronage, but from a desire of participating in the civilizing influences of sociability and co-operation in intellectual employment. The papers read at the convention show that even amongst women literature may be cultivated "on a little oatmeal" just as well as on the best college rations. The literary classes have taken up an analytical study of Shakspere, and the exercise appears to have afforded much delight; but Browning was ruled out when the question of other English poets to be studied came up. Several sensible papers were read at the convention, as well as a few which seemed irrelevant and merely gossipy. Many eminent people in Boston gave a cordial welcome to the convention, and contributed to make its members happy while it lasted by the social festivities which they thoughtfully provided in the evenings. In all this we have, perhaps, a glimmering of the true solution of the great economical problem of the time.

Many Catholics engaged in business do not seem to fully appreciate the benefits of advertising. They overlook the advantages which our own advertising columns present. As we never take any but the soundest class of advertisements, their appearance here gives them a value which should be taken into consideration. The advertisement portion of a magazine is often its motive power; in our case we desire it for nothing but to be an auxiliary in the great end we have in view.

There is a practical side to this question which advertisers ought not to overlook; and we say this merely with the view of recalling this fact to their attention.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A CONVENTION of all the Catholic Reading Circles in New England was held in Boston, on the evening of Sunday, April 8. Besides the delegations from the Circles, many well-known Catholics having a directive influence in this literary movement were present, the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., president of the Catholic Summer-School of America; the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of the Columbian Reading Union; the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of New York, and the president and members of the Catholic Union of Boston.

The appended circular was sent to all New England Reading Circles that have given any public notice of their existence:

BOSTON, March 15.

M ——, *President* —— *Reading Circle:* The Catholic Union of Boston, desirous to encourage the present Catholic literary movement, especially in the effective form of Reading Circles, has consented, at the solicitation of prominent Reading Circle workers, to call a convention of the Catholic Reading Circles in New England, for 7:30 P.M., Sunday, April 8, in St. Rose Hall, 17 Worcester Street, Boston.

The Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., president of the Catholic Summer-School of America, has kindly accepted the invitation to preside at this convention.

The committee undersigned, charged by the Catholic Union with the management of the convention, earnestly urge you to attend it in person, or to send one or more delegates; and to present at it a history of your Circle and the plan on which it is conducted.

Asking the favor of an early answer, and anticipating much benefit to the common cause from the interchange of experience and opinion at this convention, we remain respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK, *Chairman.*
MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.
KATHERINE E. CONWAY.
ELLEN A. MCMAHON, *Secretary,*
17 Worcester Street, Boston.

* * *

Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, chairman of the committee appointed by the Catholic Union for the management of Reading Circle Convention, called the meeting to order. He presented as chairman the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester.

Dr. Conaty heartily welcomed the delegates, expressed his gratification at the large attendance, and outlined briefly the objects of the meeting. He spoke of the present intellectual movement among American Catholics, and especially of New England's part in it. The Catholics of New England are sharers in the intellectual activity proverbial among all New-Englanders. This must be rightly directed and utilized for faith and country. Catholics must not lag behind their fellow-citizens of other beliefs. They must educate themselves to lead in the intellectual life of their time and country. The Reading Circles and the Catholic Summer-School were means to this end. Dr. Conaty briefly explained their relation.

He then called upon Miss Ellen A. McMahon, the secretary of the committee on this conference, and a leading spirit in the Reading Circle work.

Miss McMahon read letters of regret from the Rev. Thomas Scully, P. R., St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, Mass.; the Rev. Jas. H. O'Donnell, rector of St. John's Church, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Julia McCoIiff, of New Haven, Conn., whose bright little note described her "Circle" as consisting of herself and young daughter; Miss Mary A. Fitzpatrick, of Ansonia, Conn.

Among the Circles sending brief histories of their work were:

The Lady Fullerton Circle of Worcester, Mass.; the Xavier Circle of Waterbury, Conn.; the Alfred Circle of New Haven, Conn.; the St. Gregory Circle of Haverhill, Mass.; the Catholic Union Circle of Boston, Mass.; the Lacordaire Circle of New Haven, Conn.; the Isabella Circle of Rutland, Vt.; the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle of Boston, and one having the same name of Newburyport, Mass.; the Adelaide Procter Circle of Brockton, Mass.; the Hecker Circle of Everett, Mass.; the St. Thomas Aquinas Circle of Worcester, Mass.; the Fénelon Circle of Charlestown, Mass.; the O'Donnell Circle of Lawrence, Mass.; the St. Mark Circle of Woonsocket, R. I., and the Charles Warren Stoddard Circle of Salem, Mass. Other Circles having no distinctive names were reported from Lynn; the Catholic Young Women's Society at Worcester, and several academies under the care of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

* * *

Father McMillan gave an address briefly outlining the rise of the Reading Circle movement. The pioneer worker was Miss Julie Perkins, who died a few weeks ago in Norfolk, and to whose zeal and perseverance Father McMillan paid a touching tribute. "This work," he said, "has originated with the laity. The clergy have been annexed to it." He spoke of THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S promotion of the movement, and of the great service rendered by the Boston *Pilot*, expressing the hope that the smaller Reading Circles would more frequently represent their work in its columns. He described his own Circle, the Ozanam, at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York.

Father McMahon spoke with his wonted earnestness for the Reading Circles and the Summer-School. Many Catholics were content to live on the past intellectual glories of the Church, shutting their eyes to the palpable defect of intellectual culture in too many of our American Catholic communities to-day. He had read in *The Pilot* with interest and pleasure Father Fulton's words to the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle on the gradual Catholic intellectual progress in Boston, and the way to promote it still further. He had no patience with those who had money for everything but for good books. The Reading Circles have, as part of their mission, to make a paying public for good Catholic authors.

With a few hearty words of godspeed from Dr. Conaty, the conference adjourned subject to the next call of the Catholic Union. The unavoidable absence of Mr. Warren E. Mosher, projector of the Summer-School, and of the Rev. James B. Troy, was much regretted.

The Catholic Union of Boston deserves well of the Catholic Summer-School and of the Reading Circles throughout the country for its generous fostering of the movement in New England. Through its president, Mr. John P. Leahy, a kindly greeting was extended to all in attendance at the convention.

From an editorial in *The Pilot* we learn that the Circles represented by delegate or letter sum up a total of about six hundred members, ranging from a Circle of two in Connecticut to the largest of the Boston Circles with one hundred and twenty-nine. The character of the studies is as diversified as the size of the

Circles, but church history and modern English literature—with a marked leaning to the works of contemporary Catholic authors—are evidently receiving general attention.

While this convention brought out pleasantly the fact that much good work is being done under competent direction, it proved also that there is need in many places of better defined courses of study and more methodical conduct of meetings. It is a question of the mould rather than of the filling, for the subjects of study have, in large number, to be determined by the local needs.

Some of the Circles in the smaller cities and the towns are following to great advantage the reading lists of the Columbian Reading Union as presented in THE CATHOLIC WORLD; or the Catholic Educational Union's reading lists, as given in *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*. The Circles composed of convent-school alumnæ naturally develop on the excellent literary lines laid down in their academy or high-school course.

But, as a wise man keenly interested in the Catholic Summer-School reminds us, there is a large body of Catholic young men and women who have acquired an extensive literary training entirely outside of Catholic educational influences. Though practical Catholics, they have unconsciously assimilated much of the popular non-Catholic scientific and literary prejudices against the church. They are past the help of the rudimentary reading list, and would not be tempted into church history by the bait of the ordinary Catholic historical novel.

* * *

The Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, Mass., devoted a large amount of space to the Reading Circle convention. From one of its able articles we take the following:

"The public, and especially the Catholic public, should know about the Catholic Reading Circles and their work. The reports in the daily papers of the convention gave no idea whatever of the extent and importance of this work, of the steady but enthusiastic interest behind it, and the intelligence and ability which direct and sustain it. The existence of these societies, flourishing and working, sending delegates to the convention from cities, towns, and remote country villages, is an evidence, in some respects more striking than that supplied by the Catholic Summer-School, of the share taken by Catholics in the widespread intellectual and educational movement of the day. The reports of the various delegates show a remarkable activity and interest among young Catholics, and a surprising amount of discretion, skill, and sound practical judgment in the methods of reading and study pursued by them. If there ever was a time when knowledge and cultivation were absolutely necessary for Catholics, to-day is that time. The cultivation of the intellect, investigation, discussion, keen criticism, the challenging of all accepted beliefs—all these things are the order of the day, and 'in the air.' The Catholic who pretends to be intelligent, and to know why he is a Catholic, must be ready at all times to explain, defend, and vindicate his faith. If he can do this clearly and correctly, it is very well; but if he can do it in the language and style of a cultivated and generally well-informed man, his advantage is immense. The Catholic Reading Circles include in their courses the leading Catholic writers, the classic and standard authors of our own and other countries, and the general literature with which every cultivated person is expected to be more or less familiar. THE CATHOLIC WORLD maintains a regular department devoted to their interests and ably conducted. The Catholic Circles are precisely what we need to-day, and the more there are of them, carefully and ably managed, the better."

The Azarias Reading Circle of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Mary O'Toole president, is indebted to the Catholic Summer-School for its existence. At the first session in New London, and last year at Plattsburgh, the members imbibed enthusiasm for Catholic intellectual progress from the lectures, and especially from the distinguished author whose name they have honored. The plan of work adopted included United States history; a critical study of Irving's *Sketch Book* and *Alhambra;* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico;* Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* and *Pathfinder;* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *Marble Faun*, together with selections from Emerson, Brother Azarias, Dr. Brownson, Archbishop Spalding, and other Catholic writers.

The Azarias Circle consists of twenty ladies, most of whom are, or have been, teachers. It has given during the winter three receptions, with musical selections and a lecture, the first delivered by Dr. Eugene Bouton—former superintendent of the Bridgeport schools—on the "Ideal Man"; the second by Mr. Jesse Albert Locke on "A New York Loyalist's Account of the Revolution"; and the third by Mr. John H. Cummings on "Culture." The receptions, besides being very enjoyable affairs to those in attendance, have been the means of promoting an interest in literary improvement outside the limits of the Circle.

* * *

The following letter from a busy priest proves better than any other argument the necessity of the work undertaken by the Columbian Reading Union in supplying reliable information concerning the diffusion of literature:

"I am the pastor of a new parish, and there is a tremendous amount of hard work placed in my hands. But I have a willing congregation. I have a splendid class of young men and young women, and it is my desire to establish among them a literary society. I have watched the work of the Paulist Fathers for some years, and among all the movements they have set on foot for the benefit of the masses of the people there is not one, in my opinion, more praiseworthy and commendable, or more far-reaching in results, than the great work of the Reading Union. Now, while I appreciate the work, I must confess that I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details to have the practical knowledge required for the undertaking I have now in hand. True, I could go on with my own scheme, supported by good, practical minds; but our machinery might be cumbersome and might not run smoothly, and I think it better to start out with the experience of others for our guidance. Will you, therefore, please answer the following questions?

"When a Reading Circle undertakes to follow out a course, does each member have a copy of the same book? Are there as many copies of each book as there are members? If such be the case, does each member purchase and own the books? This would strike me as expensive and a serious drawback to the society.

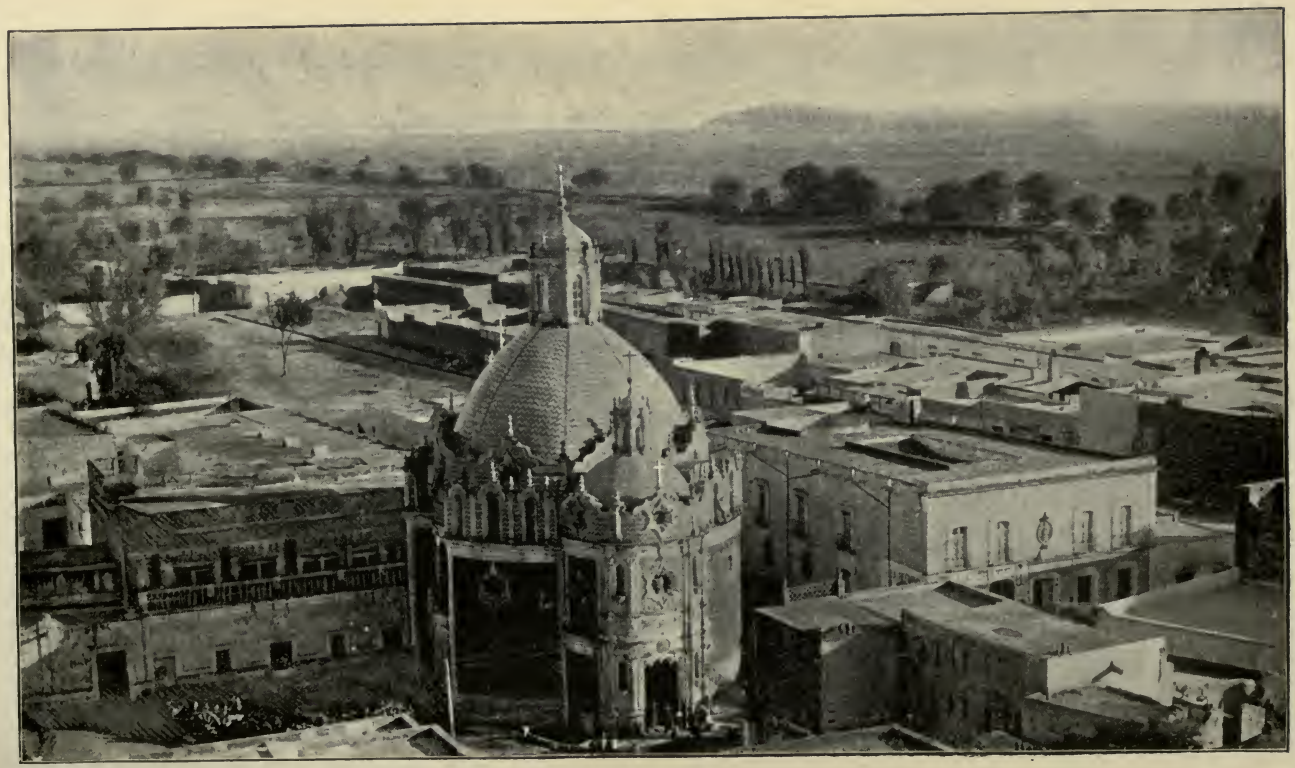
"From your knowledge of this kind of work, would you recommend the adoption of a constitution? Is it the practice to have literary societies under a fixed constitution?

"Have you lists of books for libraries for such societies, with price per set, or for each separate work?

"Our society has had one meeting, and one hundred and forty members were enrolled. They are mostly members of the Blessed Virgin Sodality. Many will fall away, doubtless, in time. They have read very little, as a rule, and I think we must begin at the beginning. My own idea of this work is that it will be necessary to establish a well-selected library, and get them into the way of reading—to create a taste for reading first of all."

We would urge strongly the starting of a library first, under the circumstances described. The Reading Circle can be formed at a later date, with or without a constitution.

* * *



THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GUADALOUPE. (*See page* 478.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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IN A HAMMOCK.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

SWING and swing while the elm-tree weaves
Bending boughs as the wind sweeps by;
Soft susurrus of rustling leaves
Marking the silence rhythmic'ly.

Sky above, and unbounded space,
Stretching, meeting on ev'ry side;
The soul o'erleaps her dwelling place,
Floating out on its shoreless tide.

What is life with its gain or lack,
The little days that speed away,
While thought springs down the comet's track,
And body feels the planet's sway?

Just to swing with swinging earth,
Lapped in content as hours pass,
Glad in the joyous, new-won birth
Of bird, and bee, and tender grass!

Sky above, but blossoms beneath;
Earthly trifles are sweet and dear;
Smell the clover, and see the heath;
Hark, the robin is whistling clear!

All for me, as am I for all,
Stars and winds, and the bird and bee;
Glad I swing with this swinging ball,
My heart abeat in harmony.

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CHRISTIAN AND PATRIOTIC EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.*

BY REV. ALFRED YOUNG.

UNDER the above heading I propose to show, by official statistics, how much Protestants, compared with Catholics, have been doing to impart a religious and patriotic education to their children. I presume to say that an exhibit of this sort is a pretty reliable index of the esteem in which each religious body holds its own doctrines, moral discipline, and religious devotional worship. Those who really have a high esteem for their religion will not only show themselves to be earnest and faithful believers but will be extremely solicitous about the transmission of their own faith and its practice to their children; ready to make, if need be, all reasonable sacrifices for that purpose.

WHO ARE THE EDUCATORS?

Nay, more; I confidently assert that one's patriotism is rightfully to be measured by this anxiety and care to have the minds of the rising generation inculcated with those religious principles which one believes in his heart of hearts are necessary to the safety and true progress of the Republic. That some religious principles are deemed by Protestants to be of such necessity, would appear to be evidenced by the constant claims they make for their Protestantism, and their equally constant expressions of alarm lest the doctrines of the Catholic Church should prevail. And yet, when it comes to putting one's patriotic faith in one's religion to test, what do we find? That is what I propose to show by the following tables, copied from the *Report on Education in the United States at the Eleventh Census, 1890:*

* From advance sheets of the forthcoming work by the Rev. Alfred Young, entitled *Catholic and Protestant Countries compared.*

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS, 1890.

The United States.	*Teachers.*	*Pupils.*	*White.*	*Colored.*
Total, ...	16,150	799,602	788,609	10,993
Catholic, ...	12,303	626,492	620,174	6,322
Evangelical Lutheran,	2,991	142,963	142,302	661
German Evangelical, .	386	15,639	15,638	1
Protestant Episcopal, .	275	8,385	4,635	3,750
All others, ...	195	6,119	5,860	259
Baptist, ...	None			
Methodist, ...	None			
Presbyterian, . . .	None			
Congregational, . .	None			

The next table in the official report gives the combined numbers for parochial and denominational schools. I have subtracted the "parochial" figures so that the denominational ones may be seen at a glance :

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS :

That is, private schools, other than parochial, under control of members of different denominations.

The United States.	*Teachers.*	*Pupils.*	*White.*	*Colored.*
Total, ...	17,414	286,142	244,815	42,034
Catholic, ...	5,907	75,454	75,074	396
Methodist Episcopal, .	3,026	58,546	49,103	9,443
Presbyterian, ...	1,793	37,965	26,358	11,607
Baptist, ...	1,635	29,869	24,848	5,021
Congregational, . . .	1,219	27,453	15,171	12,282
Protestant Episcopal, .	1,339	13,265	12,584	681
All others, ...	1,963	34,886	32,910	1,896

SUMMARY.

The United States.	*Teachers.*	*Pupils.*
Total, ...	33,564	1,085,744
Catholic, ...	18,210	701,966
All Protestants, . . .	15,354	383,778

This is a striking and very suggestive exhibit. Dr. H. K. Carroll, special agent of the "eleventh census of churches," estimates the number of Protestants in the United States at about thirty millions, and of Catholics at about six millions. It is a high estimate for them, and a low estimate for us. But, either way, it is plain that there are over twenty millions who are neither Protestant nor Catholic. These twenty millions do not believe that either Catholic or Protestant doctrine is at all

necessary to the safety of the Republic. No doubt the majority of them have a vague, undefined notion that the entertainment of some kind of religious sentiment by the masses is in a general way useful; but that they would spend one dollar or raise a finger to help insure the reign of Christian ideas and principles no one believes. On the contrary, they can be counted upon as ready to oppose any attempt on the part of Catholics or Protestants to treat the state as if it were a Christian one, or ought to be.

PROTESTANTISM IN LEAGUE WITH INFIDELITY.

This is a very serious state of things, for twenty millions out of sixty are able to exert great power. By some means or other it has come to be the popular notion that the American state is Nullifidian. How has that notion come to prevail? Is this a sign that the slowly increasing number of those who are of "No religion" have proved themselves stronger than the united nominal Christian majority?

No; let the plain and honest truth be told. Protestants have betrayed this country, which, not so very long ago, might confidently call itself a Christian one, into the hands of the unbeliever. No other evidence is needed than the exhibit I have just made, which shows that they have united themselves with the unbeliever in establishing a system of popular education which will infallibly insure the spread of "no religion," and that they have taken little or no pains to give their children an education which would insure their adherence to the religious faith of their parents. They have made a mistake which cannot but prove a disastrous one for the future hopes of Protestantism. Who does not see, if the vast majority of children are instructed (I cannot say educated) in schools of "no religion," that at no distant date this country will be a country of "no religion"? What then will happen? What becomes of an edifice when the foundations are taken away?

Let us hear a few opinions on that point from those who are worthy to be heard. In his farewell address our wise and ever-to-be honored Washington said:

"Religion and morality are the pillars of human happiness. Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience forbid us to expect that *national morality* can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

The celebrated historian and statesman Guizot, a Protestant,

having before his mind the dreadful consequences following upon the infidel doctrines of Voltaire in his own country of France, said:

"In order to make popular education truly good and *socially useful*, it must be fundamentally religious. I do not mean by this, that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education, and that the practices of religion should enter into it: for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices; it is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which after this manner alone can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives."

Have we Catholics ever said more, or asked more than that? But what is the cry that is heard all around us? "You Catholics are the avowed enemies of popular education"; and that from the mouths of prominent politicians and Protestant church dignitaries whom one supposes to be educated men. And they keep on unblushingly repeating the same falsehood right in the very face of all past history, of all that the Catholic people and their priesthood are doing in every country, and especially in our own.

Despite the fact that we are paying our full quota of the taxes which create the school fund, we Catholics possess in this country, in proportion to our wealth and numbers, more parochial schools, seminaries, academies, colleges, and universities, established and sustained *exclusively* by our own private resources, than all the other denominations of Christians put together. And yet we are "avowed enemies to popular education"! And because we cheerfully impose upon ourselves this double burden, and are resolved to bring up our children as Christian citizens in the way that all the wise and good, even among Protestants, know to be the only possible and necessary way to secure the future welfare and stability of our glorious and beloved Republic, we are denounced forsooth as being unpatriotic!

Listen to the former prime minister of France, M. Thiers, in his report to the Corps Législatif:

"We must make education more religious than it has been up to the present moment. We must put it upon its former basis; and if we do not, *I tremble for the future of France.*"

France, or at least the powers that have been ruling the country, turned a deaf ear to the counsel of this wise statesman, banished every word and sign of religion from education, whether popular or of the higher grades, and what is the consequence? Infidelity has spread over that once Christian land like a plague, and anarchy, with its dynamite bombs, is threatening the overthrow of all order and government, and the inauguration of another and more devastating Reign of Terror.

Listen to Herr Von Puttkamer, the eminent minister of public worship in the German Empire:

"I am convinced that on the day on which we cease to make the saving teachings of the Gospel the basis of education, *the fall of our national civilized life will be inevitable.*"

Let us hear what the eminent and world-honored statesman, Mr. Gladstone, has to say:

"Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious."

REV. JAMES M. KING SPEAKS.

And now I am about to quote from a recent writer concerning whose orthodoxy there can be no question—Protestant orthodoxy, I mean, notwithstanding the ultra-Romanism that breathes in every sentence. The end this now prominent anti-popery American writer had in view at the time of the pronouncement of these popish sentiments in an address entitled "Religion and the State," delivered before the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity, on April 19, 1886, was to prepare the public mind for the establishment of the "Union of Church and State," for which he was working as agent of the Evangelical Alliance, and which was sprung upon Congress by him and his associates three years after.

The reader will find a detailed account of this attempt and its failure in THE CATHOLIC WORLD magazine, January, 1894. This very address of his was offered by him before the Congressional Committee in order to strengthen his argument for the establishment of Protestantism as the state religion, by forcing an amendment to the national Constitution upon the country, obliging every State in the Union to have "public schools in which shall be taught the common branches of knowledge, virtue, morality, and *the principles of the Christian religion.*" The chairman of the committee, Hon. Henry W. Blair, explained the last sentence to mean: "the principles of the Christian religion *so limited as to specifically and emphatically exclude the Christian principles*

of one or two sects." These plotters must have taken the American people for a lot of fools!

But let us hear the writer, the orator, the agent of the Evangelical Alliance, and now the founder, and, so far as it appears, the chief and only expounder and spokesman of the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions"—the REV. JAMES M. KING, D.D.

Mark it well, every American citizen who has ears to hear—*this man has changed his base*, and in word and work now denounces every one of his sentences which follow as being anti-American and popish!

This champion of "No sectarianism in the public schools" begins by asking this fundamental question:

"*What constitutes real education, and what are the perils of education when purely secular?* Education consists in the symmetrical development of the whole man for the purpose of his creation. This purpose is admitted to be moral. The state is preparing citizens to be competent to their responsibilities, and these are all moral. *Secularized education is a misnomer. It is no education at all.* Never before has the attempt been made; the verdict of mankind in every age, under every civilization, is against it" (*Religion and the State*, by Rev. James M. King, page 9).

"Daniel Webster, in his argument against the Girard will, said: 'In what age, by what sect, where, when, by whom, has religious truth been excluded from the education of youth? Nowhere, never. Everywhere and at all times it has been regarded as essential. It is of the essence, the vitality of useful instruction.'

"Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, recently said: 'I lift up a warning voice, with respect to the inadequacy and perils of our modern system of one-sided education, which supposes it can develop manhood and good citizenship out of mere brain culture.'

"Dr. Schaff says: 'Intellectual education is worth little without virtue, and virtue must be supported and fed by piety, which binds men to God, inspires them with love to their fellow-man, and urges them on to noble thoughts and to noble deeds. . . . A self-governing democracy which does not obey the voice of conscience, and own God as its ruler, must degenerate into mobocracy and anarchy.'

"'Despotism,' says De Tocqueville, 'may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.'

"Victor Cousin, the profoundest of French philosophers, in

an address before the Chamber of Peers, maintained that 'any system of school-training which sharpened and strengthened all the intellectual powers, without at the same time affording a source of restraint and counter-check to their tendency to evil by supplying moral culture and religious principle, was a curse rather than a blessing' (*ibid.*, p. 10).

Our Rev. Champion of the necessity of religious education goes on to say:

"Many children and youth of the nation live under family conditions incompatible with self-respect or with moral purity. And these get all their education from the state. Under a republican *form* of government not only, but under a government in *fact* republican, the moralities of the Christian religion must constitute the basis of its educational system for the training of its citizenship, if the form and privileges of government are to be perpetuated.

"In case secular education is to be made non-Christian, in order to be consistent there must be non-Christian editions of text-books prepared by the state. And these must cover the fields of history, natural science, mental and moral philosophy, and general literature. Christian truths and facts are so ingrained in the sources of knowledge of English-speaking peoples, that the secular teacher who seeks to avoid the assertion or denial of them will find his teaching reduced to very naked rudiments.

"To avoid in instruction the facts concerning the work and worth of Christianity in our history is to impart anti-Christian instruction not only, but to misrepresent, and this is to destroy the basis of all morals; and moral instruction cannot be separated at any point or for any period of time from the intellectual without injury" (*ibid.*, pages 9, 10).

KING'S RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE AS SECRETARY OF THE N. L. P. A. I.

"*The public schools cannot be wholly secularized and claim to educate.* They cannot be wholly secularized unless they are confined to the barest elementary instruction, and this would not be education, but simply getting ready to acquire knowledge.

"Dr. Schaff says: 'An immense interest, like the education of a nation of cosmopolitan and pan-ecclesiastical composition, cannot be regulated by a logical syllogism. Life is stronger and more elastic than logic. It is impossible to draw the precise line of separation between secular and moral, and between moral and religious education. Absolute indifference of the school to morals and religion is impossible. It must be either moral or

immoral, religious or irreligious, Christian or anti-Christian. Religion enters into the teaching of history, mental and moral philosophy, and other branches of learning which are embraced in our common-school system, and which public sentiment deems necessary. . . . An education which ignores religion altogether would raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals, and prove a curse rather than a blessing" (*ibid.*, pp. 16, 17).

The boldness of this new-mantled prophet of "Schools of No Religion" in quoting Dr. Schaff shows how dead-set he and his were in 1886 to have "sectarian" schools supported by the state and to have none other. What is the "logical syllogism" they are now trying to make the people swallow, willy-nilly? Just this nonsense: This nation of cosmopolitan and pan-ecclesiastical composition—in plain English: this nation composed of citizens of several different faiths must impose upon all children an education that will raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals, and which will be to them a curse rather than a blessing. But to secure that national curse a constitutional amendment must be passed which will make all the state schools non-sectarian, and forbid the state from even allowing religion to be taught in any school in which it pays for education. Therefore he calls upon all citizens to join the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions" or the "A. P. A.'s," and vote for that amendment.

With that argument before the reader, let him now listen to the "demands," if you please, which this Rev. Dr. King, secretary of the N. L. P. A. I., went on to make in his famous address:

REV. J. M. KING'S DEMANDS.

"*The things we must demand:* In view of the facts of our history, of the Christian formation and rise of our government, and of the Christian origin of our state schools; and in view of the fact that the state, so founded and formed, assumes the right to educate its citizenship, and wherever it has acted definitely it has acted upon the basis of Christian morals, and has not considered that it was infringing upon the rights of conscience as protected by constitutional provision; and in view of the fact that any adequate education for responsible citizenship cannot be entirely secular, we demand, as an *ultimatum*, that the schools, the nurseries of our citizenship, *shall not be handed over to godless instruction and divorced from Christian*

moral culture, thus becoming the nurseries of vice and immorality, where God is ignored (*Religion and the State, p. 16*).

. . . . . .

"*The attitude we ought to assume in case our rightful demands are not conceded:* The state, failing to meet the requirements of a citizenship made up of accountable beings, and the public schools becoming godless, and therefore necessarily immoral, *Christian citizens must deny the right of the state to assume to give such an inadequate education.*

"*The added demands that we believe it is high time we announced:* Yes, more than this. I am about convinced that the time has come when we must demand that the state, assuming to teach its citizenship as a preparation for the responsibilities of citizenship, must not only recognize Christianity as the religion of the people, in conformity with historical and judicial precedent, but *must require* the teaching of Christian morality *wherever education is supported by taxation or by state grant* (*!*).

"And not only must we insist upon the common schools teaching Christian morality, but when the state (as with us) enters upon the questionable work of higher education, and seeks to prepare teachers for their work in the common or higher schools, then we must put the salt of Christian morality in at these fountain heads, or make up our minds to forfeit the respect both of God and of good men, and invite a reign of irresponsibility and immorality.

"We are told that history and precedent have nothing to do with this question in its present demands for solution. As well might the individual say that birth and educational opportunity have nothing to do with determining present duty. We are told that we must keep retreating until we reach tenable ground. This is the cry of the enemies of righteous government and of humanity, and it ought not to be echoed by the lovers of goodness or of God.

"Is it not time for the populations that give character to our civilization and stability to our government to assert themselves? Is it not time to return to the foundation principles upon which our liberties and integrity as a nation rest? Is it not time to banish this sickly sentimentality that under the hypocritical concession to religious freedom retreats in the presence of secularism, of Jesuitism, and of atheism?" (*ibid.*, pp. 19, 20).

The fling at "Jesuitism" is rather unfortunate at the close of such a series of arguments, all of which the Jesuits would

most heartily endorse. It is too serious a subject for joking; but I must take the liberty of saying that this Rev. Methodist preacher has given us more than enough evidence out of his own mouth to prove, if we cared to, that he is and has been a "concealed Jesuit" all along.

Anyway, it is plain that this master-worker in charge of the "National League," now demanding before the New York Constitutional Convention SCHOOLS WITHOUT RELIGION OF ANY KIND, has for some reason, best known to himself, but well imagined by others, changed his mind. He does not care a straw now for what he has told us, and truly, is so necessary that to go without it is to "invite a reign of irresponsibility and immorality." Let him explain his change of base, if he can. With this proof before the eyes of the people he stands now self-condemned. Certainly all those "demands" of his ought to be presented to the Constitutional Convention, and what will he and his followers in the "National League" and its ally, the A. P. A secret order, say then?

THE LAST OF THE PENITENTES.

FOR eighteen months there had been no rain in the Valley of Butterflies. Not that any one minded this, for the *acequias* that irrigated the land were always full of water, fed from the snows on the high mountain tops. It was only the lower lands of the prairies that suffered. There the sheep famished, there the people held up shrivelled hands to the thrice blue heavens and the thrice golden sun. There the disbanded Penitentes cursed the priests who had overcome their creed of hell, and laid the blame of the famine of water at their door. There, in the house of Gomez, the twins, Juan and Juana, swore by their dead father, Pedro Gomez, and by their famished flocks, to wreak vengeance on the Señora Ascencion Terreros, whose family had so helped the priests to destroy the Penitente creed, thereby bringing down on the land the blasting rod of the Penitentes' God. And not the less was Juana's heart in her oath because she loved Jorge Espero, the beloved of the Señora Ascencion.

"I would marry, my father," said Jorge Espero in the autumn when the crops were gathering in.

"It is well," answered his father. "And whom would you marry?"

The young man reddened, and looked out from the open doorway on the reapers reaping in the Espero fields. "I would marry, if the Señor Don Terreros wills it so, the Señora Ascencion."

Don Espero rolled a corn-leaf cigarette for himself, lit it, and said slowly, as he inhaled the smoke of the tobacco: "Long ago, when Pedro Gomez had me under his thumb, so"—he pressed his thumb on the table by his side with a grinding sound—"I partly promised you to his daughter Juana."

"I like not the Señora Juana," responded the young man sternly.

"Yes," returned his father, "but a promise is a promise, even when made so"—and he repeated the grinding motion with his thumb. "However," he continued after a moment's pause, "I shall speak to Juan Gomez, and warn him that I

have other views for you, and ask to be released of my promise."

"I was but a boy when that promise, if it can be called a promise, was made," said Jorge; "Juan will not hold you to it."

"He will not, for Juan is a good fellow, if he could but get the Penitentes out of his head," said the father. "But, Jorge, you look high—the Señor Terreros is a man of many dollars."

"If the Señora Ascencion will look kindly on me, the señor's dollars will not stand in our way," said Jorge firmly.

Shortly after this conversation, which took place before the vow of Juan and Juana Gomez, Don Espero went to Juan and related to him the circumstances under which his promise had been made to Juan's father. "I was, not knowing better and never taking part in any of the meetings of the lodges, a Penitente. Innocently, and not with intention, I had betrayed some of the secrets of your father's lodge. You know, Juan," he said to Gomez, "the power over every man's life the secret lodges had but have no more, thanks be to God and the padres. I loaned money to your father when he asked me, not without threats. I do not ask his son to return that money. You have not prospered, and you are in need—at least so I fear. Of mine, Juan, you are welcome to take if you will but stretch forth your hand. You cannot hold Jorge to the promise I further made to your father. I speak of the promise concerning Jorge and your sister, Juana. But, Juan, I would, now that your father is dead, have a release from this promise, and *you* can give it."

Gomez tilted the corn into the hopper where he had been grinding, and the meal flowed silently into the sack he held to receive it. "You need not have made so long to tell me this, Don Espero," he said setting down the sack on the earthen floor of the granary. "You wish to be released? You *are* released. The dowry of a Gomez would be but small," he added with a sneer.

"You wrong me, Juan," said Espero mildly. "I had no thought of dowry, but—well to tell you the truth, Jorge is not loved by Juana I feel sure, and he does love another."

"The Señora Ascencion?"

Espero nodded his head, and Gomez continued: "It appears that all men love the Terreros. It is but natural; they are rich, they and the padres triumph—"

"Gomez, Gomez!" interrupted Espero, "are you mad

enough to lament the Penitentes, who made our people slaves, whose hands were red with our blood, whose souls were black as hell?"

"You forget, Don Espero," said Gomez coldly, "that my father was the head of our strongest lodge; that Juana and myself *are* Penitentes; that we alone, perhaps, have not been ensnared by the padres."

"The more fools you!" began Espero hotly; then cut short his speech to bow and utter a gracious salutation to a young girl who came from the house to the open door of the granary. She was tall and graceful, the black *rebosa* depending from her head setting off her dark beauty—a beauty that showed its Spanish origin in the haughty curves of her lips, and its Aztec origin in her softly moulded chin and throat. Her amber-tinted skin was as smooth as glass, and her cheeks glowed like a pomegranate, not only naturally but from the skilfully applied carmine paint that made her black eyes appear to burn as a furnace. Her beauty was undeniable, but of so barbaric a type as to repel Espero, a man of purest Spanish lineage with all that feeling of caste alive in him which distinguishes the modern Mexican of Spanish descent.

"I heard the voice of the señor," said the girl, "and wondered why he should remain in the granary. Will not Don Ignacio honor our poor house by entering it? It, and all that is in it, is his."

Espero was about to decline her invitation when, maddened by his love for his twin sister and the sufferings the two had endured from the famine of water in the land, Gomez cried out in a fierce, vindictive taunt: "Juana, in your cradle you were espoused to that man's son—we were rich then—he comes to-day to withdraw his promise; his son would wed the pale señora, the señora of many dollars, the señora of the Terreros, our enemy, the friend of the padres." Then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, he caught the girl to his arms and moaned over her: "Juanita, mia! Juanita, mia! that a man should despise you, the light of my heart!"

The girl's cheeks blanched under their paint. Withdrawing herself from her brother's embrace, she stood erect before Espero, who wished himself far away, her hands clenched. "Señor Don," she said in slow, even tones, "know you it is *I* refuse your son; I, Juana Gomez. Think well on what I now say when next I stand before you, and till then think of this!" And, drawing herself to her fullest height, she made in the air with

her hand a cross, and three several times she struck with her fist this air-drawn cross, as if to drive three holes through it, and then, shaking the three raised fingers of her left hand in his face, she turned from him and re-entered the house.

She had signed him to death, and she had signed two others to death, with those three punctures made by the three blows of her fist; and she had, by those three shaken fingers, warned him of the curse of the Penitentes that she had laid on him. Espero grew white and trembled as he remembered the time, not so long since, when such a curse would have made his life as worthless as a handful of dust. A prayer half recited on his lips, he turned to Juan, who stood looking at him with a smile of contempt on his lips. "Juan, you know all, and you know there is no reason why we should not be friends—" he began, when Juan interrupted him.

"I know, Señor Don," he said, "that my sister is the mistress of every lodge of the Penitentes—"

"But none exist!" broke in Espero.

"That is neither here nor there," went on Gomez calmly; "I do not question her right to warn you, but you now know you are an outcast from us, that your death is sealed. With an outcast I have naught to do; the padres cannot save you, and I bid you go from here." And Juan took him by the arm, and, having thrust him out the granary, closed the door on him.

Dazed by the suddenness of the attack made on him, Espero mounted his horse and turned into the road that led to the Puerta Luna. The fresh, clear air from the mountains invigorated him, and the gentle motion of the steady trot of his horse soothed him and helped to clear his troubled mind. Long before he reached the little hostelry built on the side of the Puerta, where he would break his journey for the night, he had laughed away the fears roused in him by Juan and Juana. The terrible power of the Penitentes was a thing of the past. They had seduced the people to the practice of their abominable rites; but the padres of the mission had come, and restored the people to their reason and to their faith in the loving God whom Christians adore. The reign of blood and sin was over, thought Espero, and what now was there to fear? And so consoled, he thrust from his mind the thought of Juana's air-drawn curse, and when the night had fallen, at peace with God and man, he lay down to rest in the Puerta hostelry.

"Don Ignacio Espero sleeps long," said the host of the

Puerta inn to his wife, sipping her coffee at a table set before a window that looked down the mountain side.

"He is rich, Tomas; the rich may repose themselves," returned the wife placidly, and broke a piece of bread with which to feed the purring cat at her feet.

"You speak the truth, but the Señor Don wished to rise early," said Tomas; "what if I rouse him?"

"The king of Morocco took off the head of his servant because he did arouse him, and the king of Morocco took off the head of his servant because he did not arouse him," responded the wife, and then drained her coffee-cup.

Tomas scratched the side of his head, and muttering that señors who carried watches should not require to be called from their sleep, shuffled his way to the passage that led to an inner room.

He had been gone scarcely ten breathing spaces when his wife, who was clearing away the remains of her breakfast, was startled by a loud cry of distress. Not only did she hear it, but a *cargador* who had just arrived at the inn heard it also. Both the *cargador* and the wife started at the same time to run in the direction from whence the cry had proceeded, and both ran up against Tomas, white and tearing his hair, and crying out that the Señor Don Ignacio Espero lay murdered in the guest-chamber.

Not till they had been joined by the *sereno** of the neighboring town of Lunes did they dare to enter the bed-chamber of Don Ignacio.

The old man lay in his bed, his face slightly distorted, his hands clenching the blood stained coverlet. There was a gap in his left side where a sharp-pointed instrument had entered. As it was wont to be in the olden time, the wrath of the Penitente had fallen speedily. Juana had filled one of the punctures in her air-drawn curse.

Jorge Espero took his father's death much to heart. How he came by it neither Jorge, nor the *serenos* of the country, nor Padre Fedi could conjecture. Rather, the priest would not conjecture for him. To himself he suspected it to be the work of a Penitente. The old man had not been robbed; the murder had been done for revenge, the padre argued to himself; Don Ignacio had no enemies outside the lodge of Penitentes he had left to return to the bosom of the church. The

* Night-watch.

padre kept his own counsel in this, for the simple reason that he knew that he would be laughed at if he published his views concerning the murder of Don Ignacio. The Penitentes had ceased to exist as a sect, but that they still had heart-adherents here and there he knew. Some of these last he knew by name, and these he set himself to watch.

Yes, Jorge's heart was sore troubled, but his youth and his love for the Señora Ascencion helped to heal the scar made in it by the murder of Don Ignacio. According to Mexican custom he could not himself forward his suit for the señora's hand, and being possessed of no near kinsman, he asked the good offices of the Padre Fedi, at the same time relating the half-promise his father had made to Pedro Gomez, the father of Juana.

"I have visited of late the house of Gomez," said the padre gravely when Jorge had concluded, "and have learned from Juan that when your father died no such promise longer existed."

"You then knew of this promise, padre?" asked Jorge.

"I knew it from your father, and that it troubled him," answered the priest.

Jorge looked intently at his friend for a moment, and then said, his voice husky with emotion: "Padre, Juan passes me in the town without recognition; he is angered because of myself and the señora his sister. Padre, did *he* kill my father?"

"No, no, no!" cried the priest. "Juan is innocent of blood-shedding—" and there he stopped.

A keener observer then Jorge might have thought that the priest was keeping something back, but Jorge only heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Pardon me, padre, for having such a thought. When I think of my father I am not always sane."

Padre Fedi laid his hand gently on the arm of Jorge and turned the conversation to the Señora Ascencion by a suggestion that he should put aside all thought of a sorrow he could not remedy, and apply himself to a matter that had been very near his father's heart, namely, the union of the Espero with the Terreros family. "I shall lay the subject before Don Estaban this very day," said the priest.

Don Estaban was the father of the Señora Ascencion.

One December noon in the year 1885 a lumbering coach, drawn by two white mules, jolted over the stones of the rambling main street of Lunes, and drew up before the door

of the small but famous establishment of the *lavendera* (laundress) Tobalita. From the coach there alighted, first a young girl very fair, who was made to appear fairer still by the mantilla of black silk and lace she wore as a head-covering. When she found herself safe on the dusty path that did duty as a sidewalk, she turned to assist an old woman whom she addressed as "mamma."

The arrival of the coach had brought Tobalita, the stout and good natured, to the door of the *lavenderia*. "Welcome, Doña Terreros," she cried, "and welcome Señorita Ascencion. *Madre de Dios!* you are as white as the snow of the hills, and as blooming as the cactus of the valley!"

The señorita laughed, and, linking her mother's arm in hers, followed Tobalita into a room that looked out on a courtyard where a number of women knelt by the flowing *acequia* washing and rinsing clothes, and chatting somewhat boisterously over their work—all save one. This one knelt away from the others and took no part in their gossip, pursuing her work in silence, and perhaps accomplishing more than they.

The old woman placed herself in the chair offered her with a profusion of compliments, and having motioned Tobalita to a seat by her side, entered into a whispered conversation with the *lavendera*, which the *lavendera* interrupted often to raise her hands and supplicate the benedictions of heaven on the señorita so beautiful and so good. "Never have I been so honored," she declared when the doña had finished speaking; "not only to prepare all the linen the señorita takes as a dowry to the house of Don Espero, but as well the pretty white morning dresses that shall lose much of their fairness when contrasted with the skin of the snow-white señorita."

"And you will send home the ruffled gown in three days, Tobalita?" said the doña, ignoring the *lavendera's* compliments, and adding in a lower tone, "Don Jorge comes from his ranch on Wednesday, resting at the Puerta, for the visit of betrothal, and the señorita would wear on that day the ruffled gown—"

The doña paused abruptly, interrupted by the sound of angry voices in the courtyard.

"Tcht, Tcht!" clicked the tongue of Tobalita despairingly. "It is that Juana Gomez again! She is the best *lavendera* I have, but she quarrels, she quarrels!"

"Juanita Gomez?" exclaimed the señorita in astonishment.

"Why not, señorita?" asked Tobalita. "They have been

poor for long; you know how Don Pedro gained his money—blood money!—well, it has vanished, and since the night of the murder of Don Ignacio—a thousand pardons señorita!—since then Juan has failed and failed, and now lies ill abed in a cabin close by. Juana works hard for him, and works well, or I would have rid myself of her long ago, for she has a bad tongue."

"I knew her at school," said the señorita; "I will go to speak with her, *madre mia*."

"As you will," said Doña Terreros, "though she may not wish to see you."

"She will understand that I am her friend," said Ascencion with an assurance born of her guilelessness, and went out the door into the courtyard.

Juana was so busy with her work that she did not hear the girl's soft footfall approaching her, and it was not till Ascencion had twice called her name that she looked up from the linen she held. Then she sprang to her feet and, with what was so superlative a courtesy as to be a caricature of excessive politeness, she cried, "The Señorita Terreros! The heavens have indeed opened on your humblest servant."

"Juanita *mia*, why do you treat me so? We were friends at school!" exclaimed Ascencion, distressed.

"The señorita was and is my friend," said Juana, and kissed Ascencion on either cheek.

One of the *lavenderas*, standing by and witnessing this sweet intercourse, said to another: "See; I have always told you Juana had a good heart, and they say Don Jorge was promised to her."

This was spoken low, but Juana and Ascencion overheard it. Turning to the *lavendera* Juana said proudly: "Manuela, you are wrong in your mind. The Señor Don was rejected by me a long time since."

Ascencion looked wonderingly at her, and with the wonder something akin to distress appeared in her countenance. Juana viewed her distress with satisfaction. Things could not have turned out better, and she loved Manuela for having been the means of making Ascencion believe that Jorge had been her lover and had sued in vain. "She thinks she has won the cast-off of a *lavendera*," thought Juana.

"You are to marry soon, I hear," she said. "May I felicitate you, señorita?"

So utterly guileless was Ascencion that even these few

words drove away her distress. "Why señorita, why not Chona as of old, Juanita? I thank you much, *amigalita;* my marriage does not take place so soon as you think; I shall be but betrothed three days from this."

"May you be as happy as I wish you, Chona *mia*," said Juana, her cheeks flushed, a strange moisture in her eyes.

"Juanita, I thank you; and, Juanita, very soon I shall come for you, and you will come to me and bring your brother. I know how good you are to him, *carida mia;* and, Juana, the air of our mountains will make him well. You will come?"

"Next week I will answer you," said Juana. "But the Señora Tobalita calls you, Chona; *adios* till we meet again," and again she kissed the girl, and lightly touched her forehead with the middle finger of her left hand. "My benediction," she answered with a laugh to Ascencion's inquiring look; adding, "May you be as happy as is Don Ignacio in paradise."

"O Juana, Juana!" cried the girl.

"It is a good wish, *amigalita?*" said Juana coldly.

"Yes, yes," murmured Ascencion, and hurried away frightened at she knew not what.

Later in the day, when the *lavenderas* had wearied of discussing the news Tobalita had brought them of the great dowry of linen that the Señora Ascencion was to bring to the house of Espero (the dowry they were to make ready with many cleansings of water), a cart jolted along the street accompanied by a man's voice chanting the dolorous chant of the poor souls.

"It is the cart of Lucio," said Manuela in an awed whisper to Juana.

"Well, and what of that?" returned Juana, indifferently.

"If they were *my* cousins I would care," retorted Manuela shortly.

"What is the matter with you, Manuela?" asked Juana, a little surprised.

"Know you not that all of Moros is burning with small-pox; that Lucio's cart is in demand, and that your cousins, the Anchietas, are all down with it?" demanded Manuela.

"Well, what can I do? I have Juan, and I have my work," said the girl bitterly.

"She is in one of her moods," thought Manuela, and moved to another part of the courtyard. Left to herself, Juana worked as if driven to it, her mind working all the while. Suddenly she threw down the garment she was washing and sat herself in a heap on the ground, her eyes staring fiercely at the flowing

water in the *acequia*. So used were the women to the peculiar exhibitions of Juana's temper that no one cared to notice what was, to speak the truth of Juana, a phenomenal shirking of work. Nor did Tobalita, from her window overseeing the work of the *lavenderas*, care to notice. "She has worked till she is ready to expire; let her rest," she thought good-naturedly. "But what is the woman about now?" she exclaimed half-aloud, and leant out the window the better to see.

Juana had risen from her crouching position and was now holding Manuela in her arms. "You were right, Manuela," she said, kissing the woman's cheek, "to remind me of my cousins burning with fevers that, when they fail to kill, destroy one's beauty, and the fairer one's beauty the more dreadful their destruction. How sad for my poor cousins! Twice to-day, Manuela, you have proved a friend, and I have naught to give you in return but many, many thanks." She again kissed Manuela, and before the astonished woman could speak was again at her post beside the *acequia*, washing industriously.

"What did I tell you?" said Manuela in triumph to the *lavenderas*—"that she has a good heart. I but mentioned to her the Anchietas down with the small-pox, and you have witnessed her distress."

The afternoon waned, and the *lavenderas* went to their several homes. But Juana lingered after all were gone. "I would have a word with the Señora Tobalita," she said to that good woman, who was drinking her evening coffee.

"As many as you please; but sit and drink with me while you talk," invited Tobalita cordially.

"Many thanks, señora," returned Juana, "but I cannot stay. I must hurry to Juan. It is about Juan I would speak. I wish to remain with him to-morrow, he is so lonely all the day. The robe of the Señorita Ascencion I have ready for the fluting; this I would ask your permission to do at my house, señora."

Tobalita hesitated. She never permitted the clothes of her customers to leave her premises. However, she thought, Juana has good reason to remain at home, and she does her work the best of them all. "Let me think," she said aloud. "You have the box for it, and you know exactly what is to be done?"

"Oh, yes! señora," replied Juana eagerly. "And I know it is the señorita's betrothal robe. I shall do it well, so well that mayhap the señorita may never take pleasure in any other robe but it."

"Tcht, tcht, child!" clicked Tobalita in pretended reproof.

"You are vain of your work, but it is a truth none of the others have your fine touch. Now let us see: to-day is Monday, to-morrow is Tuesday, and on Wednesday afternoon Sylvan" (Sylvan was *cargador* for half the country round) "will come for the robe to carry it to the señorita. You will have it all ready in the box by then?"

"I have twice too much time," assured Juana; and having again refused Tobalita's proffered coffee, she uttered many thanks for the señora's condescending kindness in permitting her to perform her work at home, and, carrying the box containing the betrothal robe, went out into the rambling, dusty street.

The home of Juana was a low adobe cabin which contained two small rooms, their walls covered with a yellowish wash, their floors of hardened earth. The only furniture these rooms contained was two beds, one in either room, and a small collection of pots and pans in the outer room. But the cabin was exquisitely neat and clean, as is always the home of a Mexican no matter how poor he may be. On the bed in the inner room lay Juan Gomez; and it was to this room that Juana immediately proceeded on her return from the *lavenderia*.

"*Hermano mio!*" she greeted her brother; "you have passed the day well?"

"As well as I shall ever pass a day again," he returned impassively, and stretched out a thin hand to reach a gourd of water that was set on the floor by the bed.

She helped him to the water, and when he had drank of it, she said, "I would you had your father's spirit—or better, that you had mine, Juan."

He looked up at her burning face, his own sad and worn with sickness and trouble. "The Padre Fedi was here to visit me to-day," he said.

"Again!" she cried, and then controlling herself continued, "You gave him hearty welcome, Juan?"

"I gave him all I had to give, for I was glad to see him; his words were good to me when I saw him last. But, Juana, he brought old Ignacio Espero with him, and laid him out before my eyes, and showed me the gaping wound in his heart—"

She sprang to his side and felt the palms of his hands and his face and forehead. "I thought you had taken the fever; it is at Moros," she said, leaning against the wall and heaving a sigh of relief. "But, Juan, you must be mad," she went on; "old Ignacio has been in the ground these three months."

"But the padre's words were strong to make me see what he told."

"Coward! *you* did not kill Don Ignacio!"

"But he thinks *you* did."

"Let him think! The owls up in the *tecalote* think; and so let this old owl of a padre think, if he will. Know you not," she cried, "that the dagger of the Penitente falls and leaves no sign of the hand that guided it? The padre's words were strong to make you see! Let mine be stronger, for mine tell you what we *know*, while his can but tell you what he *thinks*."

He looked at her with admiration mingled with awe. "Heaven made strong the limbs of man," he murmured, "but the hearts of women were created stronger."

"Women need to have strong hearts," said Juana slowly; going on to demand, "Do you know who spoke with me to-day?"

He looked inquiringly at her, and bending over him she hissed: "The Señorita Ascencion; Chona, the pale face who thought to win me at the convent with *dulces;* Chona, beloved of the *Hermanitas;* Chona, who is to marry the son of old Ignacio; Chona, who has lit a fire in my heart that all the snows of the mountains cannot extinguish!"

The fire burned in her cheeks and blazed in her eyes, and dried her lips and tongue so that she seized on and drained the gourd.

"Do you make a fool of me, that you tell me you spoke with the Señorita Terreros?" he asked.

She burst into a laugh, and said: "Not only did I speak to her; I felicitated her, and I kissed her, Juan; and, Juan, I touched her—so"; and she touched his forehead with the middle finger of her left hand.

He sprang from the bed and stood before her, trembling in every limb. "You will do to her as to old Ignacio?" he asked in an awed whisper.

She pressed him gently back on the bed, and drew the covering about him. "No, no, Juan, not in that way," she replied assuringly; adding, "I return in a moment," and ran to the outer room, returning presently with the box that contained the robe she was to flute.

She hurriedly removed the lid of the box, and took from it a garment of some soft, white texture and shook it out for Juan to view. "On Thursday next," she said, "the Señorita Ascencion will be betrothed to Don Jorge—if he lives. This, Juan,

is the señorita's betrothal robe; she will wear it on Thursday, waiting till he come."

He looked at her now impressive countenance, and then, flinging out his hand with a gesture that said he gave up the impossible task of reading her thoughts, he asked, "Why is the señorita's robe here?"

Drawing in her breath she answered, her tone increasing in vehemence as she proceeded: "It is here because I am a *lavendera*, and the señorita, having taken all else from me, gives me the privilege to prepare, not only her robe of betrothal but all the dowry of linen she takes to Don Jorge. It is here because Chona triumphs over me, and because I would make her living a horror to herself and others, or a *dead* horror to be hustled quickly under ground."

"I don't understand—what would you?" said Juan dazedly, raising himself in the bed.

"Understand! What matters what you understand? You understand that I am Chona's peon?" she blazed at him.

Something like a sob shook his frame. "My heart is broken for you, Juanita *mia*," he sighed.

She soothed him with kind words, and to cheer him sang while she prepared his supper, and did such simple offices for him as their poverty permitted. Her kindness and gentleness towards him kindled all his twin-brother's love for her, and when later in the evening she sat on the floor by his bedside it was he who poured forth a torrent of wrathful words against Don Jorge and the Señorita Ascencion. By a word thrown in now and then she added fuel to his wrath, waiting patiently for an opportune moment to express herself fully.

That moment came when Juan cried out: "Juanita, you should have left it to me to curse them; it is a man's work, not a woman's!"

"I should? And the thought of Don Ignacio, in his grave three months, alarms you," she said coldly.

"Only the fear that you be discovered," he replied eagerly.

"I shall never be discovered," she said with assurance. "Now listen to me, Juan. To-night, I go away from here. I shall return to you on the morning of Thursday. I shall ask our neighbor, Lucio's wife, to see that you have what you need. She will ask you where I have gone; you will tell her I have gone to our cousin Ricardo's ranch for food we need, and that he has promised us. I shall tell her this, but she will ask you. She has a tongue."

"And *where* will you go?"

"I go to our cousins Anchieta, at Moros. They are down with the small-pox—it is right I visit them."

The room was dark; they could not see one another's faces.

"I don't understand," he said as once before, dazedly.

"Besides," she continued as if he had not spoken, "it will please Nita Anchieta to see the betrothal robe; she is so very ill. I shall show her how finely I can flute, and, who knows? Nita may try on the robe the pale Chona will wear on Thursday morning."

He swore a fearful oath. "You shall not do this thing! I would betray you first," he cried.

"Betray me! Are you not a Penitente sworn to do the bidding of the brethren, sworn not to betray a Penitente's vengeance? If I thought you would betray me I would do to you as I did to old Ignacio"; and something in her hand as she bent over him caught a silvery gleam from the moonlight streaming in through the narrow window of the room.

The man breathed hard, and she went on, her tone low and melancholy: "You would not betray me, for you love me, little brother, and it would be sad to kill you. I have thought of all this that I do, Juan, till I can no longer rest till all is finished. On Thursday my heart will be eased; there will be naught left then."

"Jorge too?"

For a moment there was a silence in the room, only broken by Juan's hard breathing. Then Juana said: "Tobalita—you know Tobalita the fat and garrulous—she told us to-day, when the pale Chona had gone away, concerning the grandeur of the betrothal, and how Don Jorge was to leave his ranch to go to the house of the Terreros. And Tobalita said, 'Don Jorge will sleep at the Puerta on Wednesday night,' and Manuela cried out, 'How can Don Jorge sleep there?' and I thought, little brother, that Don Jorge would sleep there very soundly."

On Wednesday afternoon there was quite a commotion at the *lavenderia*. Sylvan the *cargador* had arrived with his mule team at one o'clock, to take whatever there was for him to carry and deliver, and Juana had not returned with the betrothal robe, in Tobalita's eyes the most important article of his cargo. Three times had Manuela run over to the Gomez

cabin, to be told each time that Juana had not yet returned from Señor Ricardo's ranch. "The pest take the girl!" moaned Tobalita in tears; "she said she wished to stay with Juan, and Heaven alone knows where she has gone." At two o'clock, however, when Sylvan was declaring he would wait no longer, Juana appeared at the door of the *lavenderia*, the longed-for box in her arms.

In her excitement at having recovered what she had given up as lost Tobalita forgot to scold. She even complimented. Raising the cover of the box she peeped in and viewed Juana's work with sparkling eyes. "I could have whipped you for having delayed," she exclaimed; "but now I embrace you." Juana released herself from Tobalita's encircling arms, and sank down on a bench against the wall. "I have walked far," she said.

The women standing about protested that the Señor Ricardo should not have let his cousin walk, and one of them brought her a cup of coffee from Tobalita's ever ready urn. She eagerly quaffed the coffee, not responding to the remarks made about her pale and haggard face, from which every trace of ruddy color had flown, but attending only to Sylvan stowing away in his cart the box she had brought.

"Señor," she called, rising from the bench and handing the empty cup to Manuela, who was officiously showing herself to be Juana's friend by brushing the dust from her bedraggled garments—"Señor, have you noted the sky and the rising of the wind?"

Sylvan nodded his head and, pointing to the distant mountains, said: "The storm, it comes—the blessed rain."

"Then cover the box well with your goat-skins," she said, almost sternly.

"Juana is right," chorused the women, and ran themselves to cover the box containing the precious betrothal robe.

"You will not work to-day, Juana; you must rest," said Tobalita.

"I go to *tio* Alaran this afternoon; he must come and fetch Juan to his house, or Juan will die where he is," returned the girl, looking steadily at Sylvan.

"You are welcome to ride in my cart, señorita," he said; "almost half the way to the Puerta, that is too much for you to walk!"

"*Gracias, amigo mia*," said Juana. "I have indeed walked enough to-day."

Tobalita declared at this that Juana should wait for the morrow, but Juana responded that on the morrow she must work, while to-day, it being so far spent, it did not matter.

"If you had but been here this morning, Juana," here put in one of the women, although Manuela was making signs at her to be silent.

Manuela's signs were not lost on Juana. "Why should I have been here this morning?" she demanded.

"Such a sight he was!" cried Tobalita in innocent admiration. "The Don Jorge on his black horse, on his way to the Terreros' for the betrothal to-morrow. Two servants rode with him, each holding the end of a pole to which was strapped the casket containing his gifts to the Señorita Ascencion. Silks from the capital; and they say there is a necklace of silver and diamonds for the señorita, as well."

"You rest at the Puerta to-night, Señor Sylvan," giggled a young girl, "and so does Don Jorge. Fetch something from the casket to me."

"What foolishness!" reproved Tobalita, the matron in her up-in-arms. "But," she continued, "I am assured all the gifts are worthy of the beautiful señorita—"

"Señora Tobalita," interrupted Juana, rolling out the rich vowel sounds of the tongue she spoke in sonorous accents, "Chona receives but one gift that is worthy of her, the robe that my poor hands have prepared."

"Oh, oh, oh!" fell from the lips of the women in mingled accents of mock admiration and awe, and not without a note of contempt. "We have said it, Señora Tobalita, that you would turn the head of Juana with your praise, your too great praise of her work."

Juana's genuine look of contempt embraced them all as she turned to Sylvan and said: "Pardon, señor, but it runs on to three of the clock."

Thus reminded of the time he had lost, Sylvan bustled about to assist Juana to a seat among the boxes and bales of his cart. He then sprang onto the driver's seat, shook out the reins of his team, and cracked his whip. The mules jangled their bells, the women cried after him their farewells, the cart jolted down the street, and was lost to sight in the enveloping dust raised by it and the strong-blowing wind.

The road to the Puerta Luna was over a prairie that had a gradual ascent to the hills. It was ankle-deep in dust, that rose

in such clouds as to entirely forbid conversation between Sylvan and Juana, even had the girl been inclined to talk, which she was not. Her whole frame was but one thought, and all the blood in her body seemed to have mounted to her brain, leaving her extremities cold. She knew well the road over which the *cargador* drove his team—the same road over which she had passed in the autumn to the Puerta inn, and over which she had returned with red hands to find Juan searching for her. That spot they had just passed, where the low willows grew by the thready *arroyo*, was where she had told to Juan the tale of an old man with a cleft heart who lay dead in his blood-stained bed. How like a coward Juan had acted when she had said, "I killed old Ignacio in his sleep." Then she thought of the horror, so innocent in appearance, that the *cargador* was carrying to Chona. For herself she did not fear. All the old women said one could not twice have the disease, and she had had it when a child; her body bore its marks if her face did not, thanks to her mother's care. "If Chona could have seen her robe wrapped about Nita," she thought, and gave a short laugh.

The wind had fallen, and the sky was black as only once in many months it is in New Mexico. "Before morning the rain will have fallen," she thought, "and the *acequias* and the *arroyos* will have overflowed their banks." And even while she thought a fork of light quivered in the heavens, followed by a distant rumble of thunder. She sat up in the cart and, shading her eyes with her hand, peered into the dusk gathering over the prairie. They were now ascending a hill, and about a mile ahead were the shelving rocks of the Puerta Luna; a light gleamed faintly, the light of the Puerta inn.

"Señor, Señor Sylvan!" she cried, "yonder is my uncle's house"; and she pointed to a house in the gloom to the left of the road. Sylvan offered to turn out of his way in order to carry her to the door of the house, but she said: "No, no, señor! many thanks; I can readily make the house, and you, to escape the rain, had best make speed—and, señor," she went on, emphasizing her words, "you had best put the box of the señorita well under cover in the inn, to-night. Were the robe to be damaged by the rain, the señorita could not wear it for her betrothal."

Juana was standing in the road when she made this request; and, Sylvan having promised to look after the safety of the box, she still remained there watching the cart till it

had disappeared, hidden by a turn in the road that now wound its way among the rocks.

The Puerta Luna is a natural archway over the road between Lunes and the Valley of Butterflies. A great mass of rock on either side the road, it tapers upwards gradually, for some hundreds of feet, then narrows perceptibly to its topmost height, where the bridge formed by the arch is no more than a narrow foot-path. As has been said, the road from Lunes, after it leaves the prairie, ascends a hill. By the time it reaches the Puerta Luna the road on the right-hand side, coming from Lunes, runs along a precipice, at the base of which is now the Rio Alto mine. On this same right-hand side of the road, on a shelving rock of the Puerta Luna itself, and reached by a narrow way, barely wide enough to admit the passage of a wagon, stood the Puerta inn, a building having but a ground-floor, one side of it looking sheer down the precipice.

When Sylvan the *cargador* reached the inn there was far less appearance of a storm than when he had left Juana standing in the road, and the first salutation that greeted him on his entering was a lamentation from the inn-keeper that the storm would pass and not reach the valleys. In accordance with the promise he had made to Juana, he had brought in with him the box for the Señorita Ascencion, and, scarcely stopping to commiserate with the inn-keeper, told what it was he carried, and asked that it be put in a place of safety. "Let it be locked up in the room with the casket Don Jorge has brought with him," suggested the hostess. And this was what was finally done with Ascencion's robe, but not till the hostess had related all the wonders that were contained in the casket, and that she had been permitted to view and even to handle.

"It is strange," said the *cargador* when the hostess ended her catalogue of wonders, which did not in the least interest him—"it is strange that Don Jorge consents to remain in the house where his father met his death."

"Now, Señor Sylvan," expostulated the hostess, "that is very cruel of you. Was it our fault? are we to be condemned for assassins, we who are guiltless? Besides," she said with an air of pride, "Don Jorge is a *caballero; he* does not hold up Don Ignacio's blood to us, and, Señor Sylvan, he has another room, quite on the other side of the house, and not to be reached from the outside save one climb the precipice; and,

Señor Sylvan, because you can climb a precipice I shall not hold you likely to climb this particular one, though you do say rude words, and an inn-keeper and a *man* stand by and let you break the commandments of God and throw them in my teeth!"

"Pardon, señora; pardon, a thousand pardons! I meant no offence," cried the *cargador*, overwhelmed by the tempest he had aroused; "I kiss your snow-white hands, *doña hermosa*."

"'When the hound's ears are down he expects his deserts,'" responded the woman grimly, but accompanying her remark with a good-natured laugh.

"'And when the queen halts in her speech the true courtier is deaf,'" muttered her husband as he carried off the box containing Ascencion's robe, while the *cargador* took his seat at a table spread for supper, and where a number of men sat eating the *frijoles* and *chili colorado* so delicious to Mexicans. Two of these men were the servants of Don Jorge, and "companions of the *cargador's* heart." They greeted him as *compadre*, and made room for him by their side, ordering for his especial honor a jug of *maysel*,* "and to drink to Don Jorge's betrothal," said the *cargador* by way of compliment.

Within the Puerta hostel there was light, and bustle, and cheerfulness. Without was the roaring of the wind in the cañon of the Rio Alto, the moaning of the wind among the piñon-trees, the rumble of the thunder of the storm among the hills, the quiver of the lightning in the sky, the black rocks scarcely visible in the blackness of the night. The only hospitable object to be seen, the inn, that Juana toiling up the stony hill knew was, and must be, inhospitable to her.

She was very weary, and she felt ill. The fire that burned in her heart kept up her natural strength, which was great; nevertheless, she felt that were the cause of this fire to be taken away, her strength must go with it. If it had not been for Juan she felt that she would gladly die when the two remaining punctures in her air-drawn curse were filled. She must live, though, for Juan, and even on the expedition in which she was engaged it afforded her a certain melancholy happiness to think that her brother loved her, and this too in spite of the contempt she felt for his abhorrence of bloodshed.

She had gone through very much during the last forty-eight

* The unfermented juice of apricots, sugar, *chili*, and cloves.

hours, or what would have been very much for another and a weaker-hearted woman. The horrors of the sick-room at Moros had not appalled her, as the sight of the dead old man, Ignacio Espero, had not. But the thunder and the lightning and the darkness were appalling, though she would not let them make her falter, not even though the thunder went on increasing in power as it had gone on increasing during the last hour. As for the stones over which she walked she did not feel their hardness, and she did not know that her feet were bleeding. In the ruined *tecalote* yonder on the highest hill of the valley the women of her race had fought, and had thrice driven away the men of Spain. Was not she, Juana Gomez, although she had a strain of the blood of the Spaniard in her veins, one of those Indian women?

Before she had reached the inn lights had begun to go out from its windows, till at last, when she arrived at the little courtyard, only dim ones burned here and there in the bed-chambers. The reports of the thunder were now louder and more frequent, and the lightning blinding in its intensity. The wind rushed down through the cañon with such force as to detach large fragments of stone, sending them reverberating to the depths below, like the clapping of many hands. She hurried to a window that was without a light, and, pressing her ear to a broken pane, heard a man say sleepily to one who slept by his side, "*Compadre*, the storm has come," and then he yawned and, turning heavily in his bed, fell asleep with loud snoring.

"The *cargador*," she said half-aloud; then passed to the next window, and to the next, till she had visited every window on the side of the house to the road, and the back of the house that almost touched the wall of rock behind it; stopping to listen when the room was dark, to peer in where a night-lamp was kept dimly burning.

"He sleeps on the side next the precipice!" she exclaimed, half-stupefied, and sat down on a ledge of rock to think. The rain in great drops was beginning to fall, and now the heavens were constantly alight with the thunder-bolts that rent them.

"If it were not for the storm," was what passed in her mind, "I would not fear to crawl along the ledge of the precipice till I reached his window—"

Here her thoughts stopped. As if the very consideration of fear had given fresh spur to her animal courage, she sprang to her feet, flung up her hands to the quivering heavens, and cried

out, "God of the Penitentes, I do not fear!" And falling to the ground, crawled, feeling every inch of the way, till from the rear of the house she reached its side that almost abutted on the precipice. Almost, but not quite, for there remained between the house and the sheer descent a shelving of solid rock that would admit the passing of a body that would keep itself close to the wall of the inn.

She cautiously protruded her head around the coigne of the house, and looked up to a latticed window where burned a light, half obscured by a dark object depending from a nail. Looking steadily at it, her sense of sight magnified by the intentness of her purpose, she made out the dark object to be a cloak—the handsome black embroidered cloak of a *caballero.*

She leant back and hugged herself with a frantic, inhuman joy, because a single step on the shelving rock would take her to the window of Don Jorge's bed-chamber! Only a step, but through the blinding lightning and with the thunder deafening her ears.

If she had moved cautiously to reach the abutting shelf of rock, thrice more cautiously did she move along it to reach the lighted window. And now she dared not permit any other thought to enter her mind but the one that the Terreros, the Espero, and the padres had destroyed the Penitentes, and that Don Jorge had despised her and thrust her away for Chona.

Once beneath the lighted window, she raised herself slowly to her feet and twined her fingers about the lattice for support. Then she closed her eyes and hung her head till a clap of thunder that shook the atmosphere had died away. There was a slight lull in the storm, even the wind seeming not to rush so madly, as she looked in through the window at the young man, not asleep in his bed, but sitting in a chair gazing at a photograph he held in his hand.

The sight maddened her, destroying all the reasoning power she had left; and drawing a sharp steel stiletto from her bosom she was about to break open the fastening of the lattice with it, when there came a peal of thunder that shook the house to its foundations, and there sped a bolt of fire that burst on its roof and then ran quivering down its outer wall, and glaring at the girl, drove her back over the side of the precipice, and the clapping of the hands of the rushing winds in the cañon's depth hushed her dying cry.

KALEIDOSCOPIC GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

BY WYNONA GILMAN.

WITH a country as foreign in scenery, in climate, in picturesque coloring, in manner, and custom, and language, and style in our very midst, why do our people find it necessary to go unto the remote parts of the earth for change?

That wonderful invention, the steam-engine, has placed this anomaly practically at our very doors, destroying, in a measure, to seekers after the unusual, the use of that mystic and fascinating word "abroad," and thereby rendering a visit to Mexico of less interest in the perspective than to numberless places of infinitely less attraction.

THE WAY "MEZCAL" IS PROCURED.

The dividing line between the two republics is only a civil one, marked, in places, by neither sea nor stream, and yet the width between of all the oceans could not make the difference greater in nation, class, custom, and country.

Too much has been written of the statistical points of the country for it to require repetition, and "impressions" are rather too personal to be of public interest; yet to the well-read and enlightened people who could describe from that perfect memory imparted by actual vision the Seven Wonders of the

World, thrill you with stories of the jungles of India and Africa, make you long for the picturesque coloring of Japan and the singular delights of China, a story of Mexico—that Mexico so close to us that one can stand with the right foot in America and the left in the other republic—comes in the light of a revelation. It has surprised and interested me.

Mystical, tropical, picturesque Mexico! The land of languorous beauty, of sensuous idleness, of golden sunshine, of thrilling color, of birds and of flowers that seem to soothe the senses and hush them into that delicious *dolce far niente* that abates the breath and leaves the soul bathed in an ecstasy of romance and unconscious poetry, making a Christian of the pagan in recognition of God's royal handiwork. For what God has done for this most favored country has been done on a scale of grandeur that no land nor clime can excel; but man has not been so prodigal of his benefits.

"THE POVERTY AMONGST THE LOWER CLASSES IS UNPRECEDENTED."

Perhaps it is the fault of the climate, that delicious warmth that inebriates while it gladdens, that the people are indolent, for how could one work with that poetic intoxication trickling through every vein, that divine ecstasy of living pouring through the soul like the first inspiration of religion? Is it not true that every educated Mexican is an inborn poet, without the energy to transcribe his thoughts and feelings? Why, you can read it in the sweetly lazy smile that glows in his dark eyes, you can translate it in the varying color that stains his brown cheek, you can hear it in the tones of his unconsciously caressing voice, and in the liquid flow of his slowly spoken words.

He is as polite as the courtier to the queen; a characteristic that applies not alone to the educated, but to the sombrero-crowned fellow that fills the childish ideal of the bandit, the peon in his fettered life of practical slavery, the Indian woman wrapped in her brilliant *rebozo*, and the ragged urchin who would not in common modesty be allowed in the streets of our civilized New York, alike. I have seen instances of courteous attention on the part of the poor, almost unclothed creatures there that would put to blush some of our so-called men of society; and politeness in children that would be a lesson to mothers even in our most refined circles.

A Pulque-Carrier.

In the religious element this becomes reverence, and I saw neither Mexican, half-breed, nor Indian pass the door of a church without lifting his hat to the God who dwelt within the temple.

And how exquisitely beautiful are those earthly dwelling places of our Lord!

We, in our uplifted civilization, groan under the burdens of church indebtedness, put our pennies upon the plate grudgingly, and complain of the cost of these poor little edifices that we have erected to the true God, taking no thought of this glorious world which he has given to us, while just over there across the border they worship in palaces—a fitting resting place for the Bread made Flesh by the divine mystery, by which alone we reach through eternity to everlasting life.

The cathedral in the City of Mexico, a small city of less than four hundred thousand inhabitants, is of enormous proportions; so much so that our own in the great American metro-

polis dwindles into abject insignificance by comparison. It is built upon the ground upon which a fierce battle was fought between the Aztecs and the forces of Cortez. Its furnishings are superb. Chandeliers of solid gold are suspended from the lofty ceiling, while the altars are beyond description in their unique grandeur. The walls of the sacristy, as well as of the church, are almost entirely concealed by famous paintings of fabulous value, pre-eminent among which is one of St. Peter by the immortal Murillo.

In point of size this is the greatest church in Mexico, though one in the smaller city of Puebla is conceded to be handsomer in decoration and furnishings; while even the cathedral in the little city of Orizaba, of less than forty thousand souls, would be a revelation to the Catholics of our own city.

In that cathedral I think is the handsomest sacristy of any that I saw in Mexico. The walls are not alone covered by paintings of the old masters, priceless in value, but upon one side is a chest of drawers for holding the vestments that is perhaps unequalled by anything in its line on the continent. It is about five feet high by forty feet in length, and is composed of solid ebony inlaid with pearl, in designs that are at once unique and exquisite.

The little, world-famous chapel in the village of Guadaloupe is one of the most interesting in this country of churches; but the "renovator" and "modernizer," ever at work with his odious whitewash-brush and remodelling fancies, is rapidly destroying the most impressive points of ancient beauty in this as in most other places in Mexico. In this chapel is the *tilma* of Juan Diego, with the picture of the Virgin upon the coarse cloth, and the likeness of the Virgin in the heart of the rose, flowers which never fade, a visible evidence of miraculous visitation that can never cease to inspire with reverence and awe.

It would remove the chill from our cold northern blood to see the natives prostrate before this evidence of divine presence, believing with sweet faith that what is asked with a pure heart will be received, kissing the stones that floor the dwelling-place of the sacred Lady, and murmuring their liquid "Gracias, gracias!" to the listening Mother, in token of their belief in the promise: "Ask and ye shall receive." This is the most sacred and one of the most beautiful shrines in Mexico.

There are no seats in the Mexican churches, therefore the worshipper kneels or stands during the entire service.

Another wonder of the churches is the great beauty of their

architecture, the Mexicans being among the finest stone-masons in the world, but poor cabinet-workers. Their art in stone was taught them by the old padres, who were wonderfully clever and gifted men; and under their supervision was built these superb structures that have lasted through ages. To the detriment of Mexico these padres are losing their power now, the government usurping it, confiscating their lands, convents, and churches, razing the edifices of Christianity that these god-like men have erected in the human soul with such infinite labor and perseverance, and are, as rapidly as they can, converting

A POOR MEXICAN'S HOUSE.

the country into . . . The sentence can be completed only by the testimony of time.

But what can a government perform without a foundation of religion? Verily, it is the house built upon the sands. The winds of historical destruction are already beating upon it, and the tidal wave of financial depreciation threatens to submerge and consume it. The Mexican currency is worth just half of our own, a fact which indicates ruin and bankruptcy for any government.

This is particularly deplorable for a country so rich in mining possibilities as this, for the whole world knows of

Mexico's silver and lead, amethyst, and turquoise, and opal, and agates. The marbles are superb, the most beautiful being the alabaster, jasper, and galinoza stone, while the green and white of Tecali are of royal splendor. These, not to speak of talcs, of zinc, of antimony, mercury, and arsenic, as well as coal, and slate, and sulphur, so abundant in the craters of volcanoes, the salt, amber, and last, but first in point of beauty, the superb pearls which are the glory of the country. Further, there are cabinet woods of infinite variety and richness, such as the mahogany, ebony, cedar, and rosewood. The oil-trees are of great value, comprising something like fifteen varieties. But perhaps the greatest source of revenue accrues from the maguey, or century plant, which is cultivated to a greater extent than any other money-producer in Mexico. From it they derive the national drinks, *pulque* and *mezcal*, both highly intoxicating; the latter, perhaps, one of the most inflammable decoctions that has ever been discovered, and, so far as I have been able to learn, good for nothing else. There are, oftentimes, great haciendas of thousands of acres devoted to the cultivation of this plant alone, each one of which is supposed to earn ten dollars per year, and to live from twenty to forty years. They are hardy plants, but yield nothing until they are six years old. The sap, a sweet, milky substance, is drawn from the plant through a sort of tube, by means of the mouth, transferred to a pig-skin and left to ferment. It requires but four or five days for it to be ready for use, and if not disposed of at once will sour. Then the odor is something that literally "smells to heaven." From the quantities in which the natives consume it, however, I should imagine that very little of it goes to waste.

Aside from the yield of *pulque* and *mezcal*, the other uses of the maguey are almost as numerous as those of the far-reaching cocoanut-tree.

The coffee-tree is another great producer in Mexico, offering tremendous returns upon the investment. The only drawback is that the trees must be kept under shade for two years, the banana-tree being favored for this purpose, and are four years old before they begin to bear, and six before the yield is sufficient to insure the forty per cent. return upon the investment which is claimed for it. The berry is very similar to the cranberry when ripe. The trouble in raising it lies in the scarcity and uncertainty of labor. The coffee-tree, while about the same height as the cherry, peach, and apple trees, differs from those

in the peculiar tangle of its branches overhead, resembling the riotous undergrowth familiar in our forests. The brilliant red of the berry, peeping through in great profusion, is fascinating and picturesque.

Report to the contrary, the people of Mexico are a particularly cleanly race, save in the very low classes, and in the kitchens of almost all classes. I don't think I compliment them when I say they could give lessons to New York officials in the manner of keeping the city clean. Vera Cruz is the shining exception to this, or more properly the ghastly exception, for there is something positively uncanny in the thought of the fever-scourged city, called by Mexicans *La Ciudad de los Muertos*, with its myriads of buzzard scavengers stalking majestically through the streets, perched upon the glittering, glazed tiles of the church dome, or balancing themselves upon the available portions of the cross. It involves a heavy fine and

CANAL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

punishment to kill one, and punishment is not a thing to be lightly thought of in any portion of Mexico, but most particularly in Vera Cruz, where the prison rivals in horror, in these days of "peace on earth and good will to man," the stories of our never-to-be-forgotten Libbey, the disgrace of our civilization.

Orizaba is cleanly and delightful, but the laurel for cleanliness is reserved for picturesque Puebla, which is one of the glories of Mexico. Generally speaking, the people impress one by the singular whiteness of their linen and the absolute cleanliness of their clothing, even when the smallest quantity possible covers them.

The poverty among the poorer classes seems almost un-

FOUNTAIN IN QUERETARO.

precedented, and yet, with the exception of the City of Mexico, I saw surprisingly few beggars.

The houses of the poor outside the limits of the city are composed, ordinarily, of poles set upright and covered with a thatched roofing. There is not the slightest effort made to chink the spaces between the poles, which are simply left open; there is no flooring of any kind, save the bare ground; no door, but only the space left in the side, which is always open; no window, no bed, no furniture of any kind that I could discern, save a charcoal-box contrivance for cooking, a few rude dishes, etc. And yet these people are cheerful, apparently happy, full of reverence and politeness—oh, *always* polite!

The homes of the wealthier classes, however, are not alone beautiful, but unusual. The furniture is generally imported from France, but it is the quadrangle around which the house is built that attracts and entrances the attention. They more nearly fill the descriptions that have fired our most poetic im-

aginings in the Arabian Nights than anything I have ever seen. Two rows of broad piazzas extend around the four sides of the quadrangle, upon which all the rooms of the house open, the cool, exquisite interior visible through the broad, open door-way. In the centre of the court is a fountain, usually of dainty Puebla marble, the basin surrounding it filled with fish that seem to glitter and glow under the tropical sun that flecks the crystalline water with the radiance of a thousand gems. Surrounding that are palms and flowers of such brilliant coloring as only tropical countries can produce, while in and among them, upon the balconies and in every conceivable place, can be heard the thrilling notes of the mocking-bird, the canary and linnet, singing as they cannot sing in this changeable climate of warmth and frost.

Chapultepec, the castle of President Diaz, is located on the top of a rocky hill, rising suddenly two hundred feet

ANCIENT AZTEC IDOL.

above the plain, and is reached by driving down the Paseo to the walls of the city, a boulevard which would be celebrated in this country. It is superbly broad, lined with handsome houses and statuary, among which is the famous bronze of Charles IV., said to be the largest single casting in the world. The drive is glowing with color, the multihued *zarapes* of the men and *rebozos* of the women flitting in and out among the palms and plants that line the way, the spurred and booted Mexican with his gorgeous sombrero, bespangled trousers and marvellous saddle, steering his under-sized horse dextrously between the carriages, the occasional *aguador* with water-jars suspended from his head, one resting on the breast, the other on the back, the body protected by curious leather aprons, forming a scene of ever-changing wonders and startling coloring that no section of the world can reproduce.

Through the great iron gates Chapultepec is reached, lying above a cypress grove that is unequalled for the size and beauty of the trees, one of them, the tree of Montezuma, measuring forty-five feet around the trunk. The view is beyond compare. Under that glowing sun, whose kiss burns into flaming color all that it rests upon, one stands beside the wondrous and indescribable Chapultepec, the City of Mexico at one's feet upon one side, the village of Guadaloupe upon the other, while over and beyond rise the mountains, peak after peak, with the snow-caps of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatapetl so near that it seems almost as if one could reach forth the arm and clasp hand-in-hand the glittering ice-fields of the north with the equatorial heat of the glowing south.

Chapultepec, like all the rest of Mexico, is undergoing "renovation" at the present time. Apparently it always is being renovated; but fortunately it never looks it, though the principal beauties, the beauty that attaches to all that is ancient in the artistic, is being gradually destroyed.

But above and beyond all in point of grandeur is the scenery between Vera Cruz and Esperanza, which no traveller, no matter how extensive his wanderings, has ever seen surpassed. No word-painting of even the most fervent and exalted poet could picture it to one who has not seen. It is the art-work of God, and the enthusiast can only stand in profound silence, voiceless in presence of its stupendous magnificence.

The railroad was constructed at an average expense of $160,000 per mile for 264 miles, much of which is table-land and of comparatively small account, while in certain points the actual cost was $250,000 per mile. The grade in places is a

rise of 200 feet to the mile, the line between Apizaco and Huamantla reaching an altitude of 8,333 feet above the mid-tide level of the Gulf of Mexico. The road is cut along the side of the mountain, down which one looks with a thrill of horror as he realizes what derailment alone might mean. The curves are innumerable, oftentimes with radii as small as 350 feet. The silvery streams between the mountains are crossed by bridges, one over a wild cañon between Orizaba and Maltrata being called the "Infiernillo," a name which aptly describes the awe-inspiring, hair-raising place, being in verity a "Little Hell."

But ah! who can picture the wonderful grandeur of that section where, with the peak of the extinct volcano of Orizaba leaning against the sapphire sky, one can look straight downward for a distance of one thousand four hundred feet and see the exquisite silvery falls dashing and leaping down the mountain side, trees covered and laden with orchids of every hue and daintiest of artistic coloring, flaming cactus blooms, with a peep at wild orange in the distance, while from tree to tree sails the flamingo and mocking-bird, dazzling the sight with color and soothing the senses with glorious song?

Where is the artist, save God, who has crowned his wondrous handiwork with melody?

"DECORATION DAY."

By Daniel Spillane.

FLOWERS and gentle plants placed o'er yon grave
By loving hands, as tributes to the dead,
Who sleep beneath the mound in nature's bed,
They breathe on world-worn, doubting man that wave
Of comforting philosophy we crave.
For as we looked up into heaven with red,
Inflamed eyes and wounded hearts, when sped
The dreaded Angel Death with ruthless glaive,
And thenceforth doubted, yet you planted there
Frail flowers in humble faith, knowing that o'er
The winter storms the sun of spring would bear
The immortal force that rules all nature's store,
And give them full maturity: O fair,
Ripe flowers! 'tis thus the dead shall wake once more.

PATERNALISM.

By Rev. Francis W. Howard.

AMONG those prominent in the early affairs of our Republic there was, perhaps, no one whose ideas more profoundly influenced the people than those of Thomas Jefferson. The great principle of his teaching is, that the functions of government should be reduced to a minimum, and confined principally to the protection from foreign enemies and internal disorder. His system might be distinctly formulated in the happy phrase to which Huxley has given currency as one of "administrative nihilism." Since Jefferson's time the people have always been prone to resent any acts of the ruling administrations which were believed to be encroachments of government on the spheres of individual enterprise. The general opinion has been, that it is wiser to restrict than to extend the powers of government, and there has always been decided opposition to what is conventionally called Paternalism.

THE MISUSE OF A TERM.

The intense and unexampled individualism of the American people disposes them to condemn anything called by this name. Opponents of any measure desire no more potent word to conjure with. The ordinary citizen has a belief in the omnipotence of the government, but he is, nevertheless, likely to reckon among the blessings and advantages of the country the fact that we are not hampered by the "officious paternalism of Europe's effete monarchies." The common use of this word as a term of reproach implies some confusion of thought in regard to the real nature of the government of our country. If an ordinary politician were asked to define Paternalism he would probably say that it is a system of government which aims at discharging the same duties towards its citizens that a father has towards his children. This implies that the government is something apart and distinct from the people; and in a country like ours, where the people are emphatically their own rulers and the regulators of their own concerns, to call anything paternalism in this sense is obviously improper. When the people desire the enactment of any of these so-called paternal

laws, they are simply exercising their undoubted right to regulate their own concerns in their own way. Such measures may be wise or unwise, but since they emanate from the people themselves and not from an extraneous authority, they are not examples of paternalism as that term was understood one century ago.

BRIGHT AND COBDEN ANTI-PATERNALISTS.

Paternalism, however, while its ancient stigma remains, is now usually applied to the policy of widening the powers of the government for social and economic purposes, or the encroachment of the corporate powers of the people on the spheres of individual activity. The extension of governmental powers for social measures is much to be deprecated. The wisdom of such measures is always open to question, and the good sense of the people may be relied upon to prevent any undue extension of the powers of government in such direction. But this is totally distinct from the question whether it is wise to extend the powers of government for economic purposes. Such purposes, for instance, as the regulation of trade, monopolies, trusts; for dealing with problems relating to the distribution of the products of labor, and questions of capital. Legislation on these subjects is most frequently called paternal, and the discussion of its propriety is of the highest practical import. Such legislation was violently opposed by Bright and Cobden, the great free-traders of England. Factory legislation, laws relating to child-labor, laws regulating hours of labor, laws regulating wages, government inspection of food products,* and even state charge of the postal system, have all been classed as paternalism. In the philosophy of the day they are attempts to mitigate the beneficent law that the fittest survives.† Herbert Spencer is the most noted opponent of paternalism in our day, and the theory of natural selection has such fascination for him that he would see it operate in all the affairs of mankind. His *Social Statics* shows us to what lengths a theory will carry a philosopher when he is willing to go with it.

PATERNALISM ODIOUS TO AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

In a monarchical form of government the ruler holds the same relation to the citizens that a parent does to his children.

* The present Secretary of Agriculture considers such laws paternalism.

† "When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply."—Darwin, *Origin of Species*, chap. iii.

As the father is solicitous for the welfare of his children, so it was held a monarch should be. Such a system may be properly called paternal government. The king is apart from and above the people. The laws emanate from him, and he receives all praise or blame for them. Monarchies are not of the people, nor by the people, nor even for the people; hence they are subversive of the right of self-government. The patriots of the Revolution had a profound faith in the capacity of the people for self-government, and a most ardent enthusiasm in the cause of liberty. It seemed to them the greatest gift given to men, and they looked for nothing beyond it. Government had always been a restraint, and while it was considered necessary to some extent, the great object to be attained was, to confine its sphere of activity and let the people manage their own affairs. The theory of monarchy assumed that certain members of the state had an inherent right to regulate the concerns of others. The regulation of trade by the king, therefore, was an infringement of liberty. Even if all such laws of kings had proved beneficial, they were objectionable from this point of view. Had all the laws of George III. been for the benefit of the people, they could be rejected by the patriots, inasmuch as they were based on an assumption which the patriots denied. This was their principal reason against governmental interference.

But another consideration that moved them to object to governmental interference, or paternalism as it was then rightly called, was the fact that it was not merely an infringement of the right of self-government, but in the vast majority of instances, and even when carried out with the best of intentions, it proved positively pernicious to those interests which it was intended to subserve. Some kings had a passion for war and some had a passion for promoting the welfare of their subjects, and it is an open question in history which class inflicted the greatest damage on the people. The beneficent blunders of the good kings probably entailed as much suffering as the wars of the bad ones.

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN RELATION TO PATERNALISM.

It was about the time of our Revolution that the laws relating to the production and distribution of wealth began to be systematically studied. Adam Smith and his followers, even to the time of John Stuart Mill, took society as they found it, and believed that in tracing the laws they found in operation they

had established the principles for the solution of all economic questions that might ever arise. The one cardinal fact they did not grasp was, that society is ever changing; and their method is as logical as would be that of a writer in the middle ages, who should regard the feudal system as the only possible mode of the existence of society. They saw, however, how injurious interference with trade had been. Hence the cry, Leave things alone!—*Laissez faire.* Hence the agitation for freedom of trade, freedom of contract, freedom from government! Hence also the cry, so popular in the early days of the Republic and echoed down to our own time, No Paternalism! Thus it came that this cry was associated with the struggle for political liberty, and the present dislike of the people for governmental interference may be traced to these causes. But it is important to remember that the patriots of the Revolution opposed such interference principally because it was an infringement of liberty, and not merely because it had been up to that time indefensible on economic grounds. To oppose such laws as relate to protection of labor in our day on Jeffersonian principles, is looking at nineteenth century facts through eighteenth century spectacles.

THE RATIONAL VIEW OF STATE INTERFERENCE.

Now, governmental interference in itself is not an evil, but only unwise interference. The evil results of such laws are directly traceable to ignorance. There can be no valid reason against the exercise of the corporate powers of the people in any economic arrangement that will undoubtedly result in benefit to society. That laws of this kind have proved injurious does not argue the necessity of restraining the powers of government, but rather the necessity of educating the lawmakers.

The policy of letting things alone is not worthy of intelligent beings. *Laissez faire*, as a theory, is fatalism. It is evolution run riot. It does not recognize the fact that man is a creature of large discourse, that he looks before and after, that he can mitigate the severity of nature's laws, and adapt means to the ends he proposes. *Laissez faire* owes much of its popularity to the fact that it is the exaltation of nature's powers and ignores free will in man.

THE TIMES ARE CHANGED: OUGHT WE TO CHANGE WITH THEM?

Jefferson, nor even Hamilton, did not appreciate the vastness of the changes which a century would bring. The point of view

has changed. Their difficulties were of a negative, ours are of a positive character. The problems they had to solve were political; ours are economic. Their problems were how to remove obstructions; ours require the highest qualities of constructive statesmanship. Political liberty was a great boon, but it was only clearing the ground for economic progress. The vast change that has taken place in the character of the questions before the public is well illustrated by the debates of Congress. In the early days apostrophes to liberty and impassioned appeals to the patriotic sentiments of the people were frequent. Now our questions are the tariff, currency, labor, commerce, monopolies—all purely business, purely economic affairs. An apostrophe to liberty would be laughed at. The stump-orator who grows eloquent over the rights of the people and the great blessings of liberty finds his occupation gone when his admiring constituents send him to Congress. Business men are needed there, not orators. Men are coming to regard the government as an instrument for the exercise of the corporate powers of the people. Our government might, in fact, be not improperly defined as the people acting in a corporate capacity. A municipality is a corporation for supplying a certain number with light, water, affording protection, regulating intra-mural transportation and other affairs of like nature. The state legislature is a board of directors for the business affairs of the people at large. Congress itself is more engaged with business questions than with those of any other nature. The power to regulate commerce, conferred on it by the Constitution, has received a much more liberal interpretation than any of the authors of that instrument anticipated. Congress claims authority to deal with almost any economic question in the interest of the people, and the only considerations that deter it from interfering with any of the existing industrial arrangements of society are considerations of expediency and justice.

A DAY FOR A GOLDEN MEAN.

In these days, therefore, when the people demand that their representatives deal with the questions of capital and labor, with trusts and monopolies, with unjust and unlawful aggressions in business on the part of individuals and corporations, it is futile to warn them off with the cry "No Paternalism." To invoke Jefferson against such legislation is to ignore the fact that we have had a century of progress since his time. It is the same as if a scientist should regard the authority of Sir Isaac New-

ton as conclusive on problems of modern physics. Too much paternalism in these days often means that the people are taking a lively and proper interest in their own affairs. Our age has many problems of momentous importance. Our dangers are not from the side of paternalism, but rather from the unjust aggressions of individuals, and private corporations and interests.

Unrestricted individualism is anarchy; the omnipotence of the state is socialism; wisdom counsels the *juste milieu*. Our present state of society is considered by many thinkers as much akin to a state of anarchy. We have had vast material progress, but it is questionable whether we have had any real social progress.* Since the beginning of the industrial era strikes have been frequent, and panics a decennial occurrence. Unmitigated selfishness is the law of business, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more incongruous than a sermon on justice or charity delivered in the Stock Exchange. When producers find it no longer profitable to fight each other they combine to rob their shareholders or the public.† John Stuart Mill and his followers have written strongly about "the tyranny of the majority." Power must always be exercised either by a majority or a minority; and it might be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason why the tyranny of the *majority* is more to be feared than the tyranny of a *minority*. The hope of the future is in a liberal, an enlightened, and a religious democracy. Government is no longer the source of dread that it once was; and this is not because its evils were not once real, but because the people realize that they have the remedies in their own hands, and that these evils for the most part are due to ignorance. Nature acts by natural selection, but man is endowed with intelligence. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the great Creator, who has distinguished man from the animals by such a noble gift, had not intended that it should be used for the benefit of society. There is much good to be hoped for from the wise intervention of government. It is not enough for our evils to inculcate the principles of justice and charity, it is necessary to enforce them; and, as was pointed out by a speaker at the Catholic Congress in September, one of the most potent remedies that society has is legislation, guided and directed by these principles.

* Lester F. Ward, *Dynamic Sociology*, vol. i. p. 53.

† The "Industrial" stocks or the Trusts have brought these facts prominently before the people during the past year.

ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—NO. VI.

By Walter Lecky.

THE APPOINTING OF PROFESSOR SLITHERS.

IT was after a lucky bear-hunt that Professor Clark, startled by the wonderful knowledge of his Adirondack guides, declared that "the natural intelligence of Squidville's children should be quickened by education. To show you," continued the professor, "that I am in dead earnest in this matter, I will donate the sum of one hundred dollars—yes, one hundred—and that at once, as a starter."

Cagy drank in the professor's words, and under the pretext of "Provisions out, sir," left the camp that night with basket and rifle for the Eagle's Nest. The basket was to be filled with canned goods, and the rifle to be handy in case of an odd shot.

Cagy communed with himself on the way. He had often heard sportsmen when talking of this or that guide say: "The greatest pity in the world the poor fellow can neither read nor write."

"The same," thought Cagy, "would be said of the rising folk if they didn't get a chance." Now was the time—he would see Billy Buttons, and if he thought it was right, then they would lay before Weeks what Clark had said, neither cutting it shorter nor making it longer.

Cagy, by near cuts only known to the trained guide, was soon in sight of Buttons's log cabin. The little Poulets sat in front of the door, for William had captured the widow and her brood.

An Adirondack guide is long-winded when his subject is a hunt. Then he recognizes that he is an artist and must carefully produce each shade of his masterpiece. On other subjects, and especially with his fellows, he bags his game with the first shot. Cagy lost no words with Buttons, and with the swarm of young Poulets on hand, Buttons was right glad to second the motion that "Jim be informed of the offer of the finest man that ever struck the woods." It was but a step to Weeks's, and the two old chums made it a lively one.

They were welcomed by Weeks's giant handshake and hearty voice: "Boys, what's up? Something worth scratching for, I'll warrant."

To Weeks's question Cagy answered by crossing his lips—a mountain sign that means "Folks around and leakage in them."

Telling his boy of all work, Frank La Flamme, to fill Cagy's basket, he invited the guides to his barn, promising them something worth seeing—the best colt from here to Snipeville. Once in secrecy, Cagy's message was quickly laid before him, with Buttons's often-repeated comment that "A school would be the making of Squidville for now and for ever."

AFTER A LUCKY BEAR-HUNT.

"Cagy, you're what I call a genuine corker; you're always thinking of other folks—one of those lads that sees ahead. I have no family; I had"—Buttons and Cagy turned their heads—"but I am for the good of Squidville every time; so I'll go the professor a hundred."

"Thank you, Jim Weeks," said Cagy, "and if you'll be so kind as to keep out of my monthly check ten dollars, just to keep the ball a-hopping, I'll be more than obliged."

There was a tear in Buttons's eye as he stammered out: "Changed times with Billy Buttons; put me down for five."

"Is marriage a failure, Billy?" said Weeks, laying his finger-tips kindly on Buttons's shoulder.

"No, Jim; since I come by the Poulets I'm as happy as a lark, but when a fellow has so many bills pecking at what he brings in—not that I begrudge anything to my wife or the children of Tom Poulet—he cannot be as free as he would wish."

"Your five is better than my hundred," said Weeks; "it is harder for you to spare it."

Cagy scratched his head; his face wore a troubled expression. "Jim Weeks," said he, "take another five from my wages and put it along with Buttons's as an evener; what's mine is Billy's. If I was dying to-morrow I would make for Billy's."

"My house is yours, and the latch-string is out for you by day and night, whenever you're around," said Buttons, grasping his friend's hand.

"I know it, old man, I know it," said Cagy. "You and Jim will see to things. I must be making for the camp."

Next day at the dinner-hour Billy Buttons, accompanied by young La Flamme lustily ringing Jim Weeks's dinner-bell, made a tour of Squidville. It was a way of telling folk "that something was a-coming to a head." On his return he stopped at every house and sang:

"To-night or never,
Lost for ever,
A school.
Come one, come all,
To Jim Weeks's. Oh, oh, oh!"

The prolonged "Oh!" was musically supported by the timely ringing of La Flamme's bell. Squidville had so few excitements that fall that it gladly listened to William's voice.

There is no appointed hour in these parts to open a meeting. It is our way to begin when the hall is well filled. That night by seven, a decent hour, it was overflowing. Jim Weeks, amid applause, was made chairman. He excused himself for not sitting, preferring to lean against a cracker-barrel the better to study their faces. His speech was allowed on all hands to have been a rip-snorter. He stopped at nothing. He cited the Bible, and what some big city gun had told him in confidence. When he came to say: "We are Americans; Squidville is in New York, and every loon knows that New York is in America, therefore Squidville folks are Americans,

and it is the right of every American to have an education," the audience went wild.

"I wouldn't miss that for all I'm worth," was the ordinary comment.

Bill Whistler, just as the meeting was going to take names and their contributions, asked privilege to say a few words. It was granted. "Fellow-taxpayers," said he, "our burdens are—"

There was a shuffling of feet and a craning of necks.

"I move that Whistler turns off his gas," said Buttons.

"Second the motion," said La Jeunesse.

"He's not in it with you, Jim," said Berry.

"He's talking through his hat," said Brie.

"I'll ring the changes on him," said La Flamme, vigorously shaking his bell.

"This is coming to be a pandimon, and you know what Gliggins said about pandimons," shouted a female voice from the crowd.

"AN ADIRONDACK GUIDE IS LONG-WINDED WHEN HIS SUBJECT IS A HUNT."

"Boys!" shouted Weeks, "here's the point: will we let our young folks grow up like a lot of woodchucks, just know enough to carry them around, for the sake of a few miserable dollars in the way of taxes? or will we make men of them, and put some of them on the road to be senators? Just think of it, boys—me calling one of the youngsters Senator Whistler, Senator Poulet; that's the way, as Jenks used to say, 'to cast your optics on a thing.'"

Weeks had conquered. Bill Whistler yielded to his spell. "Ay," said he, "true; I should have looked at it by Jim's way. My Johnny or Zebediah might be senators, exactly. I

am a great man for discussion. Last week's *Pioneer* said: 'Let there be discussion; everything above-board; the man that provokes discussion is a benefactor.' Now, boys, you'll have to give me credit for getting that last corker of an argument out of Jim."

The meeting was a great success. Enough money was contributed to build a district school and keep it in fuel for two winters. Weeks gave the building lot, and became the first trustee. It was a new and strange duty, but he was not the man to flinch from a trust. A few weeks later the first page of the *Porcupine Pioneer* contained the following notice:

"EAGLE'S NEST.

"*Best Summer Board in the Adirondacks.*

"To all whom it may concern: I, James Weeks, being duly appointed trustee of Squidville school by a meeting of tax-payers called for that purpose, do hereby notify teachers that I am on the lookout for one of them, provided the same comes up to my notion of what is wanted. Petitioners must be gentlemen, Christians, and scholars. No bad habits. Must have a good 'commend' from former boss.

"Notay Bainaz.

"All Petitioners must bring their characters along with them."

This advertisement was handsomely supported by an editorial pointedly headed "To Be or Not To Be: That's the Question." In this editorial was shown the labors of Weeks in behalf of education, and an advice to its readers—that the right man would be well treated. This appeal was answered in person by a man of thirty, tall and slim, bulging forehead, cat-eyes steel-gray, pointed nose, thin lips, and retreating chin. His voice, as Sal Purdy said, was the only thing pretty about him. That, she declared, was "as sweet as syrup." He wore a black suit of ministerial cut, kid gloves, beaver hat, a little shiny and tilted to one side. His right hand held an umbrella much the worse for wear. He carried a little satchel in his left hand, containing his "recommends." As he came by the stage, it gave Squidville a chance of seeing him. Every house was crowded with eager faces to get a peep at the man of learning. It was the general say that he was something out of the run, and the hope was expressed that Weeks would see his way "to let him have the school." Berry had taken an interest in the stranger. As the stage halted in front of the Eagle's Nest he grasped the professor's hand, warning him that the prettiest way to come at Jim was to keep his tongue

from wabbling and allow Jim to do the talking. The stranger thanked the stage-driver for his sage advice, and, taking his belongings, waited on Squidville's trustee. Buttons gave the professor the only arm-chair. La Flamme ran to tell his master that "one of the city folk was come."

"How do? Just got here?" was Weeks's salutation.

The professor rose, put his umbrella on the counter, his bag on the chair, pulled from his vest-pocket his eye-glasses, wiped them with a faded handkerchief extracted from his coat-tail pocket, and calmly placed them on his nose.

A profound impression sat on Buttons's face.

"My health, sir!" said the man of learning, "is of the best—at its acme, if I may say so. I am in splendid form for a scholar. I have got rid of waste tissue, that clog of all true scholars, and here I may state that reading in the *Porcupine* your most healthy epistle to the teaching brethren, I bethought of offering my services as preceptor—Magister, as we say in the Latin tongue—to an institution that shall perpetuate your name and fame, not only to the rising generations, but, as a scholar would put it, *per omnia sæcula sæculorum.*"

The final sentence was too much for Buttons. Jumping from his seat he exclaimed: "Professor, you're a whole luminary in yourself. Why, Jim, that's mighty powerful speaking. If only the Poulets knew how to speak that last language I would die like a seigneur. Père Monnier's the only man I ever heard speaking those same words, and the only difference is that he uses his hands more."

"The Poulets may learn it if I am retained," said the stranger. "My ambition will be to train a race of Americans that shall love their God and their country, and willingly die for both; men"—and the professor waxed warm—"whose brave hearts shall throb to the siren strings of humanity." Here he remembered Berry's advice, removed his bag, and meekly sat down.

"Show me your commends," said Weeks.

A smile played on Buttons's face as he said: "I'll warrant he's chock-full of them."

"Quality, William Buttons, not quantity, counts," said Weeks.

"That is most excellently put," said the professor; "a magnificent example of conciseness."

The little bag was quietly opened, and a huge bundle of papers, faded and fresh leaves, neatly spread on the counter.

"These," said the smiling stranger, "are but a few."

"My heavens!" said Buttons, "only a few; if you have any more, you have the longest character of any man of my acquaintance."

Weeks patiently read letter after letter, at least he spent some time on every sheet. An old yellow leaf, roughly scrawled, held him. "Listen, Billy! On account of this commend I give the care of Squidville school, at eight dollars per week—am I understood pertinently and distinctly?—to Corkey Slithers, here present, to have and to hold for the natural term of one year."

Corkey rose, bowed, saying: "Mr. Trustee, you are, sir, distinctly, pertinently understood, and your offer accepted, by Corkey Slithers." Buttons shook the professor's hand.

Weeks read in a loud, stumbling voice, from the yellow leaf:

"CORKEY SLITHERS, Esq.,

well known to me, who knew him since he wasn't the hight of your nee, asks for a commend, and I give it this very minit. Corkey is an Americin, true blew at that, who belives that the poorest should have an edukashun eqal to the rich. He's a worker from away back, a man of the people.

"Yours,

"MR. TATTERS MCGARVEY,
"*Constitution House, Snipeville.*"

"That's an honest letter," said Weeks, carefully folding it; "none of your nonsense about Tatters."

"Exactly," said the professor; "he overspells in some places, but it was not for its spelling but for its honesty that I laid it before you, Mr. Trustee."

"It's hard, Mr. Slithers," said Weeks, "for an old dog to learn new tricks. When we were young, Tatters and I, there were neither schools nor school-masters. What we have in our skulls is but pickin's gathered here and there. We know our want, and don't wish the children to be like us in that respect. In honesty and kindness we have no masters. You have had a long, rough ride, professor, and must be hungry. It's dinner-time. Ring the bell, Frankie; come along with us, Buttons, and make no excuses."

"Well, by jingo, that's as tidy as my boat," said Buttons, as La Jeunesse drove the last nail in the saddle-boards of Squidville's school. A crowd had gathered "to see her finished, done up in good style."

To William's outburst came their contented cry, "Yes, by jingo, she's all you say, and more."

La Jeunesse ran down the ladder like a cat; Weeks threw

up his hat; the professor took a side-squint at his academy; Frankie rang the bell; and Cagy's fellow-guides, from Snipeville and Porcupine Creek, sang:

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning—
Till daylight does appear."

Seeing folk make so merry, a bright idea came to Weeks. Running to the Eagle's Nest, astonishing everybody by his

"EVERY HOUSE WAS CROWDED WITH EAGER FACES TO GET A PEEP AT THE MAN OF LEARNING."

agility, he wrote a notice, and, coming as quickly as he had went, nailed it to the door. It read:

"At 7 P.M. sharp a meeting of praise and thanks will be held in this schoolhouse. All invited. Bring chairs; benches put in next week. First appearance of Professor Slithers in his capacity of Principal. Friends of education turn out, and show the people of the surrounding towns that you are no back-sliders. Astonish Mr. Corkey by what the *Pioneer* calls 'our exuberance.' A fee of ten cents at the door, to buy books for the orphans. Long live Squidville, and hip, hurrah, boys, for Corkey Slithers!

"JIM WEEKS, *Trustee.*"

Milly De La Rosa, a pretty miss of seventeen, was called on by the happy crowd to "cipher out what Jim Weeks was up to." Milly was the village pet.

"Don't be afraid," said Buttons in a fatherly way, "Milly; you're ciphering it out first rate."

"Loud, black eyes!" said Weeks, "or I'll make Frankie stay in the store to-night." Milly blushed.

"Go on, child," said the delighted Cagy; "it's astonishing how you get around Weeks's lingo. You're as smart as a steel-trap, and Corkey will polish you off like a diamond."

"That's all," said Milly, with a saucy shake of the head.

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd. "Untutored children," said the professor; "what a rich soil to sow in the immortal seeds of education!"

"You struck bottom that time," said Buttons; "it's in them every time for the taking out. They're as quick as chain-lightning."

"Naked truth, Buttons," said Whistler; "just the stuff to make your senators."

"You bet," says Berry, "and they wouldn't blather away in Washington and let the country go to shocks."

Frankie rang his bell. Weeks and the professor started for the Eagle's Nest, followed by the crowd singing:

"Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire;
Il était par sa Jeanneton
Coiffé d'un bonnet de coton,
Dit on:
Oh? oh? oh? oh? Ah? ah? ah? ah?
Quel bon pétit roi c'était là?
La, la."

At seven the school-house was filled, and chairman Weeks had called the meeting to order. His remarks, as I find them in the *Pioneer*, were that Education makes the man, the want of it the fellow; that he felt its loss in every step of life. That the best thing a man could do for his country was to help to educate his fellow-men. For this reason the orphan lad that he had brought up as his own child, the son of poor Napoleon La Flamme, would be placed under the care of his friend Professor Slithers, and he hoped that all parents and guardians of children would follow his example.

The speech of Professor Slithers I take from the same journal:

"*Libertas et natale solum*, as we say in the Latin tongue. Friends, that is a sentiment to be profoundly cherished. How shall we cherish it? By giving our sons and daughters, in the words of our distinguished chairman, an education."

Here there is a break, as there was not space in the first

page of the *Pioneer* to insert the whole speech. In the advertising part of the same paper you will find the wind-up, which took Squidville by storm. I copy it:

"Education is liberty. Liberty shall never die. Slavery is Carthage; and as the Latins say, *Delenda est Carthago*. When the rotten governments of Europe are sunk in the ocean, when not a vestige of the earth shall remain, Liberty, as represented by our Eagle, shall on the highest pinnacle of the Rockies stand, spread her tail-feathers, kick out her hind leg in derision, and say Boo! to the rest of the world. These, O men of Squidville! be the undying sentiments of Slithers."

Such sentiments won him the heart of Squidville town, and the promise by the morrow of seventy "regular scholars." "No wonder that," Weeks said. "Professor Clark, may heaven be your bed, for what you have done for us!" And Jamey Barbier, the village patriarch and guardian of Milly De La Rosa, "It's hard for my old wife to spare Milly, but we must make a little sacrifice in this world, and to what you say, Jim Weeks, I say Amen, and add, May heaven be your bed!"

[This series of sketches, telling of life in Squidville Town, is brought to a close in this issue, and is dedicated to the one who viewed them first with favor—to my friend Richard Malcolm Johnston.—WALTER LECKY.]

OFT, MY BABE, I FANCY SO.

BY EDWARD DOYLE.

BABY sleeps. How sweet her smile!
She awakes, and still it lingers.
Is her smile the lambent fingers
Of the Angel who, the while,
Strokes her cheek, and loathes to go?
Oft, my babe, I fancy so.

Serious now is baby's face.
Does her wakening soul compare
Us in shade with sprites in the glare
Which from Heaven, through rifts of Grace,
Falls aslant on earth below?
Oft, my babe, I fancy so.

A GLANCE AT THE SOLDIER-MONKS.

By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D.

ON June 8, 1476, a solemn silence reigned in the island of Rhodes. The thirty-eighth grand-master of the glorious Military-Religious Order of St. John* had yielded his valiant soul to the God whose church and people it had intrepidly served; and now dissension—perhaps the chief bane of even those human institutions which are directly intended for the honor of the Most High—was at its fell work among the knights. Four centuries had elapsed since Gerard Tunc and Raymond Dupuy had founded their celebrated order in the Holy Land, and a summarization of its utility and glory during all its vicissitudes would have been made by saying, *crescit eundo*. As a bulwark of Christendom against the hordes of Islam, it had rivalled the brilliant order of the Temple—that most dazzling of Catholic organizations—whose rule was one of the masterpieces of St. Bernard; but it had succeeded better than the Templars in at least so far resisting corruption as not to be engulfed in it.

THE TEMPERING OF THE SWORD.

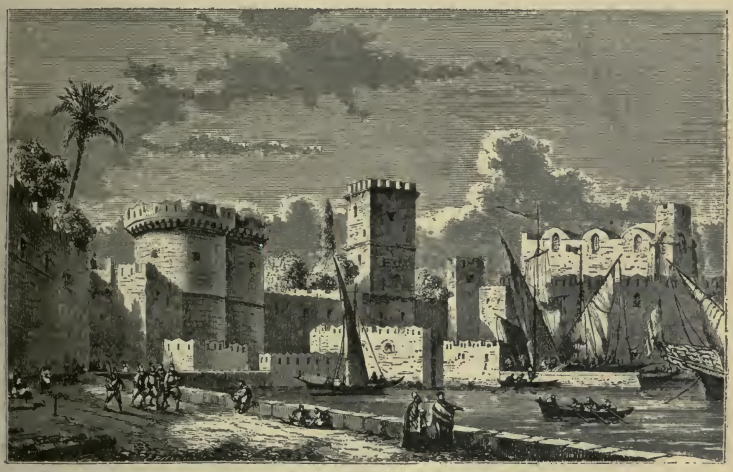
Like that of all the other monastico-military orders, the universal and indomitable bravery of the Hospitalers is admitted by historians of every class. In his bull confirming their statutes Pope Innocent II. (y. 1130) ordered the following monition to be read to the novice at his solemn profession: "If, which we deem impossible, you should ever turn your back to the enemies of Christ, or if you should abandon the banner of the cross, you will be deprived of this holy sign (the insignia, an eight-pointed cross, embroidered on the left breast) and cut off from our body as a putrid member." It is noteworthy that in all the acts of the order there is but one instance of this penalty

* Such was the proper title of this celebrated order. A bull of Pope Paschal II., dated in 1118, confirms Brother Gerard Tunc as "president of the hospital founded near the church of St. John the Baptist, in Jerusalem." Hence the members were also styled "Hospitalers." After the knights had fixed their headquarters in Rhodes, in 1310, they came to be popularly known as Knights of Rhodes; and in 1530, when they moved to Malta, their designation was assumed from that island.

having been incurred. Rashness, however, was not encouraged; although it is true that these monastic knights had views concerning the constituents of rashness which were, perhaps, somewhat extravagant. Thus, the initiatory oath of a Templar required him "never to ask for quarter, and never to decline battle unless the odds were at least four to one."

A GLOOMY HORIZON.

On the summer day of which we are now thinking sadness might well be dominant in every heart which throbbed in the mother-house of the Knights of St. John. Now that the Tem-



The Port of Rhodes.

plars were no more, having been suppressed by the Holy See in 1311, and now that the followers of the false prophet had but lately raised their emblematic half-moon over the proud dome of St. Sophia's patriarchal cathedral (y. 1453), the Christians of the West realized that their hopes were to be centred, under God, chiefly on the Knights Hospitalers. Rhodes was the advanced sentinel of European religion and civilization. Placed between Egypt, where the Mamelukes held full sway, and Asia Minor, where the redoubtable conqueror of Constantinople was encamped, it had refused to pay tribute to this prince, and knew that he had sworn on the Koran to take the life of every chevalier of the Hospital who might fall into his hands. Every hope of success for the Cross in the coming struggle depended on the wisdom displayed in the imminent election of a grand-

master. That this prudence would be manifested was uncertain, for precisely at that time national jealousies were rife in nearly every preceptory of the order.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

But Heaven had decreed to use the services of the Hospitalers for many years to come. As the hour for the election drew near the chief dignitaries resolved, in the interest of harmony, to introduce an innovation in the electoral procedure. They appointed as president of the Electoral College a knight who had been a candidate in the last election, and whose zeal and piety were pre-eminent—Raymond Ricard. Then all the knights voted for three assistants to the president, who were to be styled the chaplain, the knight, and the servant of the ceremony. These four officers swore to seek only the good of Christendom, and then they chose a fifth; the five then chose a sixth; and so on, until fifteen had been selected—two from each nationality or "language,"* excepting in the case of the Germans, who received but one representative, there being very few of them in the order. Each member of this Electoral College then took the customary oath, but on a portion of the True Cross, which he was obliged to touch with his hand. After three hours of deliberation, the electors announced that their choice was effected; and, when all the knights of every grade and class had assembled in the chapel, an oath was exacted from each that he would recognize and obey the chosen grand-master. This precaution might have been omitted, for when the name of the grand-prior of Auvergne, Peter d'Aubusson, was proclaimed, the enthusiasm of all was indescribable.

THE NEW GRAND-MASTER.

Peter d'Aubusson, a scion of one of the noblest families of La Marche, had made his first campaigns against the Turks, and in the train of the Dauphin of France, afterward King Louis XI., and he had shared with that prince in the glory of the battle of Bâle, in 1444, where the Swiss were defeated. But the destined fame of the young noble was not to be attained by combats against Christians. From his childhood the woes of the Holy Land had affected his heart; especially impressed in the memories of his boyhood was the flaying, while

*In the early days of the order there were seven "languages"; viz., Italy; France, properly so called; Provence, Auvergne, Aragon, England, and Germany. This division subsisted at the time of which we write; but when England became heretical, its "language" was abolished, and those of Castile and Portugal were added.

yet alive, of a papal nuncio by the Mussulmans. Then had come the capture of Constantinople; and, although his Catholic mind regarded that event as Heaven's punishment of the schismatic arrogance of the Greeks, it showed him that the West needed to be on the alert if it hoped not to become the prey of Mohammedan fanaticism. The flower of the European nobility, especially of that of his own fair France, were then wearing their armor over the cassock, so why should not he also enlist in that holy militia which warred under the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, and which was regarded by every Christian youth as the very apogee of human glory? Therefore, after his return from the Swiss campaign, D'Aubusson informed King Charles VII. of his ambition, and as that monarch saw no prospect of any need of the young noble's services in France, a truce with the English having lately been arranged, he granted his permission, remarking to his courtiers: "I have never seen so much fire and wisdom united in one man."

Having taken farewell of his friend the dauphin, who was afterward, as Louis XI., to render great assistance to the Hospitalers in the time of their direst extremity, D'Aubusson proceeded to the nearest preceptory of the admired order, and donned the monastic tunic. His first military service as a chevalier of St. John was in the archipelago; and after winning the commendations of the successive grand-masters, John de Lastic and James de Milly, the year 1460 found him castellan of Rhodes and prefect of its finances. John des Ursins, whom he was to succeed in the superiorship, made him superintendent of the Rhodian fortifications and captain-general of the city, and from that moment he was the soul of all the preparations which were being made for the struggle with Mahomet II.

DEFENSIVE WORKS AT RHODES.

When he entered upon the grand-mastership naturally the zeal of D'Aubusson redoubled, but a description of all his improvements in the defences of the island would interest only the military reader, nor are we competent for the task.* But

* By this we do not imply that the priest or religious is always incompetent to understand the mysteries of Mars, especially when these partake of, or are derived from, the scientific. Among the priests of the military-religious orders were many accomplished generals and engineers, although they were non-combatants. And in the last century the Jesuit, F. Carlo Borgo of Vicenza, wrote a work on fortifications, *L'Arte delle Fortificazioni e Difesa delle Piazze*, which so pleased the "great" Frederick of Prussia that he forwarded to the author a commission as lieutenant-colonel in his army. We must suppose that the document was returned with thanks.

there were other preparations which demanded his prompt attention. Firstly, the garrison was to be augmented; his letter to all the houses of the Hospitalers throughout Europe is pathetic in its religious patriotism and earnestness, and it resulted in an almost complete renunciation on the part of every establishment of all their possessions, that means might be obtained for the relief of the mother-house. Indeed, when we remember that just then the Knights of St. John were bearing the brunt of a shock directed against all Europe, we must admit that besides offering up their lives—which they valued lightly in so tremendous a contingency—these heroes did far more than their share in procuring the sinews of war.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE GARRISON.

But the grand-master soon experienced the joy of seeing his religious reinforced by many of the best soldiers of Europe, especially of France and Italy. As was his duty and his pride, to say nothing of the traditions of the Roman See, ever foremost in advancing or upholding the standard of civilization, Pope Sixtus IV. contributed large sums from the papal treasury, and ordered a jubilee in aid of the knights. D'Aubusson also wrote to King Louis XI., reminding him of their ancient comradeship, and sending to the royal zoölogical collection some curious beasts and birds. Louis showed his own good memory by a large gift to the treasury of Rhodes. By means such as these the grand-master was enabled to purchase much-needed war material and provisions, not only for the garrison of religious and for his volunteer auxiliaries, but also for the sustenance of the Rhodians, whose means of subsistence would be destroyed by the Moslem invasion, whichever way the struggle ended. One of the last measures taken by D'Aubusson before the conflict indicates the scrupulous devotion of these soldier-monks to their semi-monastic obligations. It will be readily understood, by any of our readers who belong to a religious community, that the fulfilment of the ordinary conventual duties was an impossibility to our knights in the circumstances then surrounding them. The grand-master, therefore, besought the pontiff to grant the brethren of the Hospital, then under arms in Rhodes, such dispensations as his holiness might deem appropriate. Accordingly, the knights were freed from every obligation excepting, of course, the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity.

THE CONQUERING SULTAN.

Meanwhile, the sultan prepared for what he regarded as the chief enterprise of his wonderful career, not excepting even his Constantinopolitan campaign. Besides the last remnant of the olden Byzantine Empire, he had subjugated Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bosnia. Nearly all the islands of the archipelago had also succumbed to the son of Amurath, and from the *campanile* of St. Mark's the dismayed Venetians had seen the flames devouring the rich possessions of the Queen of the Adriatic, only a few miles from their own lagoons; so *La Serenissima* was fain to buy exemption from the same fate by a promise of an annual tribute to the Sublime Porte of the—for that time—exorbitant sum of eighty thou-

THE PALACE OF THE GRAND-MASTER.

sand golden scudi. Circassia, Georgia, and even the Crimea, had become Mussulman. In the midst of this ruin of so many nationalities, indomitable Rhodes, defended by a mere handful of religious, strong in their faith and their own self-abnegation, rather than in their incontestable valor, awaited imperturbably the onslaught of the Alexander of Islam. Having carefully informed himself of the state of his adversary's preparations,*

* Most of the Rhodian Greeks, generally termed Rhodiotes, were then Catholics; but some descended from persons who had joined the Photian schism, when the island was a Byzantine dependency. Many of these latter were also schismatics, and naturally hated the knights, who were a source of strength to what they called "Latinism." To this party probably belonged the one of the Rhodian traitors who gave much trouble to the Hospitalers. This man, Meligalo by name, was of noble birth; and had dissipated his patrimony in debauchery. He thought to restore his fortunes by revealing the military secrets of the island to Mahomet. Having drawn exact plans of the fortifications, he proceeded to Constantinople and sold his information.

Mahomet began his Rhodian campaign by an attack on the islands of Piscopia, Nizzaro, Calamo, and Cefalo, which were ravaged, and saw all their able-bodied men and boys carried off into slavery,* the women being destined for Eastern harems. On May 23, 1480, the Turkish expedition, commanded by the pasha Mesis Vizir, appeared before Rhodes. In the siege which followed nearly all the Rhodiotes, inspired by the devotion and bravery of D'Aubusson, rivalled the Hospitalers and their auxiliaries in zeal and patience. The aged, the women and children, and even the nuns, helped indefatigably to repair the damages caused by the enormous balls of granite—two feet in diameter—which the Turkish balistas discharged, night and day, against the ramparts and into the town. Several assaults were made against Fort St. Nicholas, perhaps the key of the place, but the heroism of the knights of the Italian "language," led by the commander, Fabrizio Carretto, rendered the desperate courage of the Moslems a mere waste of blood.

THE TURKS TRY CORRUPTION.

In his blindness concerning the spirit animating the defenders Mesis Vizir thought that if he could procure the death of the grand-master the city would yield. Accordingly, the few traitors within the Christian lines were instructed to poison D'Aubusson. But the design was discovered, and the enraged populace tore the miscreants limb from limb. This attempt having failed, the pasha essayed another assault, and this one was made at night. The combat lasted for hours, and an immense number of the Islamites perished. D'Aubusson seemed to be omnipresent; and if any of the knights would fain have sunk in their sanguinary fatigue, his cheery cry of "Mountjoy and St. Denis!" and the example of his good right arm, gave them confidence that numbers would not avail against the soldiers of Christ and the sons of Mary. With the dawn of morning the pasha found that, while the flower of his army had perished, he was no nearer to the attainment of his object than he had been when yet in the Dardanelles.

Another vain assault, made simultaneously on every part of the works, led him to adopt a curious stratagem. His archers affixed to their bolts pieces of parchment, on which were described the alleged tyranny of the Hospitalers, men foreign to Rhodes and to the fallen Lower Empire; and the glories and

* In accordance with the Turkish custom of that day, the healthy boys were made cadets in the famous Janissaries, and of course were trained as Mohammedans.

sweet disposition of Mahomet II., the favored by Allah, the tolerant prince who was so well-disposed to Christianity, so desirous of satisfying the aspirations of all his subjects, that he would accord full religious liberty in their lovely isle.* When Mesis Vizir learned that the Rhodiotes treated his missives with scorn, he turned his overtures to D'Aubusson. A flag of truce obtained for an envoy an interview with the hero; and after an exalted estimate of the sultan's power had been unfolded, the unconquerable valor of the Moslem soldiery was extolled.

AN ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

Then an appeal was made to the grand-master as prince and as general. As prince, observed the turbaned pleader, D'Aubusson ought not to expose his subjects, the devoted Rhodiotes, to the horrors of war; as general, he should have regard for his soldiers. Let him, therefore, concluded the envoy, surrender Rhodes; and the possessions of the Order of St. John would be ever respected by the Sublime Porte. The reply of the Christian leader was simple and to the point. By only one path could the crescent enter into Rhodes; it might be the duty of the pasha to try to open that path, but it certainly would be that of the Hospitalers to oppose him to the death.

THE TURKS MAKE A BREACH.

Another assault, therefore, was now made on the stronghold; and this time the Islamites succeeded in penetrating through a breach. But suddenly D'Aubusson, accompanied by his brother, the Viscount de Monteil, showed himself at the head of a picked body of knights, and, though the enemy outnumbered his followers, together with those originally defending the breach, by twenty to one, the further advance of the half-moon was stopped. Blood flowed as it had not flowed since the siege began. Many times the standard of St. John fell out of sight, as its bearer was cut down; but just so often it was again waved on high as another intrepid hand grasped its staff, and with cries of "To us, Jesus and Mary!" and "To us, St. John!" revived the strength—not the courage, for that never failed—of the devoted

* It would be interesting to know whether, in this mendacious document, the pasha made use of that story which has been credited by many European writers, to the effect that Mahomet II. was born of a Christian mother, Irene, daughter of Prince George Bulcovich, despot of Servia. This presumed Christian origin is an absurdity; firstly, because Mahomet was born in 1430, and Amurath married Irene in 1435. Secondly, because a son of Irene could have been only fifteen years old when Amurath died in 1451; and all the Turkish chroniclers describe Mahomet as inheriting the Ottoman sceptre when he was in his twenty-second year.

band. Finally, with an exhibition of valor which the Turks afterward described as superhuman, the soldier-monks drove the infidels out of the city, pursuing them into their intrenched camp, and from the very tent of the pasha carrying off in triumph the Great Standard of Islam.

THE TURKS ALLEGE A MIRACULOUS SIGN.

If, in this last attempt to capture Rhodes which that century witnessed, the lieutenant of Mahomet II. felt a shame proportioned to the extent of his defeat, he found some consolation in an explanation of that defeat given by his fatalistically inclined followers. They insisted that during the most intense part of the struggle within the walls they had plainly seen, "high up in the air, a shining cross of gold, and a virgin clothed in white, carrying a lance, and followed by a troop of richly-armed warriors." None of the knights mentioned any such vision; and it was, probably, either an hallucination of the highly-wrought imaginations of the Moslems, or a cleverly devised excuse for their failure. Be this as it may—and, of course, we do not deny the possibility of the appearance—the presumed miracle had the effect of soothing their pain; for, they reflected, since Allah had thus protected the Christians rather than the true believers, mortal Mussulman could do no more. It may have been owing to his belief, real or affected, in this prodigy, that Mahomet II. did not consign his discomfited general to the bowstring, but contented himself with sending him into exile.

A COSTLY ASSAULT.

We do not know the exact number of the troops with which Mesis Vizir attacked Rhodes; but he admitted that on the day after the final failure he found that his dead and seriously wounded were more than twenty-five thousand. When we consider that the Knights Hospitalers engaged in the defence numbered only 450, and their auxiliaries 2,000, we do not wonder that D'Aubusson regarded his victory as miraculous, and that the hostile fleet had no sooner set sail than he summoned his little band to the cathedral for a solemn thanksgiving to God and our Blessed Lady. When the news of this event, so important to the welfare of Christendom, reached the Holy See, the pontiff determined to signify his appreciation of the chivalrous devotion and sublime piety of the Order of St. John by an act which would reflect glory upon the entire organization, as

well as upon its immediate beneficiary. He forwarded a cardinal's hat to the grand-master. The veteran lived twenty-three more years, fighting to the last with the material sword for the protection of Christendom, and leading the sublime life of a true religious. When at length he was called to his account, in 1503, he was eighty-one years of age, and vigorous in body and mind. His last illness was entailed by grief, because of the abandonment of a project for the good of Christendom upon the execution of which he had set his heart.

THE GRAND-MASTER COUNSELS A COUNTER-MOVE.

After the hopelessness of capturing Rhodes had been impressed upon his unwilling mind, Mahomet II. confined his ambitions to objects of easier attainment; but when his successor, Bajazet, manifested an inclination to emulate the enterprises of his father's earlier years, D'Aubusson's activity seemed to indicate a renewal of youth. Incessant hostilities in the Adriatic, in the archipelago, and on the coast of Greece gave abundant employment to the dashing navy of the Hospitalers; but the astute grand-master thought that all these minor skirmishes were a mere waste of time, blood, and money. He told the pope that if Christendom was seriously bent on at least checking the advance of the crescent, a great blow must be struck; let a Christian fleet force its way into the Dardanelles, burn Gallipoli, and making a dash on Constantinople, burn it also, if it could not be permanently retained. The moment was favorable, urged the veteran; for the attention of Bajazet was then drawn by the advance into Armenia of a new enemy and Mussulman rival, the Shah of Persia.

FATUOUS INACTIVITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

At first the powers agreed to form a league to carry out the bold design; but alas! the latter part of the fifteenth century was true to itself—it was the vital end of the middle age; and already men might anticipate the remark afterward made to Leibnitz by Pomponne, Minister of Louis XIV., that Crusades were no longer the fashion. Sorrow rankled in the heart of the old soldier-monk; perhaps he foresaw that twenty years after this culpable negligence on the part of Christian states, the same neglect would be manifested by an ambitious and egoistic emperor (Charles V.), who could not for an instant compromise his petty schemes in the Milanais for the sake of Christendom; and that Rhodes, the most important outpost of Christianity, and

therefore the beacon-light of civilization, would capitulate to the crescent. The chagrin of the hero entailed an illness which terminated fatally on July 3, 1503; and throughout the Catholic world ensued deep and long-lasting mourning for him who had for many years been styled the "Liberator," and the "Shield of the Church."

THE GRAND-MASTER IS LAID TO REST.

The chronicles of the time show that, as was quite natural and appropriate, the obsequies of the Cardinal Grand-Master d'Aubusson were far more ornate and ceremonious than the Hospitalers, in their monastic simplicity, were wont to accord to their deceased brethren. The body was carried to the council hall, and placed on a catafalque covered with cloth of gold. Around stood knights in habits of mourning and bearing the cardinalitial hat, the cross, the standard of St. John, and the escutcheon of the deceased. On his breast was a golden crucifix, his hands were encased in silk gloves, and his feet wore slippers of cloth of gold. Beside the remains were the robes of a prelate, his well-worn armor, and the glorious sword, yet tinged with Moslem blood, which he had wielded at the siege in 1480. Not only all the religious, his comrades at the altar and on the field of battle, kissed his pure though valiant hands; but the common people and peasantry, groaning and beating their breasts, tendered him that homage, for D'Aubusson had been known as the father of the Rhodiote poor.

When the body was brought out of the palace of the grand-master an immense cry of lamentation went up to heaven, and women tore their hair in their extreme grief. After the burial in the vaults of the church of St. John, the hero's *maggior domo* broke his marshal's baton over his tomb, and his squire did the same with the spurs.* Thus was laid to rest the body of one of the greatest and most valiant captains that ever drew sword in the cause of Holy Church. The glorious order of St. John produced many real heroes and true religious; but of its grand-master, the Cardinal D'Aubusson, it might well say:

> ". . . Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

*For the facts concerning the career of Cardinal d'Aubusson we have relied on the *Storia delle Vite dei Granmaestri del Santo Ordine di San Giovanni di Gerusalemme, scritte dal Commendatore Fra Girolamo Marulli*, Naples, 1636. Also, on Count Daru's *Histoire de la République de Venice*, Paris, 1821; and on the *Histoire des Chevaliers de Rhodes*, par Eugene Flandrin, Paris, 1876.

After the death of the heroic D'Aubusson, the two succeeding grand-masters entertained little anxiety concerning the safety of Rhodes.

ANOTHER WARLIKE SULTAN.

The memory of the signal defeat of 1480 was too fresh in the mind of Bajazet, the son of Mahomet II., to allow him to do more than threaten to undertake an enterprise which had proved too mighty for his more warlike father. But in 1513 the Grand-Master Fabrizio Carretto, of the "language" of Italy, began to anticipate an attack from Selim. This sultan had already subjugated Egypt and Syria, and Persia seemed about to succumb to his arms. He was known to be as anxious for fame as his grandfather had been; hence Carretto bent all his energies to render the island fit to sustain another siege. He engaged the services of two eminent Italian engineers for the erection of new and powerful fortifications and augmented the navy of the order. In the midst of these exertions Carretto died.

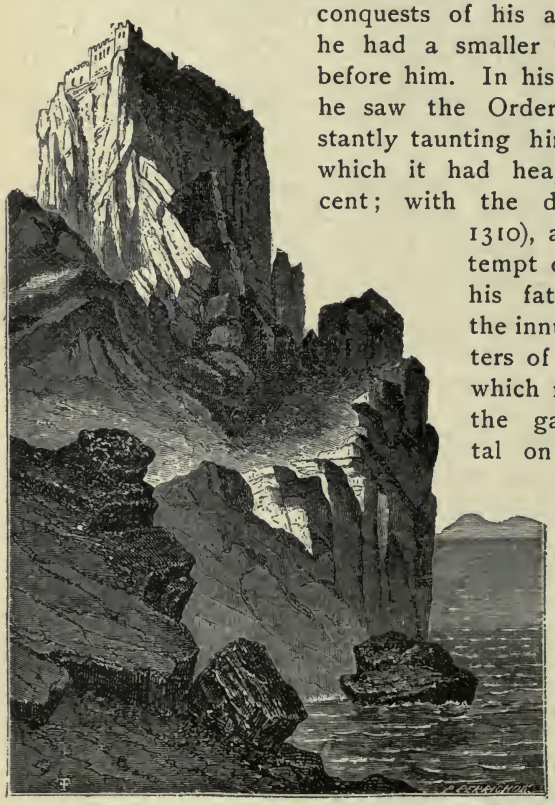
ELECTION OF A NEW GRAND-MASTER.

When the knights assembled for the election of a new master it was found that three competitors divided their sympathies. These were Villiers de l'Ile-Adam, grand-prior of France; the Commander d'Amaral, a Portuguese, chancellor of the order, and grand-prior of Castile; and Thomas Ocray, grand-prior of England. The Englishman had no great merits beyond the possession of powerful relatives who might be of some service to the order; hence his name was dropped when the importance of a wise selection became manifest. The Portuguese had, apparently, more valid claims for the suffrages. He was a skilful commander, both on sea and on land. But he was overbearing and conceited; and on reflection the electors deemed it dangerous to confide the magistral staff to such hands.

There remained, therefore, Villiers de l'Ile-Adam, a knight of great nobility of character, a man prudent in counsel, a veteran of a hundred battles, a fine strategist, and a true religious. With but one exception all the votes were cast for the grand-prior of France; the exception being the vote of the disappointed Portuguese, who so far forgot himself as to cry: "May ruin fall on Rhodes and the order!" Unfortunately, no attention was then paid to his chagrin; and only when it was too late did the knights discover that the miserable man had become, at that moment, a renegade in his heart.

SOLIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT.

At the very time that l'Ile-Adam received the staff of grand-master of the Hospitalers the throne of the Ottoman empire was inherited by Soliman II., a prince of greater audacity than his father, Selim, had evinced, and who was fresh from a victorious campaign against the Hungarians, which had resulted in the reduction of Belgrade. It was said that he regretted the conquests of his ancestors, since now he had a smaller number of victories before him. In his exalted imagination he saw the Order of St. John constantly taunting him with the injuries which it had heaped upon the crescent; with the defeat of Osman (y. 1310), and the abortive attempt of Orcan to avenge his father (y. 1323); with the innumerable naval disasters of the Ottoman fleets, which never dared to meet the galleys of the Hospital on equal terms; with the successful assistance given to the rebellious Mussulmans of Egypt, and with that most disgraceful catastrophe that ever befell the Islamites, the failure of Mahomet II. to crush the indomitable spirit of D'Aubusson. And never could Soliman expect again so favorable an opportunity to sweep the hated order from the face of the earth. The knights could rely just then upon no aid from the western powers. The struggle for supremacy in Italy was of more importance to Charles V. than any interest of the church or of the Christian body politic. His chivalrous adversary, Francis I., would have strained every nerve to aid a cause which appealed to



THE CASTLE OF LINDOS.

his soldierly instincts, and to the Catholic traditions of his crown; but the fortunes of war had been adverse, and he was reduced to unwilling inactivity. The pontiff by himself was of no value in a military sense. The Venetians who, by means of their powerful fleet, could have extended more valuable aid than either France, Spain, or the Empire, were envious of the maritime power of the Hospital; the rest of Italy was too deeply involved in the combat between France and Austria-Spain. Hungary was prostrate before the half-moon.

TRAITORS IN THE CAMP.

And still another encouragement to attack Rhodes was furnished from within the very council-chamber of the Hospitalers. The Portuguese chevalier, D'Amaral, had, as he afterward expressed the idea, "sold his soul to the demon"; and immediately after his failure to obtain the grand-master's staff had sent to the sultan a plan of the Rhodian fortifications, and all other information valuable to an intending aggressor. And the Turk was yet further aided from within the Christian lines by the cunning of a Jewish physician, who had feigned conversion to Christianity in order to play the spy more efficiently.

TOTAL FORCES OF THE DEFENDERS.

The intentions of Soliman soon became apparent to the grand-master; and he held a review of the garrison, that he might judge of its fitness for the coming trial. There were less than 300 Hospitalers, of whom the language of France contributed 140; those of Spain and Portugal, 88; that of Italy, 47; England and Germany together, only 17. But these soldier-monks were truly a *corps d'élite;* right worthy to uphold the standards of Jesus and Mary; men who realized thoroughly the sublimity of their vocation to the evangelical counsels, and soldiers who felt that they combated under the prayerful eyes of the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom. To these veterans of a hundred holy fights were joined many gentlemen of various lands, each followed by some soldiers who were equipped and maintained at his expense.

Then there were the auxiliary troops in the service of the order*

*These troops wore the insignia of the order, and fought under its banners; but they took no religious vows, and did not reside in the convent. Their officers were always Hospitalers, and as a rule these auxiliaries imbibed much of the spirit of their patrons. Many of them in time joined the brotherhood; but not as knights. To become a knight four quarterings of nobility, on the side of both father and mother, was requisite. The inferior brethren were styled "serving brothers," and they were obliged to recite the Lord's Prayer one hundred and fifty times each day.

who increased the total force to about 5,000 men. One knight who had only lately entered the order must be especially mentioned: namely, the engineer-in-chief, Martinenghi. A native of Brescia, and regarded as the first engineer of his time, he had been employed by Venice to fortify Candia and he had rendered it almost impregnable. Entering the service of the Hospitalers, he was so impressed by their piety, courage, and self-denial that he begged for admittance into the holy militia. Very soon he had so distinguished himself that he was raised to the grade of grand-cross,* and was made superintendent of the fortifications. Perhaps the heroic prolongation of the resistance to the arms of Soliman was chiefly due to the inventive genius of this Italian engineer.

PREPARING FOR THE LAST STRUGGLE.

When l'Ile-Adam had made all the military preparations possible he began—if indeed these were not always being made—the preparation of the souls of his brethren. The Great Standard of St. John, which was to be their beacon-light, was entrusted to the care of a knight from Dauphiny named Grolé-Pacim; and the honor of bearing at the side of the grand-master during the battle the banner of the Crucifixion, a present from the Holy See to the Cardinal Grand-Master d'Aubusson, was accorded to the Chevalier de Tintenille, a nephew of l'Ile-Adam. Then the entire garrison, or rather community, began a series of prayers, fastings, and scourgings; and these devotional exercises did not cease until the hostile sails were descried in the offing. Then the heroes were ready to draw their swords in the holiest of causes; and they smilingly committed its issue into the hands of God.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND TURKS ATTACK.

It was on the 26th of June, 1522, that Mustapha, a brother-in-law of Soliman, anchored a fleet of about 400 vessels in front of Zimboli, five miles from Rhodes. Here he disembarked 100,000 men and 300 cannon. These were to be followed in a few days by Soliman in person, at the head of another army of equal strength. The grand-master immediately left his palace, which he was never again to inhabit, and established his quarters at the advanced post of Our Lady of Victories, a position which the last siege had proved to be the most ex-

* There were three grades of knights: the chevaliers, the knight-commanders, and the knights-grand-cross.

posed of all in the *enceinte* to assault. As in the narrative of the siege of 1480, we shall avoid details and present only the most important points of this memorable event.

The first balls of the Turks were received and returned by the bastions confided to the languages of Provence, Spain, and England; and no less than twenty times were the Moslems driven from their trenches by the impetuous sorties of these knights. This unexpected result of the first operations demoralized even the Janissaries, then, as ever, the choicest troops in the Ottoman service; and when the account reached Soliman he hastened to the scene with his reinforcements.

While the siege was being pressed with greater vigor a conspiracy was formed among the Mohammedan slaves—prisoners of war as yet unransomed. The design was to fire the town in many places simultaneously; but the discovery of the plot, and the public execution of the leaders, prevented any more attempts of that nature.

But there was another source of serious mischief which, originating in only one person, was less easily discovered. Mention has been made of a Jewish physician, a feigned convert, who acted as a spy for the Moslems.* To him the knights owed the foiling of some of their most promising schemes. One effect of his machinations was especially injurious to the besieged. From the top of the cathedral tower one could easily observe every movement of the Osmanlis; and here the grand-master was wont to watch for hours at a time. By advice of the Jew, the Ottoman fire was directed against this tower until it tumbled to the ground.

From the moment that Soliman appeared on the scene every means known to the science of engineering at that time, every strategy of good generalship, and the most prodigal sacrifice of life, were adopted to crush the defiant and persistently confident knights of St. John. Having perceived, as had Mesis Vizir in the last siege, that fort St. Nicholas was the key of the town, the sultan directed, during ten successive days and nights, a constant fire from twenty-two of his heaviest guns against it; but in vain. The guns of the Hospitalers were better served than his own, and Soliman beheld his soldiers surely and quickly disappearing.

* The Hospitalers also employed spies. The most successful of these was a serving brother named Raymond, who, speaking Turkish and Arabic perfectly, and having sojourned in Mohammedan lands many years, was able to pass as one of the faithful. He was wont to employ certain signals, and then shoot his message over the walls.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE "BUTCHER'S BILL."

At last, after many murderous assaults upon various and separate portions of the works, a simultaneous attack was made on every point. Beaten back everywhere else, the Turks effected a lodgment in the bastion entrusted to the language of Spain, and the aga of the Janissaries there planted his standard. Then ensued a struggle of several hours, at the end of which the Mussulmans retreated to their entrenchments, leaving behind many of their banners and 15,000 dead.

But the Ottoman superiority in numbers began to speak eloquently of the probable doom of Rhodes; every day the breaches yawned wider and wider. To add to the general distress, it was found that the supply of powder was nearly exhausted. Before the siege, and while there was yet time to augment the stock, the Portuguese traitor D'Amaral, whose duty it was to inspect the magazines, had reported a sufficiency of the indispensable requisite.

But the Hospitalers did not lose courage; they merely studied the aiming of their guns more carefully, and began to manufacture powder in mills improvised in the vaults underneath the palace of the grand-master.

Fortunately they possessed a large quantity of carbon and nitre. The treachery of D'Amaral had failed precisely where he had thought it would be most efficacious; and just as during the first weeks of the siege so now, every assault of the Osmanlis, though made with their natural bravery intensified by religious zeal and desperation, failed ignominiously before the heroic patience of the Knights of St. John. So furious did Soliman become that he would have ordered his general, Mustapha, brother-in-law and favorite though the unlucky man was, to be flogged to death, had not all the pashas united in prevailing upon him to banish the unfortunate.

Having realized that his choicest troops were no more, and that the Hospitalers were as resolved as ever, the sultan now began to think seriously of abandoning his bloody enterprise. Suddenly a message from the wretched D'Amaral filled him with new hope. The recreant chevalier informed Soliman that the defenders could not possibly resist many days longer; let the monarch press a few more assaults—he could afford the loss of a few more thousands—and the place must be his, were that end to be due only to the sheer exhaustion of the few remaining knights.

PUNISHMENT OF A TRAITOR.

The sultan withheld the order to raise the siege; but he who had induced this change of mind had already received the punishment of a traitor. His disloyalty had been discovered, his habit had been torn from him, his knightly spurs had been knocked off by the hangman, and the caitiff who might have been an earthly St. Michael was decapitated.*

Meanwhile the Osmanlis pushed forward their trenches, and opened fresh mines. Several more assaults were made; but Soliman found himself no nearer to the object of his desires. He now began to reflect on the necessity of offering to the Hospitalers honorable terms of capitulation. The ramparts of Rhodes were nearly ruined, and the town might almost be termed an open place; but he knew that even his Janissaries hesitated to confront the indomitable defenders in another attack. Six months of siege had cost him the lives of 114,000 men. He ordered a white flag to be displayed before the trenches, and two soldiers advanced to the walls bearing a letter to the grand-master.

DELIBERATING ON SURRENDER.

This first offer of Soliman was rejected, for the knights were constantly scanning the horizon in hope of descrying approaching aid from the European powers. But at length l'Ile-Adam presented the matter to the chapter. Each member declared that a capitulation was proper, nay, necessary. To save Rhodes was now beyond the bounds of human possibilities. If the place were taken by assault, the inhabitants would either be massacred or carried into slavery; all the objects so venerated by the Order of St. John, the churches, the relics of the saints, the tombs of their brethren, would be defiled by the infidels. They were all willing to die with their grand-master if he gave the word; but they did not think that duty called upon the order to sacrifice the lives of women and children for a point of mere military pride. And for that matter the honor of the knights was in no jeopardy. At this juncture the grand-master learned that heavy reinforcements of men and material had reached the enemy, and that Soliman requested him to visit the imperial quarters, there to consult as to the terms of capitulation.

* The Jewish physician had been detected and hung several days previously.

MEETING OF THE GRAND-MASTER AND SOLIMAN.

With a heart bursting with anguish the veteran complied with the invitation. When the two dignitaries met—what a subject for a painter of spirit!—the grand-master immediately produced the document wherein Sultan Bajazet had covenanted for himself and his successors to respect the independence of Rhodes. For answer Soliman tore the parchment into shreds and trampled them into the dust. But in a moment, as though deeply impressed by the calm dignity of l'Ile-Adam, and probably ashamed of his ebullition of disrespect for his father's sign-manual, he expressed regret at being compelled to eject so old a man from his home, and after complimenting his foe upon his knightly worth, he promised him great rewards if he would abjure Christianity and enter the service of the Porte.

CAPITULATION.

The interview terminated by the signing of the terms of capitulation, and if we consider the violent nature of Soliman, and the weakened situation of the knights, the conditions were highly honorable to the Hospitalers. Of course all the possessions of the Order of St. John in Asia passed into the hands of the Turks; but the knights were allowed to embark with all their movable property, the sacred vessels, their archives, money, plate, and books. They could also take as much artillery and ammunition as was necessary for the equipment of the ships which bore them away. The sultan agreed to respect the churches of the island,* and to allow full religious liberty to the inhabitants. Thus terminated a siege in which 5,000 Christians withstood for six months the efforts of 200,000 Mohammedans.

THE KNIGHTS BID ADIEU TO RHODES.

On January 1, 1523, the little remnant of the glorious Order of St. John embarked on galleys painted in black, as a sign of its grief. Only one flag was visible in the fleet; that one floated from the mainmast of the grand-master's vessel, and it was the standard of Our Lady with the motto: "*Afflictis spes mea rebus*"—Thou art my reliance in my misfortune. Villiers de l'Ile-Adam led his gallant brethren to the Eternal City, and

*It is almost needless to note that this promise was shamefully violated. The churches were all defiled, and some destroyed. The altars were profaned, and the tombs of the grand-masters were opened, the ashes being scattered to the winds. Every dwelling was sacked, and the inhabitants were subjected to the wonted licentiousness of a Mohammedan army.

at its gates he was received formally by the entire pontifical household in robes of ceremony, by all the cardinals then in Rome, and by the ambassador of France. The reception of the grand-master by the Sovereign Pontiff was naturally most touching,* and the veteran soldier of the Cross felt that the thanks of the Vicar of Christ were an earnest of the reward which God held in store for his faithful champions. Viterbo was assigned as a residence for the knights, and during several years they led a purely conventual life, though ever on the search for a new centre where they might resume their military activity, and thus continue the noble traditions of the Hospital. And ere long Providence hearkened to their prayer. The Turkish corsairs were then terrorizing the Italian coasts at their pleasure, and Charles V., master of Sicily and the neighboring islands, well realized how much benefit would accrue to that portion of his dominions if the Order of St. John undertook to dispute the supremacy of the Mediterranean with the Osmanlis. Accordingly, he offered to it the island of Malta and its dependencies, as well as the principality of Tripoli, with full sovereign and proprietary rights. Villiers de l'Ile-Adam cheerfully accepted the new responsibility, and on October 26, 1530, the knights made their solemn entry into Malta, thus inaugurating the third period of the glorious history of the Military Order of St. John.

*Some olden chronicles narrate that while Pope Adrian VI. was celebrating Mass in St. Peter's on the Christmas of 1522—the day when the Turks took possession of Rhodes—a stone in the cornice became detached and fell at his feet. Since all Rome was then trembling for the fate of the island this incident was regarded as a presage of its capture.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

Legislative Library Ontario

By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth.

CHAPTER III.

Arthur Carey's Crucial Examination.—Practical Value of the Via Media in a Compromise Religion.—Lively Fencing among the Examiners.—Carey warmly endorsed and exculpated.—"No. 90" scores a Triumph.

HEN at the close of my first seminary year in June, 1843, the students shook hands with Arthur Carey and with each other and went home for vacation, few if any knew that Carey's ordination had been objected to, and that he was to be put upon trial. When we returned to the seminary at the close of vacation, both his trial and ordination were things of the past, but they continued to furnish the most agitating topics of conversation in every part of the United States where two churchmen could be found.

In no place could it be so much discussed, or contribute so much to develop the knowledge of doctrine and the appreciation of the real tendencies of Tractarianism as in the seminary at Chelsea. It furnished thought to every mind that cared to think, and supplemented well the work done in the classes for the next nine months. I know of no better place than this to introduce the history of that trial.

The examination took place June 30, 1843, in the Sunday-school room of St. John's Chapel, in Varick Street facing Hudson Street Park, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening. Bishop Onderdonk presided; and Drs. Berrian, McVickar, Seabury, Anthon, and Smith, and the Rev. Messrs. Haight, Higbee, and Price, composed the examining committee. They had been notified to appear at that time and place (so we find it recorded in Smith's and Anthon's pamphlet) to try Arthur Carey and Mr. Blank for Romanizing tendencies.

Mr. Carey was there, but Blank did not appear. Blank would very gladly have appeared, and there would have been fine fun during the trial if he had appeared. He would have made the fur fly. Bishop Onderdonk, in fact, put in appear-

ance for Mr. Blank, whose real name was B. B. J. McMaster. "The bishop stated, in relation to one of the candidates, that he would not then be examined, as it had been decided by the faculty that he was to remain in the seminary another year, and that the only duty which would devolve upon the presbyters then and there assembled was the *special* examination of Mr. Carey."

This is all true so far as it goes. There is, however, a very large mental reservation contained in the bishop's statement. It was a convenient reservation under the circumstances. There was an amount of truth attaching to McMaster's absence which it was not prudent to let go to the public. Circumstances have now changed. The trial is now a thing of past history, and moreover the author of these Reminiscences, being no Anglican of any sort of proclivity, and both the trial and acquittal of Arthur Carey, and the subsequent trial and condemnation of Bishop Onderdonk, which was only the natural and necessary sequence of this inquisition held in St. John's Sunday-school, being also things of the past and *des faits accomplis*, I now feel free to give to the public some circumstances of the case which were then suppressed. They have already been briefly referred to in my Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams. I have there simply stated that McMaster was neither brought to trial nor allowed to be ordained, being too heavy a load for the friendly bishop and other friends of McMaster to carry. I will now add a few words to show why it was so heavy to carry poor Mac through an examination which was sure to be made public.

McMaster, though an earnest man and a most faithful and good Christian, was very unlike Carey in many particulars. His frankness was not like the frankness of Carey. The latter's frankness was due almost entirely to his conscientious truthfulness. McMaster was naturally frank and outspoken. His frankness was of a character which would not only have thrown his accusers into confusion, but would also have made a show of the Right Rev. Bishop and the whole examining committee. It would also have made impossible the exaggerated statements of the examination of Carey put forth by the reverend protestors after the trial and ordination. It would also have made a great difference in the explanatory papers of the reverend doctors who sustained Carey, and which, without denying anything true or affirming anything untrue, yet made a liberal use of the various means of walking around the facts

which critics sometimes think they find in the moral theology of St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Dr. Seabury, Dr. McVickar, Dr. Berrian, and the Rev. Messrs. Haight, Higbee, and Price, all put forth either pamphlets, sermons, or newspaper explanations, for the purpose of giving their several versions of Carey's answers to the troublesome questions proposed to him on his examination in order to show what his real belief was; that is to say, whether he was a genuine Episcopalian or a candidate with Romanizing tendencies. The statements of these gentlemen must necessarily be taken for true, *so far as they go.* Their well-known characters place them above all suspicion of any wilfully false statement.

Truth, historic truth, however, obliges one, at this late date, who knew Carey well, and from a closer intimacy with him than any of these gentlemen had, to say that not one of these pamphlets contains a full and fair representation of Carey's real sentiments. Moreover, I knew Carey too well to admit that he made a single reply to the many close questions which were so laboriously and painfully pressed upon him which was not true, candid, and open. Any mental reservation which he employed upon his examination, and every cautious distinction of words which he used, was made only to prevent misunderstanding on the part of his examiners, or on the part of the less learned and less disciplined minds of the public. I know him to have been trained to all the niceties of distinction in language which are necessary to constitute a man of true learning; but I know him also to have been "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile." He had no strong prejudices against the ancient Church Catholic and Roman. He had no bigotry in his heart against Catholics, whom he looked upon as brethren, although by untoward circumstances separated and estranged from himself and from the Anglican communion. But I know that at that time, like McMaster and Wadhams, and many more of us who afterwards became Catholics, he was faithful and true to that communion to which he still clung. His examination was a veritable persecution, although doubtless not so intended by the generality of his accusers.

I wish I could say as much of his examiners. I knew them all, with the exception of the Rev. Mr. Price, of St. Stephen's. If I ever had any intercourse with him, it was slight and has since passed away from my memory. All the others I knew, and my memory retains nothing of any of them unworthy of a Christian man or gentleman. This still leaves me room to say

that I consider their published pamphlets to be no full and frank record of Carey's examination, nor of his real sentiments in respect to the Catholic Church.

This obliges me also to say that I have no desire to find fault with these gentlemen for the reserve which they have maintained in their statements to the public of the inquisitorial questions put to Carey and of his replies. They too had behind them, in their congregations or in the general public, inquisitors who were examining them closely and many of them in an unfriendly spirit. They had a right to practise such reserve as every man, however conscientious, may and must, at times, practise.

No man can understand the frank sincerity of Arthur Carey upon his trial who does not rightly understand how the Anglican Church was founded. It was founded by the nervous hand of Queen Elizabeth. She was the Queen of England—she felt herself every inch a queen. She was determined to be the queen of everything in England. She was determined that England's religion should be English, and she believed the best way to make it so was to have an English Church to be ruled in all things by England's government and queen. She must be considered, therefore, as really the founder and really the head of the Anglican Church. She herself and a large body of her subjects were, so far as concerned doctrine, strongly biased in favor of the doctrines of the ancient church. She would gladly have had her church purely Catholic and united in one faith. She would have no pope, however, but herself to cement that union. On the other hand, a large part of her subjects were not Catholic. They not only hated that ancient Roman See which was the *sedes Petri*, but they hated also, for the most part, that old established body of doctrine which constitutes the *fides Petri*. In other words, they were Protestants. They disliked the very name of Catholic, except when carefully explained away.

Nothing but a compromise could bridge over this great difference between her subjects, and she bridged it with such a compromise. All Englishmen who were prominent enough to be reached by persecution were forced by their fears into this compromise. This compromise is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. In it the catechism is, so far as it goes, Catholic. So is the baptismal service and other special rites. So, mainly, is the entire ordinal of its worship. On the other hand, the Englishmen of Protestant proclivities were propitiated by the "Thirty-nine Articles," which always thunder, or seem to

thunder, against Roman Catholic doctrine. To hold these opposing factions in harmony both Articles and Liturgy are so skilfully hammered out that all parties, both Catholics and Protestants, by using the large latitude always practically allowed them, may arrange their consciences comfortably upon the same liturgies and formulas. They were so expected to do in the beginning, and this liberty has at all times been allowed and freely utilized.

"The Reformation of the Anglican Church, as completed and established under Queen Elizabeth," said the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for October, 1843, "was distinctly designed not to expel or exclude from the ministry of the church such men as Mr. Carey. A strong infusion of sound evangelical or Protestant doctrine was put into the articles and the homilies, and evangelical preaching was tolerated, provided the preacher would closely conform to the canons and the rubrics. On the other hand, the liturgy, and to some extent the homilies, and even the articles, were, we do not say Popish or Romish, but 'Catholic'; and no pains were spared to conciliate and retain in the church every man who was willing to renounce the pope's supremacy, to subscribe the articles, to obey the canons, and to perform the worship of the liturgy as purified and translated. Thus the reformation of the English Church was essentially a compromise, or an attempted compromise, between opposite opinions. It was designed to include, on the one hand the most extreme Protestantism short of that which rejected the hierarchy, the vestments, and the ceremonies, and on the other hand the most extreme Catholicity short of Romanism."

John Henry Newman's famous "Tract No. 90" was professedly written to show how Catholics in the Anglican Church are not bound to interpret and subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles in a Protestant sense, but may fairly give to its language any literal sense which favors the more ancient and Catholic belief. This Carey also firmly believed, and on this belief all his answers to the questions proposed by his accusers were based. Before, however, we proceed to give the details of that trial it may be well to make a few more words of explanation.

Americans who remember Barnum's museum or his menageries will understand what I mean when I say that the Anglican Church constitutes what Barnum would have called "A Happy Family," in religion. A happy family, according to Barnum's phraseology, was a group of various animals, by nature most hostile to each other, shut up in one cage and obliged

per force to keep peace. A dog was made to dwell in apparent harmony with a cat, a cat with a mouse and bird. A monkey kept peace with a parrot. The parrot whistled to call the dog, who wagged his tail at the call while he playfully pretended to bite the cat, who showed no signs of fear.

A happy family of discordant elements may be constituted naturally, as, for instance, by the fear of a strong and common enemy. Thus, on the Western prairies may sometimes be seen coming out of the same burrow, or sitting quietly at its mouth, a prairie-dog, a rattlesnake, a little horned owl, and sometimes also a rabbit called by the Western settlers "a cotton-tail." For the same reason, so long as the Catholic Church remained powerful in England, Catholic schismatics and Protestant heretics burrowed together, and smoked together the pipe of peace with each other. So soon, however, as the supreme rule of the Roman See ceased to be a power in England, having been crushed out by blood and sequestration, it became necessary for a royal Barnum to come in and keep peace among the discordant sects of Protestantism by the strong hand of power.

The English Church was constituted as a department under the British Constitution, and no fighting could be allowed in it except a large latitude of thought and debate, which must not disturb the established supremacy of the English crown in all practical matters. Doctrine was, therefore, made to be of little value in the Anglican Church. Unity in a church so constituted could never mean a unity in point of faith; apostolicity could never mean the faith of the Apostles remaining unchanged in all ages; Catholicity could never mean a common belief in all nations and in all countries; no standard of holiness could be maintained which should interfere with appointments to offices and livings, or the right of communion to any loyal British subject, whatever he might do, or whatever he might believe.

Out of this compromise, so strange to reason, but which a long experience has shown to be practically successful, has grown very naturally a certain principle, or at least motto, among Anglicans for finding the truth in religious doctrine which is known by the name of the *via media.* Every Anglican that is really and thoroughly a typical man in his church is a *via media* man.

For a preacher to confine himself too much to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to insist upon the most literal acceptation of their wording, shows an inclination to ultra-Protestantism. To make too much of the strong flavor of old Catholic doctrines,

which is found in the ritual of the Common Prayer Book, and especially to evince a pleasure in finding this to conform in so many respects to the sentiments and worship of Catholics, is thought by Low-Churchmen to show an inclination towards Rome, a thing which they hold to be utterly abominable. Yet in their peculiarly constructed system it is a thing necessarily to be tolerated. Their church is a religious society in the civil order. It is a state church, and as such must stand or fall.

In the Anglican Church the *via media* man best represents, in point of theology, that keystone of the bridge which keeps the thing together. To all who stand upon the bridge he quotes as a principle of security,

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

To all who look with longing eyes towards either bank he denounces Rome on the one side and ultra-Protestantism on the other. This *cantiloquia*, if I may so call it, of the *via media* preacher, is frequently wearisome to those who look for positive doctrine. I have known it to become even ludicrous. I have already said that during my seminary course I acted as superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Nativity, on the east side of the city. It was considered a good idea to gather the Sunday-school children to the morning service, placing them in front between the congregation and the chancel. They were very troublesome to manage in this exposed position, but it was thought to be a pretty thing to do, reminding both them and their parents of our Lord's love for little children. I occupied the front pew just behind them. My duty it was to keep them quiet. At morning service one Sunday a French-Canadian officiated; it was something strange for the little children to hear a gowned preacher speaking in so peculiar an accent, and it made my task that morning unusually difficult. But when they heard him pronounce, with his strange accent, the familiar words: "My dear bretteren, Rome is on tis side, and ultra-Protestantism is on tat side; you must keep in te meedle, between te two," the irreverent youngsters could no longer maintain the least restraint. They disturbed the good minister most seriously, and made a great show of me. I was responsible for their behavior. In point of fact the *via media*, as a way of arriving at any positive truth in the religious or moral order, is always absurd, if not ridiculous.

In order truly to understand the positions of the various actors in this examination of Arthur Carey, and to interpret their utterances fairly, it is necessary, I think, to view the whole affair from this stand-point. Carey was sincerely Catholic, and believed that under the original compromise he had a right to be, and that, without any necessity of attacking the Roman Catholic Church or any of its members, he could honestly remain where he was and advocate Catholic principles. Drs. Smith and Anthon were square Protestants, and in all positive Catholicity of doctrine or worship they saw the horns and the hoofs. The rest of the board of examiners, with certain differences in point of latitude, were substantially *via media* men, but strongly inclined to so much of Catholicism as the Anglican bridge would hold. The Right Rev. Bishop was very much in the same position, with this additional responsibility, that he had to keep the "boys" of the diocese in order, and not let them break things or disturb the diocese.

In the evening of June 30, 1843, as already stated, the examiners of Arthur Carey assembled in the Sunday-school room of St. John's Chapel, and his formal examination began. It was on Friday, less than two full days previous to the Sunday morning appointed by the bishop for the ordination of candidates to the diaconate. It was well understood by all parties present at this trial that Drs. Smith and Anthon appeared not only as judges but as accusers. Carey was, in fact, a member for the time being of Dr. Smith's congregation. He was a regular attendant at St. Peter's, and a teacher in the Sunday-school. To Dr. Smith and his vestry he applied for the required certificate recommending him to the bishop for orders. This certificate Dr. Smith, after a close examination, had refused to sign. Carey then obtained a certificate from Trinity Church. Trinity, if I remember right, was the cathedral, or pro-cathedral of the diocese, and a sort of mother of churches for the whole State of New York.

Drs. Smith and Anthon opened the trial. They proposed to put to the candidate certain questions which they had prepared in writing, and the answers to which they wished to have written down by Carey. This was objected to by some of the judges. They seemed to consider it a threat of future publication in case that Carey should pass safely through his trial and be ordained. The bishop decided that these written questions might be put in any order the prosecutors desired, and that notes of Carey's answers might be taken and read to him; but

that Carey should not be required to formulate his answers in writing.

The first question proposed by Dr. Anthon was the following:

"Supposing entrance into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country were not open to you, would you or would you not have recourse, in such case, to the ministry of the Church of Rome?"

Objection was made to this question by some of the committee. Dr. Seabury said it was a hypothetical question and a trap for the conscience, and advised Carey not to answer it. Dr. McVickar remarked that they might as well ask Mr. Carey whether, if he had lived in the time of the patriarchs, he would have married two wives! Carey, however, expressed his willingness to answer, and he did so. He said that the case supposed would be a painful one; that he did not know what he should do; that certainly he should come to no hasty decision on so grave a matter; that he should spend two or three years at least in deliberating on the subject; that at the expiration of that time he possibly might seek admission to the ministry in the Church of Rome; but that he thought it more probable he should remain a layman in his own church, since he was satisfied with it, was attached to it, and had no disposition to leave it. The two interrogating doctors, however, insisted on a categorical answer, or the nearest to it that might be. Mr. Carey then replied:

"Possibly I might, after due deliberation, but think that I should more likely remain a layman in our own communion, as I have no special leaning towards theirs at present."

I can add some little testimony of my own in regard to this point from my remembrances of Carey. A few days before this examination, when Carey was in my room, I expressed myself with some considerable feeling in regard to a seminarian who was thought to have strong inclinations to become a Roman Catholic. Carey looked up to me with an air of surprise and said:

"Do you think it would be so very wrong to join the Roman Catholic Church?"

I replied I thought it would be very wrong for one who knew so much as the student in question. Carey remained very thoughtful, but pursued the subject no further. There can be little doubt that he would have found it difficult to make the leap at that time; but I never knew him to speak unfavorably

of the Catholic Church, or of any Catholic doctrine, or of any Catholic as such.

Before the examination proceeded beyond this point the bishop decided that any member of the committee might offer to Carey such advice, or make such interruptions to questions, as would insure a full and fair trial.

The second question proposed by Dr. Smith was as follows:

"Do you hold to and receive the decrees of the Council of Trent?"

Answer: "I do not deny them—I would not positively affirm them."

To satisfy inquiries of the committee Carey explained:

1st, That he did not regard the Council of Trent as œcumenical, and of course that he held its peculiar definitions to be open points, and not of faith; 2d, That in what he might say favorably of the decrees of Trent, he took the decrees in the mere letter, and not as interpreted by the Romish system, and the concurrent sense of Roman divines; and, 3d, That he held the Roman Church responsible for the errors of her system, and the teaching of her doctrines.

These explanations, omitted in the account given by Drs. Smith and Anthon, are given on the authority of Dr. Seabury and others who favored Carey. Their substantial correctness cannot well be doubted; but I knew Carey too well to believe that he used the word Romish. I never knew him to apply an insulting word to the Church Catholic and Roman, or to Roman Catholics.

Proceeding then with the examination, a third question was proposed:

"Do you, or do you not, deem the differences between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of Rome to be such as embrace *points of faith?*"

Mr. Carey's reply was at some length, and was not taken down *in ipsissimis verbis* by any one. Drs. Smith and Anthon report that they understood the answer to be, that—

"If these differences be understood to be matters of doctrine, they would embrace points of faith; but if, as is believed, they are matters of opinion, they would not."

Dr. Seabury says that such a report of Carey's answer seems to him mere jargon, and that a young man so well instructed could not have made it, and did not. Dr. Seabury's own account seems equally jargon to Catholics. Dr.

Seabury reports that Carey explained that by the word faith he meant the fundamental or essential faith, which, says the doctor, is common to the two churches of England and Rome, the differences between the two communions pertaining to the superstructure, and not to the foundation. To a true Catholic theologian the idea of a truly Christian Church building up such a superstructure of unreliable faith upon a foundation of essential faith is a jargon quite as ridiculous as that imputed by Drs. Smith and Anthon to Carey. It is absurd to represent the Church Catholic and Roman as holding the same essential faith with the Church Anglican and un-Catholic.

Carey is also represented as having stated that the differences between the two churches were more than matters of opinion; that they were grave doctrines, the truth of which he was not prepared either to deny or positively to affirm. These words are simple and intelligible. Many converts from Anglicanism to the true church have formerly stood in the same painful position of doubt. Carey's heart was honest, but his soul was still in the dark.

The next question brought up was one of these grave points of doctrine on which Sister Rome disagrees with Brother John:

"Do you, or do you not, believe the doctrine of Transubstantiation to be repugnant to Scripture, subversive of the nature of a sacrament, and giving occasion to superstition? If you do not, how can you *ex animo* subscribe the 28th Article of our Standards?"

Carey's answer, when condensed and reduced to writing, was as follows:

"I would answer, in general language, that I do not hold *that* doctrine of transubstantiation which I suppose our Article condemns; but that, at the same time, I conceive myself at liberty to confess ignorance on the mode of the Presence."

I have a remembrance of Carey's examination upon this point derived, I think, from one of the editorials published at the time in the *Churchman*. When Carey was pressed to state whether he believed that the substance of the bread and wine still remained after consecration, he replied that he found a difficulty in affirming this to be his belief since there was a doubt of the existence of any substance in bread and wine apart from its appearances, even before the consecration. In support of this he referred to the Philosophy of the Anglican Bishop Berkeley. This is said to have caused much confusion

in the minds of Carey's examiners, and no little merriment outside.

In answer to the next question, Carey said that he considered the denial to the laity of the cup at communion as a severe act of discipline, but he declined, however, to say that it was an unwarrantable change in a sacrament.

Carey was then asked:

"On which church do you believe the sin of schism rests in consequence of the English Reformation—the Church of England and, by consequence, the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, or upon the Church of Rome?"

Under advisement of Dr. Seabury he at first declined to answer the question as being an historical one. The bishop decided the question must be answered. The reply then given was, that in some respects schism rests on both sides. He considered both churches in communion with the Church of Christ.

Dr. Anthon then read the seventh question on the list:

"Is the Romish doctrine of Purgatory in any respect maintained by our Standards?"

The bishop asked Dr. Anthon what view *he* entertained on the doctrine of Purgatory as held by the Church of Rome; to which Dr. Anthon replied that, "with due respect to the chair, *he* was not under examination." Carey, to whom the distinctions in "Tract No. 90" were very familiar, answered that he considered the Standards as condemning the doctrine popularly held to be the Roman doctrine.

Carey's answer to the next question was based on the same distinction.

"Is there any countenance given in the doctrinal Standards of our church for the idea that the departed can be benefited by the prayers of the faithful, or by the administration of the Holy Communion? And is not *that* idea condemned by Article 31 of our church?"

Carey's answer, as agreed to by both friends and accusers present at the trial, was substantially as follows: "that he supposed that idea was not condemned in that article; his opinion being that the language of the article was popular language, pointed at a popular opinion which was held against the Church of Rome."

Dr. Seabury, commenting afterwards on this question, is not a little merry at the expense of Drs. Smith and Anthon. The two doctors either forgot for the moment, or were not willing

to admit with many theologians of their church, that "the Eucharist is a sacrifice of prayer as well as a sacrament of Communion."

"How they or any other creature, human or inhuman, on the earth or under the earth," wrote Seabury, "could ever have dreamed of the departed being 'benefited by the administration of the Holy Communion' passes all comprehension."

In answer to the ninth question Carey said:

"I do not, either to myself or any one else, attempt to prove a doctrine out of the Apocrypha." "The Holy Spirit may have spoken by the Apocrypha, and the Homily asserts the same thing."

The bishop here drew out, by several questions skilfully put to the accused, certain quotations from the Homilies, supporting Carey's view. Carey finally said:

"I would not fault the Church of Rome for reading the *Apocrypha* for proof of doctrine."

Dr. Smith next asked:

"Can there be a doubt that, in separating from the Church of Rome, the Church of England embraced more pure and Scriptural views of doctrine? And is not the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country at present more pure in doctrine than the Church of Rome?"

Answer: "There can be a doubt, on the ground that the Church of England *retained* doctrinal errors, viz., the doctrines of Puritanism," . . .

Mr. Carey said that the Roman Breviary and Canon of the Mass were preferable to the Liturgies and Communion Service of the Church of England. The Breviary contained more copious citations from Scripture, and a richer variety of services. The Roman Canon was in closer conformity with the ancient liturgies. The Communion Service was deficient in not having the Oblation and Invocation. For the purposes of congregational worship, Carey was of the opinion that the Anglican Liturgy was better as being in a tongue understood by the people.

Carey's answer to the eleventh question, "What construction do you put upon the promise of conformity to the doctrines, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church?" is very ludicrously reported in the pamphlet put forth by the two prosecuting doctors. They represent him as saying that "he did not consider the articles as binding our consciences in points of faith." Of course Carey said precisely

the contrary. It was precisely those declarations in the Articles that were matters of positive faith, which required belief and bound his conscience. He considered that there were matters contained in the Articles which did not present points of faith, and only required an exterior conformity. He quoted in support of this position many divines of his own church, especially the famous Anglican theologian Bishop Bull, who says, speaking of the Thirty-nine Articles, that the church "only propounds them as a body of safe and pious principles, for the preservation of peace, to be subscribed and not openly contradicted by her sons."

Carey also submitted to the committee that American Episcopalians are not required by any canon to give, as in England, a distinct and *ex animo* assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, but only a general promise of "conformity to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church," for which he quoted Bishop White as his authority. Carey, however, waived this personal right, and said that he was willing to give his *ex animo* assent to the Thirty-nine Articles as the assent is given in the English Church. By this he undoubtedly did not mean to give up his right to interpret the articles in the sense given by "Tract No. 90."

It is impossible for me to give the twelfth question on the list of Drs. Smith and Anthon, either virtually or substantially. The examining committee seem to have fallen into a sort of confusion; a variety of questions were put by different examiners and objected to. Some were allowed and some not. It is probable that whatever No. 12 really was, it stands covered by other questions afterwards substituted.

Amongst the answers thus elicited I may state the following: Carey said that as to the invocation of saints, "he did not fault the Church of Rome, provided the invocation was confined to the '*ora pro nobis*,' or intercessory form. It is not probable that Carey intended himself to be understood that he would have nothing to say to a departed saint except when he wanted something. He simply meant to express his belief that there was nothing they could do for us, except through their interest before the Throne of Grace. The Pope could say as much.

When asked whether he considered the Church of Rome *now* to be in error in matters of faith he replied:

"It is a difficult question, which I do not know how to answer."

At the conclusion of the examination Arthur Carey was requested to withdraw. The presbyters present were then called upon by the bishop severally to express their opinions. Drs. McVickar and Berrian, and Messrs. Haight, Higbee, and Price, expressed themselves as quite satisfied with the fitness of Carey for orders. Dr. Seabury added that he "should esteem it a privilege to present the candidate for orders, as he had sustained his ordeal most nobly." Drs. Smith and Anthon's sentiments were as decidedly unfavorable to the candidate and to the conduct of the examination. The latter declared that "in the whole course of his ministry he had never attended an examination conducted in a manner so painful, and in which so many *impediments* were thrown in the way of his arriving at a definite knowledge of the candidate's views."

The bishop was not prepared to give his decision at that time, but said, with emphatic dignity, that when his determination should be formed he would carry it out without regard to consequences. His decision was afterwards speedily made in Carey's favor. The next Sunday saw him ordained. This was the practical application of "Tract No. 90," and a momentary triumph for Tractarianism.

The next chapter also will be entirely devoted to Reminiscences of Arthur Carey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MY CANARY.

By John Jerome Rooney.

HEIGH ho! my merry little friend,
With breast of cowslip yellow,
Come tell me where you learned the art
Of being a "good fellow."

Not surely from the gilded cage
My cruel fancy places
Between you and the ferny fields
Where Spring in freedom races.

Nor does your bone of cuttle-fish
And glowing candied cherries
Make jealous yonder meadow-lark,
Who dines on huckleberries.

Yet not a braver note he gives
Among the purple heather
Than you pour forth, my captive sprite,
In bright or stormy weather.

The vaunted nightingale may woo
Some sad, infrequent fairy;
But you are singing all day long,
My constant, sweet canary!

Ah! if my heart could learn to sing
Within life's gilded prison:
If in the days when sorrow came
A note of joy had risen;

If I could know that hope is best
As you, my dear bird, know it—
Then life would be as fair to me
As dream of sage or poet!

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

BY A PROFESSOR IN PEDAGOGY.

TO the intelligent observer the Catholic School Exhibit, lately held in Central Palace Hall, New York City, is an event of more thanp assing interest. To quote the words of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, we may say that—

"It is not necessary to say that our schools are improving. It would be a miracle if they did not improve.

"In this age, when so much attention is paid to the subject of education—I do not refer to religious training, which has a paramount importance in all our institutions; I speak rather in regard to secular education at the present time—when the very best methods of teaching are the object of constant thought, when the best educators are devising new ones, and all means are suggested that can be of use in this work, it would be next to impossible to move in such an atmosphere and not to take advantage of all the benefits that accrue therefrom. And if we add to this the zeal of our brothers and sisters, and the great attention our pastors give Christian education in our schools, we shall understand at once that necessarily progress is made from day to day."

We had already examined much of this display at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; but, as stated by his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop: "It was intended to have had the exhibition before this; but after the exhibits came back from that great city, where they had been exposed to the dust for several months, and as the books had been handled in many cases by thousands of visitors, it was deemed advisable to supplement all by new work especially prepared, as during that time a certain amount of experience had been acquired, and the children themselves were spurred on, by the many awards given by impartial juries for their work, to do something better and brighter." It was, therefore, with real satisfaction that we renewed our acquaintance with much that this exhibit offers, while we gladly admit that a considerable addition of really deserving work is found in this second exhibition. Our remarks are limited to elementary and intermediate studies in English.

UNIFORMITY OF SYSTEM WITH ELASTICITY IN DETAIL.

The first thing that strikes us in this exhibit is the independent action that it presents, combined with an unity of aim and object such as to convince the close observer that in no body is there greater harmony of action, combined with greater freedom in the application of pedagogic principles, than among Catholic teachers. Any impartial critic will admit that there is not a single new idea that has approved itself to conscientious instructors which does not find a place in some part of the display. A recent editorial in a leading educational journal in New York stated unreservedly that the religious teachers of this metropolis and vicinity are the most extensive and appreciative readers of school literature and of pedagogic publications. A close examination of the work presented, from the kindergarten to the college, shows this; for some of the very latest lessons published in leading school journals, many of the suggestions for special "class days" that have appeared within the last few months, have been adapted and used in some of the new work shown in this exhibit; while it is a well-known fact that many religious from within a radius of a hundred miles, or even more, have been daily visitors at the Catholic Exhibit; just as thousands of religious teachers came from great distances to study the Chicago educational display.

Better still, in the normal methods presented by at least one of the training-schools, it is evident that in the formation of young teachers Catholic organizations are abreast of all that is best in modern methods. Though we refer to this normal college in another portion of this article, we must here say that among the papers presented by the normal scholars we noticed a series of studies on the great educators; besides giving the names of those who are generally included in such enumerations, the professor of the history of pedagogy has included several others thoroughly well known to Continental readers, but whose claims, for some strange reasons, have been ignored in American publications. For terseness and brevity combined with amplitude of analysis these studies deserve more than this passing notice.

Still more satisfactory is the fact that in all the leading branches of elementary, intermediate, and higher instruction Catholic writers offer works based upon the latest researches, and in line with the most advanced, accepted teachings of leading minds.

THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM INCULCATED.

Another sentiment suggested by the general outline of the exhibit is one of legitimate national pride. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop might well declare that "we are all fond of our common country." No general order, had it been given, could have brought about such a public expression of love for the national emblem. In every school-book, in some copy-book of each school, in many of the literary compositions, the flag of our country and its history occupy a prominent place. It would be difficult to find a more direct proof of the love of country than is furnished in the sketches at the head of the lessons in United States history furnished by some of the convents, and in the "Summaries of American Topics" found in many of the boys' schools.

It is worthy of remark that some of the brightest ideas in patriotism, shown in these sketches, are the contributions from the schools directed by religious from abroad, who have been called to help the cause of education, which has developed so rapidly that local religious organizations have been unable to meet the demand for teachers.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

While there is direct evidence of singleness of aim and purpose in most of the ordinary school-work, there is also ample proof of a healthy individuality of action in the different plans adopted for the development of the teaching of geography, for the illustration of geographical terms, and the intelligent co-ordination of geography, history, free-hand drawing, and natural science. Of more than usual worth are some of the raised maps. A few of these are of a very high order of merit, considered artistically or from the pedagogic stand-point. It is no disparagement of the work shown in Chicago to say that there are maps in the Catholic Exhibit surpassing the very best specimens shown in the White City. The application of needle-work to map-making is a feature that deserves all the praise it received. These samples came from ordinary parochial schools, though two or three convents had a larger collection of a more artistic type, a specimen from a female industrial school being the best. The combination of colors in these threaded maps has a very pleasing effect. Harmonious work is evident in this geographical collection. Generally speaking, where one department of a parish school has good work, the other has followed suit.

Bible history is shown in every variety of form by a large number of the schools. The illustrations that accompany these Bible lessons are not always of a high order of merit, but they may be the more readily accepted on this account. In this, as in all other work presented at the exhibit, the leading feature is the variety of merit as well as of grade, showing some very ordinary attempt beside work of artistic or literary value. This is an evidence of good faith that keen observers will appreciate. What is said of Bible illustrations will apply equally to English compositions, or simple class-talks, founded on ordinary pictures. In several schools these illustrations have been culled from ordinary papers or magazines. Others have been taken from art-journals. Some pupils have reproduced the illustrations as head-pieces to their compositions, and in many cases the results are highly commendable, some showing evidence of really artistic merit as well as discrimination in selection.

EXCELLENT PENMANSHIP.

Much of the penmanship, particularly in the boys' schools, is above the average. In a few cases it is very poor. If we may accept the pedagogic principle that penmanship is the key to the discipline of the class, most of our Catholic schools leave nothing to be desired on this point. Some of the penmanship is of so high a grade, especially in some convents and in many parochial schools, that several teachers of non-Catholic schools have questioned the genuineness of the samples shown. These teachers forget that the artistic instinct is highly developed in the best grades of Catholic schools. The great attention paid to drawing in these schools has much to do with their success in penmanship. Still, we are free to admit that, in a few instances, claims are made that we could not reconcile with the age of the scholar, and the class of penmanship said to be the pupils'. We revert again to the idea that every properly furnished and well-directed Catholic school is a gallery of religious and national illustration. But this artistic surrounding is not in sympathy with the putting of poor penmanship, written in lead-pencil, within costly binding. In fact, lead-pencil writing is not desirable for young children. It does not call for light and shade, nor does it afford the digital drill that is an essential in every expert lesson in penmanship. Its redeeming feature is that it excludes the blotting and blurring so common in young children's work.

SENTENCE BUILDING.—LANGUAGE LESSONS.

We note with satisfaction the introduction of religious subjects into the construction of sentences and the writing of elementary compositions. No intelligent critic will fail to perceive that lessons on religion present a class of terms and expressions that are not found in secular branches. These terms form no inconsiderable share of the pupil's stock in language. Sentences formed with such words as the basis of construction must be of particular value, as thoughts are thus suggested and ideas developed that no other subjects can bring into play. In this group of school-work are sets of instructions given on religious or moral truths by the reverend pastors or their assistants. One boys' reformatory had a series of short-hand reports of a series of sermons given during a mission or spiritual retreat. Another institution of the same kind for girls offered a collection of the instructions given to one of the sodalities. Many of these instructions are written by instructors who are in full sympathy with youthful minds, and there is a happy knack of illustration that shows a deep study of subjects with which children are pleasantly familiar.

We again call attention to the evidence of freedom of action in each school, or even in the classes of each school. Each has something local in its work. A history of the parish, special accounts of the history of the school, the church, or the pastoral residence and kindred topics, create a parish spirit and a pride in parochial enterprises that will bear good fruit in the near future.

THE DRAWING-CLASSES.

Drawing is a leading branch in the exhibit. Much of the work shows excellent grading and is in line with the latest approved systems. In some of the largest specimens in oil or water colors the grouping is not very happy; the foreshortening is particularly defective. A few specimens in black-and-white are singularly lacking in taste. Perhaps a preliminary examination by a competent committee might debar such inartistic exhibits. Apart from these the exhibit is good.

While speaking of drawing, it may be in order to remark that several schools limited their entire exhibit to a mere collection of pictures and sketches. This is not a fair test of a school's standing. It is to be regretted that these schools did not enter more fully into the spirit of the exhibit. Their art

specimens give evidence of talent of so high an order that the same ability displayed in other directions would be sure to produce happy results. It is possible, also, that these schools could not get the space they needed to make a more complete exhibit.

WORK OF THE PROTECTORIES.

It is but simple justice to our homes, protectories, and industrial institutions to say that their exhibit in the art department is among the best in the display. The wood-carving is excellent, the clay-modelling—done in presence of the visitors—the application of drawing and sketching to practical industries, were all very attractive. The best collection of photographs was made by one of these schools; but while this is good in its way, we do not consider that photographs, however artistic or numerous, are a fair exchange for actual work.

In their ordinary school-work these industrial and correctional establishments surpass many parochial schools. We naturally expect the manual training in the former to excel; but when we bear in mind that the inmates of these industrial schools have much shorter hours of study than ordinary day-schools, we are obliged to admit that the scholars must be anxious to learn, influenced probably by kind treatment to which they had previously been strangers, while the teachers throw their whole energy and talent into the Christ-like work of redeeming youth through the combined influence of mind and heart.

PROGRESS IN SCHOOL-WORK.—THE ANALYTICAL METHOD IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

The writer having devoted several months to the study of school-work presented by Catholic schools at the London Health Exposition in 1884, at the New Orleans Cotton Centennial in 1885, and at the Chicago Fair in the past year, can bear willing testimony to the evidences of progress which this Catholic Exhibit makes.

In the teaching of English a certain number of schools follow an admirable system, to which we have already called attention. A limited number of illustrations are carefully analyzed. Several sets of suggestions are given by which the same illustration may be studied from different points, thus making each illustration answer for several compositions. In grammatical analysis the diagram system appears to be still in

favor; but, in many cases where blue and black prints are used the script is so indistinct as to be practically illegible, and the analytical distinctions are lost.

In some of the academies, particularly in one of the oldest female academies of New York, we found some admirable literary work, based upon the study of the great American and a few of the leading English writers. Longfellow appears to be a great favorite. In at least two schools we found "Evangeline" exhaustively studied—with such association of composition, history, rhetoric, and declamation (or recitation) as the selection permits. No attempt was made in either of the convents or academies designated to give meretricious value to the copy-books by any decoration or illumination. The work is allowed to stand on its merits.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

In the advanced parochial schools, and in most of the academies, marked improvement upon the Chicago exhibit is seen in the study of United States history. The number of maps based on the critical study of the text is unusually large. While the coloring in many maps, especially some prepared by boys, is too deep and glaring, most are extremely good as studies, and more particularly as companion-works to the text they are intended to illustrate. A still more striking improvement is the evidence furnished by much of this work that many reference books are at the service of the scholars. In several schools we found the same point in history examined from almost as many authors as there were scholars in the class. Particular attention has also been paid in the best schools to the reading that is recommended in most recent works in United States history. Poetry of a patriotic character bearing upon these historical questions has been read, and in many cases illustrated.

DRAWING AS APPLIED TO MANUAL TRAINING.

The application of drawing to manual training in our ordinary schools is developing rapidly. One parochial school in the outskirts of New York City has a series of specimens of graining, in imitations of various kinds of wood, which is so very good that we find it difficult not to give it special mention.

But the most perfect work of this kind that we can recall is furnished by a group of students who took their own measurements, rough-sketched their plans on the grounds, made

their own estimates of expense, and then, in a set of charts almost perfect in color and design, have developed every part of their work with most complete detail and entire success. Neither London in 1884, nor New Orleans in 1885, had any such work. Part of this exhibit was at Chicago; other portions, notably some specimens of surveying, were completed only during the last days of the Catholic Exhibit. His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop has called special attention to this work.

TYPE-WRITING AND SHORTHAND.

Phonography and type-writing appear to be on the wane. A few convents have taken up both, for one appears to be of little service without the other; but the boys' schools seem to show less than formerly. Probably the market has been glutted with immature operators; in any case, this class of employment, outside of public government work, appears to be passing into female hands.

The type-writing shown in most of the schools is excellent. Two academies sent pupils to report the addresses of the speakers on the first night of the exhibit. Their transcripts were accepted by some of the metropolitan journals as equal in accuracy to the work done by professional reporters.

Some of the fancy work done by three schools was photographed at the expense of the companies whose machines are used. This figured work is done only during free time, and it is no exaggeration to say that the birds, flowers, buildings, etc., created by the type-writer, are almost as life-like and as expressive as if done by pencil or brush.

Much more practical is another class of school-work done by the type-writer. In two commercial academies the manifolding process has been employed to multiply copies of some excellent notes of lessons and developments of class topics. In this way the teachers of one city may distribute specimens of their best work to others, and thus disseminate excellent class-work at very little trouble or expense. In some schools all the class specimens of type-writing are in capital letters. This is an easy way to write out any copy, but it spoils the appearance of the page, and should be used only when the pupil is beginning and unable to use both classes of type.

Speaking of commercial specimens recalls the fact that some of the book-keeping sets presented by girls' schools are not as practical as they might be. Apart from this criticism, there is a

variety of work showing conclusively that the book-keeping sets are not mere reproductions from printed samples. Some of the sets are thoroughly original. Perhaps more explanation of the theory of the science of accounts should have been shown.

One school presented a series of charts showing the relation of the different books used in book-keeping; the idea, if not entirely original, has been seen but seldom at any of the great exhibits. This same school has thoroughly good commercial work throughout.

KINDERGARTEN WORK.—PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF DESIGNING.

A very striking part of the display was the vast amount of kindergarten work, and the accumulation of specimens in wood and clay. This is the natural outcome of the deep interest that most Catholic teachers have shown in following some of the principal courses of industrial work furnished by technical classes. As experience has taught, manual training in ordinary schools must be limited to some very simple lessons in the handling of materials that are easily procured and not costly. Within these limitations the specimens which are offered by a very large percentage of the schools deserve study and analysis. The designs are almost limitless, and add another to the many proofs furnished that teachers in Catholic schools are allowed a healthy liberty of action that appears to be out of harmony with purely governmental institutions. The French minister of education who boasted that he could at any hour of the day tell what each child was doing in any school, in any part of France, would not recognize his iron-bound regulations in the extraordinary variety of method that these kindergarten and manual specimens furnish. Such magnificent specimens as the new Seminary, the miniature furniture, the models of illustration used in natural science, the church vestments on a tiny scale, the endless variety of methods in geography—all these would be relegated to a committee; rigid rules to which all must submit would be the order of the day; the schools would become part of a huge machine from which all originality would be ostracized, and in which healthy individuality would be a defect, not a virtue. For years English common schools were conducted on this cast-iron system, and teachers were driven to desperation trying to keep within rules and regulations that settled everything, from the time-table to the luncheon-counter. Better counsels now prevail. Great personal liberty is allowed to teachers in the direction of their respective schools or

classes. Results are determined by the general tone of the school, not by percentages in which fright has often more to do than intelligence. The consequence is, that H. M. inspectors report vast improvement. The schools are, individually, conducted on lines best suited to the locality. There we have just such independent action, under reasonable general regulations, as is responsible to a great extent for the excellence of the results we notice in this Catholic Exhibit.

FREEDOM OF SPIRIT IN SCHOOL-WORK.

We are glad to see this freedom illustrated in the matter of languages. It is not desirable that every language but the English should be banished from our common schools. On the other hand, we realize the difficulty of attempting much in this line. What this Catholic Exhibit presents in modern languages is limited to simple exercises in German and French. Some of the female academies have full courses in both these languages; a few parochial schools have less extensive exhibits in German translations. It is a striking fact that some Irish-American boys who attend German schools are first in German. This occurs in a sufficient number of cases to make it deserving of remark. Furthermore, several schools show tests of spelling that seem to decide the question whether the study of English and German simultaneously is injurious to the pupil. In a large number of instances German boys spell in English more accurately than their American companions. As several branches may be taught in German or French as well as in English—catechism, mental arithmetic, history, etc.—it strikes us that where a pupil has already an elementary knowledge of a modern foreign tongue, it is unfair not to give him some chance to preserve and develop this extra language. It is a knotty question, but it deserves a solution. Americans are at a decided disadvantage when travelling abroad; as a rule, they do not speak any language but their own. At the present time several governments urge the study of at least one modern language besides their own. Americans should not be too far behind in this matter.

NATURAL SCIENCE BRANCHES.

In the department of natural science the general exhibit is not extensive. Advanced grades in some convents show fair work; in the same grade of boys' academies the display is better. The only normal college that exhibits has unusually

good papers in natural philosophy and physiology. Several advanced schools have excellent collections of botanical specimens collected by the students. We fear that these schools will not feel encouraged to display their collections again. In several cases the specimens have been so roughly handled as to injure their future value. It is well to save time, but the desire to save should not permit examiners to open carefully arranged specimens, and then leave them unclosed after examination. This and many other matters will cure themselves in time, but meanwhile the collectors must be satisfied with the assurance that several enthusiastic students have learned their first lessons in forming collections. To have so launched even one new searcher into the botanical field is to have made a mortal happy, even if at the cost of spoiled specimens and battered specimen cases.

Referring again to natural philosophy, and also to elementary astronomy, we think that these two subjects are not taught as generally as in former years. This is the more surprising when we recall the fact that so many excellent manuals are now published, and that instruments for illustration are so much cheaper than in past years. But, what is most surprising is the total absence of any home-made specimens of articles used in simple experiments.

We know that such collections exist in a few schools, but regret that no one has ventured to show them. This criticism does not apply to the sketches and designs furnished by some of the academies or colleges. One academy on the Hudson presented a very complete set of illustrations done with consummate taste and intelligence. All the practical work of this excellent school is equally good.

OBJECT-LESSON METHODS.

Those who have followed the progress of elementary teaching as seen through the educational expositions of Philadelphia, London, New Orleans, and Chicago must be struck by the sudden appearance or disappearance of certain features. As a striking instance, we may recall the subject of object lessons. For several years the educational journals were incessant in urging the importance of these lessons in developing the perceptive powers of children. Numberless groupings of objects were presented, stages of evolution from the crude material to the finished specimen were shown, everything that ingenuity could devise to attract the pupil's attention was done. In the

New Orleans exhibition school collections were a most prominent feature; in Chicago the public schools as well as most private institutions had a few complete displays of the kind, while in the Catholic Exhibit not more than a dozen schools showed anything like a serious attempt at such classifications. But one school outside the city, so far as we could find, has made a successful, detailed, and scientific collection of object lessons. In this school local industries have been studied, descriptions of visits made to these centres are furnished, and an intelligent grouping of the materials employed in these industries enables the examiner to get an excellent idea of the various processes involved in each. This school took up the study of object lessons on a scientific basis. The aim has not been to get a lot of things together and label them "object lessons." On the contrary, a specific end has been kept in view, limiting the study to local industries. These industries have been taken up in their natural order; a regular course of study established, and a systematized plan of visiting the industrial centres arranged.

The result has been, not a spasmodic effort to secure a short-lived though brilliant success, but a calm, progressive, intelligent arrangement, whose outcome is the splendid collection this school has brought together. Object lessons require teaching of the highest order to maintain their hold. Mere collecting of objects will not suffice.

ARITHMETIC: RECENT CHANGES IN TEACHING.

As yet we have said nothing about arithmetic, mental or written. For some years past a simultaneous attack has been made on what is supposed to be the unnecessary attention given to this subject. It is not easy to take sides consistently in a dispute that calls for such wholesale condemnation of what was done by teachers who were our superiors in the mathematical line, and who in many other respects, especially in the teaching of elementary natural philosophy, far surpassed us in their success. Perhaps too much attention was paid at one time, and is still being paid, to certain phases of commercial arithmetic that have lost their importance. But it is certainly incorrect to claim that mental arithmetic is receiving undue attention. On the contrary, unless we are much mistaken, it is the neglect of this most practical form of arithmetic that renders the teaching of written work so difficult. Among all the papers on arithmetic we notice very few in which mental calculations take the promi-

nence to which they are entitled. Some teachers have been complimented on their methods of teaching the extraction of roots. From the cursory examination made of these special claims we think that they are well founded. The teachers who use these methods should suggest that they be introduced into the text-books on arithmetic studied in their classes. Considered as a whole, the copy-books of arithmetic are not remarkable for the excellence of the figures; the ruling is poorly done, an unnecessary use of colored inks does not improve the appearance of the solutions of problems.

The same criticism holds good in regard to the specimens of book-keeping. As much of the colored ink used is of an inferior grade, and some of the paper is not well sized, the writing spreads, the ruling becomes blurred, and the entire work has an unkempt appearance. This is not the rule, but it applies to many exceptions.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

One of the chief innovations is the very extensive use of photography in the reproduction of groups, in the development of local history, and in the study of natural science. It is surprising, however, that so few teachers have employed photography in the teaching of penmanship, the preservation of original synoptic tables, and in combination with the phonograph for the teaching of elocution. In a few of the highest academies, especially in one or two, remarkable scenes connected with the early development of school property, the collections of specimens, and photos of graduates are thus preserved. Much more could have been done to reproduce copies of military cadet corps, of military movements, etc. A few schools have camera clubs and do good service for various classes and associations, by keeping a running collection illustrative of the chief events in school life and school events. This feature of school illustration should be encouraged.

UNREASONABLE CRITICISM.—CLOSING REMARKS.

The chief criticism, based upon a careful study, referred to the lack of completeness in the work shown by many schools. In these cases it was found that much of the work in those schools, though excellent in itself, did not fit into any general plan followed by the teachers. It was the opinion of many that there was an excess of drawing, and a lack of ordinary school-work. While this remark holds good in some respects, visitors

should have borne in mind that drawings or sketches are about the only class of work that could be hung on the temporary separations. Most schools had as much ordinary book-work as they could well display. It might have been more varied in character, but it was sufficiently great in quantity. Several critics remarked that many teachers did all the fine work on the covers of the ordinary copy-books—in most cases this fact was acknowledged—and the exact work done by the children was indicated.

Nearly all the old schools throughout the diocese did excellent work. There was a delicacy of touch in what they did that showed the power of good habits once established. In many cases work was shown from years gone by. This afforded an opportunity to compare old methods with the new. The number of teachers who presented extensive collections of notes of lessons was not great. Strictly speaking, this comes under the head of normal work; still, as an indication of the line of thought running through any particular body of teachers, such notes would be of more than ordinary interest. It is said that many attributed much of certain classes of literary work to the influence of one well-known educator. While this may be an exaggeration, it is certain that each teaching body has its characteristic methods of presentation of subjects. These traits would easily be noticed in the course of a certain number of "notes of lessons." The same holds true of individual teachers.

EARNESTNESS IN TEACHING.

Judging from the great number of teachers who were taking notes, and from the many questions asked about special exhibits, we feel certain that the greatest possible interest is felt in the principles that underlie the successful school-work here exhibited. With a closer study of school-methods, and a closer examination into the plans and programmes followed by those who have made the most successful exhibits, there is no doubt but that Catholic teachers will become still more efficient. Our Catholic schools have shown their work; what that work is all have had a chance to see and appreciate.

Well might Mayor Gilroy in his opening speech declare that "One of the proudest aims of man or woman ought to be to teach the youth of the country how to exercise the rights of citizenship when they came to man's estate."

"The parochial schools," he said, "are doing this, and, as the present exhibition shows, are doing other very great and

noble duties." There were ten thousand children in the city who did not possess the means of obtaining an early education. There were sixty thousand pupils who attended the parochial schools, and eighteen thousand attending private schools. He declared that if all these children were to be thrown suddenly on the public-school system great confusion would result. "If this were the only benefit the parochial schools conferred, it would entitle them to the gratitude of the entire people of the community."

And with equal force did Colonel Fellows say in his closing address: "Go on with your work. It is protected from the skies. It means a blessing to earth. God, and the voice of all proper humanity, will crown it with an undying benediction."

MY RELIC OF POPE PIUS IX.

By Theodore A. Metcalf.

DEAR relic! Precious threads of silver hair,
Once numbered with the locks that overspread
The venerable, consecrated head
Of sainted Pius! All the jewels rare
In his tiara tempt not in compare
With such a treasure; not a single thread
Of it would I exchange, or take instead
A thousand diamonds for this one, fair
And snowy tress. In his triumphant years—
When full of majesty he rose to bless—
These silken threads adorned the pontiff's brow:
When sorrows came and he was spent with tears,
In his old age, he wore this snow-white tress.
Once it was *his; my* priceless treasure now.

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM NOT A FAILURE.

By John Koren.

IN the May number of The Catholic World Mr. P. Carlson,* of Stockholm, gives an exposition of the workings of the Gothenburg system from his point of view.

Is it in full harmony with such evidence as all dispassionate inquirers must accept? This is a question at the present time deeply concerning all friends of honest temperance legislation, and one which, through the courtesy of the editor of this magazine, I am permitted to answer.

Like Mr. Carlson, I shall endeavor to "state nothing but facts, leaving these to speak for themselves." My conclusions are based not only upon recent extensive personal investigation, but upon exhaustive study of all official and non-official documents bearing on the system and wide acquaintance with the opinions of both its friends and foes.

It is "significant of much," as Carlyle was wont to say, that after having treated summarily of some of the defects of the system, Mr. Carlson should characterize the legislative measures relating to it as "at best only half-measures, in the long run ineffectual and probably even pernicious." Mr. Carlson did, of course, not intend to prejudice the mind of the reader before attempting to prove its ignominious failure in coping with the drink-evil. Yet, while his facts still remain silent, he likens the system unto half a loaf of bread, which he says is not under all circumstances better than no bread at all, and continues: "Suppose that by accepting the half-loaf you do away *once for all* with the possibility of obtaining a full and sufficient quantity of food," etc. Here we have Mr. Carlson's personal opinion, in

*At the request of the Massachusetts Commission on the Liquor-traffic [consisting of Judge Lowell, Dr. H. P. Bowditch, and Mr. John Graham Brooks] we give space to this article in reply to the arguments and figures of Mr. P. Carlson in the May number of this magazine. We most willingly do so, as the question is one of timely importance, inasmuch as it is the subject of a special measure of legislation for Massachusetts, a bill having been introduced into the Legislature there looking to the adoption of the Gothenburg system in cities that have voted "license" for three consecutive years. The article now given is from the pen of Mr. J. Koren, the secretary to the above-named commission, who is, like our contributor, Mr. P. Carlson, a Scandinavian, and who claims to be fully conversant with all the facts of the position. With regard to our former article, we have to say that we sent specially to Sweden for it, and that we desired none but a thoroughly impartial statement on the subject from one who also is conversant with it. That different views should be entertained upon the question is not altogether surprising.—Ed. C. W.]

advance, condemning the system as a pernicious measure, for ever blocking the road to any progress in temperance legislation.

However, specific charges against the Scandinavian methods are not wanting. Mr. Carlson finds that the consumption of drink in Sweden and Norway is affected by "municipal and corporate interest" in the sales. He says: "Up to a few years ago the chief, if not the only, point of difference between the two systems was that in Norway the profits gained by the 'companies' were applied to the erection of asylums, museums, homes for the aged, public parks, etc., while in Gothenburg the money was given directly to the city *for the diminution of the rates*—the object of the Norwegian legislators being, of course, to avoid putting before the city the temptation of obtaining lower taxes by increasing the sales of liquor." Leaving aside the consideration whether this is the only point of difference, the statement, that "in Gothenburg the money was given directly to the city for the diminution of the rates," is sadly inaccurate. Is Mr. Carlson unacquainted with the historical fact that in Gothenburg the profits from the liquor-traffic under the company system were at first applied to the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, and with the fact of law that the municipality is to-day compelled to share them with the agricultural society of the district and the state treasury—the former receiving one-tenth and the latter two-tenths of the total? Further inquiry would have assured Mr. Carlson that even the share of that city is applied in such a manner that the burdens of taxation are not perceptibly lessened.

But he turns his attention rather abruptly to Norway, having made the distinct charge that in this country the profits are no longer distributed according to law, the difference in the methods of the two countries having disappeared. Is it true? Taking the year 1891, the last for which returns are available, and classifying the objects subsidized from the profits of the liquor-trade according to the amount of money devoted to each class, we find them ranking in the following order:

1. General charity, charitable institutions, and sanitary improvements,	$74,793.80
2. Parks, tree-planting, and highways (for pleasure only),	63,639.01
3. Industrial and professional education,	58,590.81
4. Water-works, sewers, and other municipal objects,	49,743.38

Not only do we find the purely municipal objects ranking fourth, but on summing up the whole list we find that $299,516.17 were devoted to objects *not* usually provided for by ordinary taxation, only $49,743.38 being applied in such a manner as to diminish rates directly.

But Mr. Carlson quotes the great authority, Mr. H. E. Berner, in support of his contention that the municipalities and liquor companies are generally actuated by sordid motives in their dealings with the liquor-traffic. It deserves notice that the article from which he quotes is not only a candid statement of the workings of the Norwegian system but in defence of its merits.

Mr. Carlson italicizes the statement made by Mr. Berner, that the gain from the liquor-traffic "*is continually on the increase.*" And pray what could be more natural? In 1876 the companies sold only 6.7 per cent. of the total quantity of spirituous liquors consumed, while in 1892 they sold 51.3 per cent. Thus the continual increase in the gains of the companies only argues a growing efficiency of the system, inasmuch as it means the disappearance of the publican as well as of the wholesale dealer. The law does not grant the companies a monopoly of the wholesale trade as yet. But does not Mr. Berner explicitly charge that the companies "have become good sources of revenue for the cities," and that the efforts of these to meddle with the management of the companies and to "maintain the high level of this source of revenue have grown more and more manifest"? We will let Mr. Berner himself explain these statements in extracts from a document written by him in refutation of an attack made upon the system by the British Consul-General at Christiania, Mr. Michell. The document in question was endorsed by the Department of the Interior and forwarded, under date of April 14, 1893, to the Norwegian-Swedish Legation at London.

To Mr. Michell's charge that the companies push sales as much as possible for the sake of the "greater benefits the town expects to reap," Mr. Berner replies: "Mr. Michell's assertion is entirely and utterly unfounded. The municipal authorities have, on the whole, no influence on the companies as far as the sales are concerned, and neither the stockholders of the companies nor the managers, who are appointed by the companies, not by the municipalities, and who receive fixed salaries, have any pecuniary advantage from large sales. . . . It is self-evident that of the various companies all may not be able to

realize their philanthropic object equally well, and that the complaint may be made, even with some justice, that certain of them do not carry out their object with the earnestness desirable." It is true, then, that, as stated in the quotation used by Mr. Carlson, "instances are not *absolutely wanting*" where the directors of certain companies "have opposed the entirely just requests of the advocates of temperance to abolish certain liquor-stores (in the quarters inhabited by working-people, for instance)," etc. Yet, in the light of later information, Mr. Berner says: "The Norwegian abstinence societies . . . maintain principles, especially as regards the closing of retail places, which on account of their severity overshoot their aim, and the carrying out of their wishes has only caused illegal sale to flourish. Mr. Michell reiterates these complaints—the negligence of the companies to accede to the demands of prohibitionists—which in reality are a proof of how *strictly public opinion insists upon the companies living up to their philanthropic aim.*" "That the surplus resulting from the sales of the companies have to some extent been distributed in a manner not strictly in accord with the law of 1871 is a special matter that does not concern the institution as an institution, nor its position towards the drink-evil. Besides, the new proposition of the Royal Commission endeavors to correct the possible defects in this respect."

Lastly, I may be permitted to give Mr. Berner's closing words in the article behind which Mr. Carlson entrenches himself: "Even the great mass of abstainers have with great vigor united in supporting a proposition lately formulated by a Royal Commission, which does not advocate abolishing the companies, but would grant them a complete monopoly of all sale of brandy."

Thus far we have of necessity been compelled to consider matters of secondary importance only. The vital issue is, Has the company system tended to diminish the drink-evil? We turn our attention to Norway first. It is refreshing to find Mr. Carlson admitting that here considerable progress has been made since the time the liquor-traffic was practically free. "But," he says, "to ascribe this gratifying change to the influence of the 'system' were preposterous." To what, then? Mr. Carlson says to the "immense educational work" carried on during the last forty or fifty years by inspired poets, reformers, and teachers, and draws a delightful picture of the self-abnegating work of these zealous folk—one the Norwegians would scarcely recognize. Far be it from me to undervalue the services even of a

Kristofer Janson. Political and religious movements, which, by the way, began much earlier than Mr. Carlson intimates, coupled with better education, have done their share toward lifting the nation to a higher plane of life. These factors, in connection with the earnest work of the reformers, affords Mr. Carlson an all-sufficient explanation of the circumstance that "the consumption of liquor has declined in a most gratifying manner." He says further: "The beginning of the decline dates back, not to the introduction of the system of 1871 but to the time of the law of 1845, . . . while some years after 1871—the years in which business was good and wages high—shows an increase of consumption." Here we must cry halt, and throw the searchlight of luminous facts on Mr. Carlson's statements. It is true that the law of 1845 helped to check the consumption of liquor to some extent. Yet ten years later (my statistics do not go back further than to 1855) and from that time on until the company system was well under way—in other words, from 1855 to 1876—there was a perceptible advance in the per capita consumption. Nevertheless, those powerful agents to which Mr. Carlson attributes the greater sobriety of the Norwegians had swept over the land for more than a generation. Mr. Carlson lays especial stress on the fact that for some years after 1871 there was a rise in consumption—a statement eminently calculated to mislead the unwary, for he omits to state that but a single company was organized in 1871, and that even as late as 1875 only 20 of the 51 companies now existing had been called into being. Is it reasonable to demand great results from a system not yet in operation? As late as in 1876 the companies sold only 6.7 per cent. of the total quantity of liquor consumed.

But from now on the per capita consumption, which then stood at 6.8 quarts, was forced down year by year in proportion to the rise in the percentage of sales by the companies—forced down to 3.3 quarts in 1892.

Why is it impossible to trace this truly wonderful result back of the time when the liquor-traffic came into the hands of the companies? For twenty years at least the factors to which Mr. Carlson ascribes the progress had been powerless to effect consumption. Would he, then, have us believe that their real influence began in 1876? The statistics of consumption given are from the official returns, behind which we cannot go. They are not personal impressions, but "facts that speak for themselves." And not imaginary facts like the statement that from 1882–88 the arrests for drunkenness in Christiania numbered 130,000.

Unfortunately, the remark that this number of arrests almost equalled the number of inhabitants dispels the hope that perhaps a superfluous cipher had inadvertently been added to Mr. Carlson's figures. I have before me the official returns of the department of police, as contained in the year-book of the city of Christiania, from which I copy these totals:

Arrests for drunkenness alone, and for drunkenness in connection with other crimes, from 1882–88, 40,419.

The whole number of arrests during the period 1876–1892 fall short 47,785 of the figures given by Mr. Carlson for six years only.

Who can marvel that Mr. Carlson, upon discovering this extreme state of drunkenness in Christiania, hastens across the Swedish border? Let us follow him.

Carefully avoiding any reference to statistics of consumption, the one supreme test of the state of sobriety in any country, Mr. Carlson confines himself to the statement that whatever improvement may be due to legislation in Sweden "should be put to the account of the law of 1855, . . . as little if any decline in the number of arrests for drunkenness and the like can be proven to have taken place since the Gothenburg system came into operation."

Granted that if the merits of the system are to be judged solely from the number of arrests, we must arrive at some most uncomfortable conclusions. But several important considerations escaped Mr. Carlson's notice:

1. That it is a commonly accepted truth that statistics of drunkenness have little if any value unless accompanied by all modifying circumstances, depending as they do on the efficiency of the police, public sentiment with regard to the enforcement of the law, etc. (Any inference as to the state of sobriety in a no-license city from the number of arrests would usually lead away from the truth.)

2. That his own words, "Within the memory of man the cause of civilization and morality has taken long strides here," indicates clearly that drunkenness is much more severely dealt with in Sweden than formerly, with the natural result of increasing the number of arrests.

3. That in his own city (Stockholm) the number of arrests has under the company system declined from 46 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1876 to 32.3 in 1891, and in Gothenburg from 80 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1856 to 42 in 1892, while the law has been enforced with a gradually increasing severity.

Mr. Carlson's analysis of conditions in Gothenburg with reference to the number of arrests needs no further comment.* The crucial question of consumption, *the* test of any system for the control of the liquor-traffic, Mr. Carlson passes over in utter silence. Yet, on no other point do facts speak in such unmistakable tones.

The law of 1855 does, indeed, mark the turning point in the history of Swedish liquor legislation. But if the decrease in consumption observable since then is chiefly due to that law, by what process of reasoning can we explain the fact that the per capita consumption rose from 10 quarts in 1856 to 14.2 quarts in 1874?

We admit unhesitatingly that from 1864 to 1874 the company system had no effect on the consumption of liquor in Sweden as a whole, for the simple reason that not until the latter date were the companies granted a monopoly of the bottle-trade, and because previous to it only a very few important companies existed. But since the year (1874) from which alone we can in any fairness begin to trace the effect of the Gothenburg system, we find that the per capita consumption has decreased from 14.2 to 6.8 quarts in 1892. Why does not Mr. Carlson allow facts like these to speak for themselves? or the facts that the per capita consumption of liquor has declined 20.7 quarts since the inauguration of the system in the city of Gothenburg, and in Stockholm (1882–92) 6.5 quarts? Would this not be more in evidence than to give an extract from a meeting of a total-abstinence society held seventeen years ago? Were Mr. Carlson's statement true, that "little if any decline in the number of arrests for drunkenness *and the like* can be proven to have taken place since the Gothenburg system came into existence," one of two conclusions would be forced upon us. Either that all accepted statistics lie, or that the cause of civilization and morality only began to take long strides in 1874, from which year, then, we must date also "the memory of man."

Only a few words as to Finland:

There the complaint is, says Mr. Carlson, that the liquor companies have "surrounded themselves with an air of respectability, which tends to do away with the feeling of embarrassment, and even shame, which formerly overtook a man upon entering a saloon."

While I venture to dispute this singular statement on gen-

* Attention to the inaccuracies of Mr. Carlson's percentages.

eral grounds, I will simply recommend to Mr. Carlson a careful perusal of a memorial presented by certain liquor-dealers in Helsingfors in 1893—Helsingfors *Stadsfullmäktige*, No. 15—in which they protest against the Gothenburg system also, on the ground that it brings their "legitimate calling into disrepute, and makes it a vice for men to use strong drink."

Such is the effect of giving the control of the liquor-traffic into the hands of "clergymen, public officials, and members of the government." Were drinking made respectable under the company system, we should lack every adequate explanation of the fact that since its advent the consumption has decreased in a manner unknown elsewhere.

The promoters of the Gothenburg system act on the principle that while it is impossible to annihilate the drink-traffic with one stroke of the legislative pen, its grave danger may be minimized by confiding its sale to honorable men who seek no private gain, and who are pledged to conduct the traffic in the interest of public morality. Immediately the cry is raised, "You are clothing an accursed vice in the garb of respectability." With the same logic one might assert that because the French government has been forced to make the manufacture and sale of dynamite a state monopoly, it follows that the abuse of the dread explosive has suddenly become a respectable pastime.

Here is Mr. Carlson on the distribution of the net profits of the Finnish companies: "Is there any necessity for pointing out the pernicious moral influence of an industry which, amid a poor population of two millions, year after year distributes gratuitously for *charitable* purposes such an enormous sum (£40,000)?" And here is the Finnish law: "§10. The net profits of the business of the company . . . shall be divided in such a manner that three-fifths go to the municipality in which the business is carried on, and two-fifths go to the fund for establishing means of communication. . . . §11. The share falling to the municipalities shall be devoted to *objects of public utility*, but not such for which the municipalities themselves are bound to provide by taxing their inhabitants." Is this equivalent to a distribution of the profits for "charitable" purposes?

Again the facts speak for themselves.

Mr. Carlson cites two instances of reprehensible practice on the part of the Finnish companies. Are they sufficient to condemn the other thirty-odd companies, or the principles of the

system? It would have been a more surprising statement that not a single company had ever been guilty of "palpable blunders."

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to take issue with Mr. Carlson's views as an extreme prohibitionist. In passing, I may be permitted the remark that it is difficult to understand the condition of a man who would rather starve himself to death than accept half a loaf of bread.

We have examined the "facts" upon which Mr. Carlson rests his conclusions as to the "negative benefits of the system." The time has come for a summing up of its positive benefits.

1. Proof, positive and indisputable, has already been adduced, showing that the system has diminished the consumption of liquor in Norway and Sweden to an almost incredible extent, which again means less drunkenness.

For the sake of clearness let me re-state it, with comparisons, in a tabular form:

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF DISTILLED SPIRITS (IN QUARTS).

Sweden.		*Norway.*		*Belgium.*		*Germany.*	
1874.	1892.	1875.	1892.	1875.	1892.	1875.	1892.
14.2	6.8	6.8	3.3	8.6	10.2	5.7	9.5

France.		*Great Britain.*		*United States.*		
1875.	1892.	1875.	1892.	1874.	1878.	1893.
4.3	8.7	6.3	5.2	6.04	4.36.	6.04

Is it in Norway and Sweden alone that the "cause of civilization and morality" has taken such long strides as to materially reduce the consumption of liquor?

2. The system has destroyed the saloon power, by taking the sale of liquor out of the hands of those who had every incentive to encourage intemperance, and entrusting it to men who, without private profit, must carry it on in the interest of temperance.

3. It has reduced the number of licensed places: in Norway (1871–92), from one saloon for 591 inhabitants to one for every 1,413; in Sweden (only during the decade of 1882–1892), from one for every 719 inhabitants to one for 1,073. (The number of inhabitants to each saloon in cities of 10,000 and upwards in the United States is 250.)

3. The hours of sale have been shortened, the quantity of

liquor to be sold to the individual customer limited, and many restrictions in advance of the laws adopted, besides making it possible to guard against infringements of the statutes.

4. Under the system the profits from the liquor-trade do not go to fatten those who live upon the vice of their fellow-beings, but are expended for the benefit of all, and, to a large extent, in such a manner as to counteract the evils of intemperance. Space forbids further enumeration of the benefits of the system, as well as the advantages in applying it to our needs.

We have held up facts against Mr. Carlson's theory, and ask if *he* will say, with the immortal professor, "So much the worse for facts"?

NOTE.—For further information on the Gothenburg and Norwegian systems see Report of the Massachusetts Commission (House document No. 192). Fifth special Report of the Commissioner of Labor, "The Gothenburg System," by Dr. E. R. L. Gould; articles in the March number of the *Forum*, the April number of the *Arena*, and the May number of the *North American Review*.

THE CATHOLIC CHAMPLAIN, 1894 SESSION.

By John J. O'Shea.

PERMANENCE and stability now give a superaddition of dignity to the Catholic Summer-School. What was only tentatively adventured a couple of years ago has thriven so well that it may be regarded as an infant prodigy. Those who have taken an active interest in the movement from the beginning may justly felicitate themselves on the progress already made. Although the buildings on the Lake Champlain property remain to be erected, a good deal has been done to utilize the ground and its lake-front for the convenience and pleasure of visitors. Many hands have been at work for some months on the area of four hundred and fifty acres acquired for the company, reclaiming it from its somewhat prairie state and transforming it into a beautiful and diversified landscape. The cunning hand of the artist-gardener will have picked out such features as will enable him to show the beauties of his art. Every point of vantage affording the best prospect of mountain and forest and lake-shore will have been seized upon; so that the eye may be delighted whilst the mind is being informed by this season's visit to the Catholic Champlain. The aquatic attractions of the place will be fully exploited during the session. Hence, visitors will find all the pleasures of a delightful summer vacation on the lake, mingled with the philosophic sedative which a course of intellectual exercises, bracing to the mind as the mountain breezes are to the physical frame, is certain to induce.

In two respects, at least, the coming session will differ from its predecessors. Besides the additional attractions offered by the school grounds and their connections, this session will be a week longer than the others. In order that teachers may profit by their visit to the fullest extent, a special course has been arranged for this class—a course, that is to say, which must prove materially serviceable to them in the future of their professional career.

If we were in search of evidence of the influence the Summer-School already exerts, and the appreciation in which it

is held, we have it abundantly to hand in the favor with which it is regarded in the very highest ecclesiastical quarters. From its inception it has had the warmest approval of the Archbishop of New York. Bishops of several other sees have travelled there to take part in its proceedings. The Papal Delegate will open in solemn manner the labors in the coming session. The Sovereign Pontiff has conveyed, by the mouth of the Bishop of Ogdensburg, the benison of the successor of St. Peter on its labors. Auspices such as these afford the highest possible ground for a sanguine view of ultimate results. No enterprise was ever started under fairer beginnings.

A good deal was looked for, when the idea of the Summer-School first took practical shape, in the way of beneficent results. But in truth no one foresaw the real extent of its potentialities. We do not see it yet. The movement has given impulses to other movements, and in other countries, which may have the most far-reaching effects in totally unlooked-for directions. Like the Gulf Stream, our idea is already washing the shores of other lands and tempering even the social atmosphere away beyond the ocean. Its developments in England, within a very brief period, present matter for wondering contemplation.

England, in this matter, has paid the flattering tribute of imitation to American institutions. In taking up the Summer-School idea there, the original thought was to have a number of visitors come over to Lake Champlain for the coming session, but afterwards the resolve was taken to start a Summer-School in England itself. Oxford is the place selected for the gathering, and preparations for the event are now in full swing. The assembly coincides as regards date with our own, and it promises to be a very notable new departure indeed. Names of the highest eminence in Catholic circles in England are found in connection with the movement, and the course of lectures to be delivered will be fully on a level with the high standing of the famous old university centre.

But it is the new social movement which has all unexpectedly sprung up concurrently with this intellectual one which most excites our interest. Under the name of the Catholic Social Union a means has been devised whereby those great barriers which separate the classes in England may for a time be removed, and the free intercouse of minds bent on progress on all rungs of the social ladder be made possible. The inception of this scheme is due to his Eminence Cardinal

Vaughan, and it was formally ushered in, a very short time ago, by an address from one of his brothers, the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, which ranks with the highest masterpieces of oratory. In this the entire social position is embraced in a comprehensive glance, and the true causes of the evils of our time, with their proper remedies, clearly indicated. The Catholic Social Union may be described as one of those remedies put into operation. It brings the intellectual rich into contact with the intellectual middle class and the intellectual working class, and offers opportunities for the consideration by all of means by which life may be made more tolerable for the latter and more useful for the first.

No better means for the diffusion of enlightenment could be devised than these social reunions. The methods by which this may be accomplished may not be quite clear as yet; but the germs of a great idea are there, and in course of time they will ripen and fructify. The Social Union is a wide-spreading institution, having branches in many places. It is not all of these, of course, which could assemble together for a Summer-School holiday, but there is no reason why the Summer-School should not go to them—in other words, that a course of lectures, either for instruction or entertainment, should be arranged for all in turn, and the hand of University Extension thus held out in every locality to those whose circumstances do not permit them of grasping it otherwise.

It is really wonderful to behold what progress we have made in the educational idea within a very few years. The time is not very remote when old-fashioned people regarded education with the sort of contempt that the mediæval barons did—a superfluity fit only for clerics. The very converse of that belief is everywhere held now. The amazing progress which has been made in every branch of science and in all the mechanical arts is all due to the spread of education. Monsignor Satolli is an enthusiastic witness to the efficacy of this great engine of modern civilization. He leaves no room for doubt upon this point, as in the public expression of his views upon the subject recently he ranked education first amongst the great institutions of every modern state. The practical interest which he takes in the pursuit to which a very large portion of his life was laboriously devoted is best illustrated in his action with regard to the Summer-School, and the members of the teaching profession whom he will meet there will find in him an example of the intellectual cultivation which an earnest and

whole-hearted devotion to what he himself styles the noblest of professions is certain to insure.

The programme, as now arranged, will follow the order here stated: The opening sermon will be given by the Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, Right Rev. Dr. Watterson. For the first week, beginning July 15, the lecturers will comprise the Rev. Dr. Con-

RT. REV. J. A. WATTERSON, D.D., BISHOP OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

aty; Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.; Professor James Hall, of the State Geological Department; Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P.; Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P.; the Hon. W. C. Robinson, Yale Law School; Professor E. G. Hurley, organist Church of St. Paul, New York; Mr. J. K. Foran, LL.B., editor Montreal *True Witness;* and Rev. T. McMillan, C.S.P. Dr. Conaty's lectures will deal with the work of Sunday-school teaching. Father Halpin will devote

his discourse to the subject of ethics. Professor Hall will analyze the geological formations about the wonderful Ausable Chasm. Some legal principles of general interest will be expounded by the Hon. W. C. Robinson. The other lecturers named will deal with special topics akin to their life pursuits.

In the second week's lectures the topic to be treated of by

I am very respectfully and sincerely yours &c
James Hall

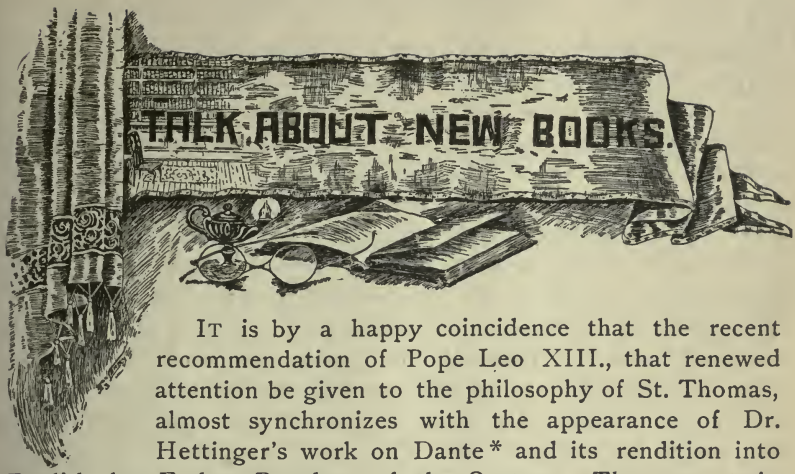
STATE GEOLOGIST.

the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy is the vitally practical one of the Labor problem. The fascinating one of astronomy will form the subject of Father Searle's discourses, and it will be illustrated by an exhibition of results obtained by himself at the observatory of the Catholic University. Father Flannery's lectures will run upon the theme "Christian Art." The continuation of the brilliant series of treatises on "Logic," begun so

happily at last year's sederunt by Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., will certainly be welcomed by every one who attended there then, and those who will hear this distinguished expositor for the first time will, we venture to opine, experience the sensation of a new charm.

Monsignor Satolli, in speaking of the Summer-School recently to Father McMahon, indicated a line of subject which it may be possible to embrace in the succeeding year's programme—namely, the relations of the church to the state. The presentation of this important subject, in the shape of a series of papers, setting out the sphere of action of each and the harmony between their objects in certain lines, must be, he thinks, especially interesting to the American people. The suggestion is timely and wise, and no doubt it would have been acted upon, had time permitted, in the preparation of the present year's programme. But the subject is not one that can be prepared off-hand. It is one that involves the most careful research and verification of authorities, as it must be prepared to meet the most critical scrutiny. The lecturer who undertakes it must be ready with his armor of proof, in more senses than one; but qualified combatants will not be wanting now that the need has been indicated.

Though Catholics go to the Summer-School with a light heart, they are none the less conscious of the importance of the work in which they are engaged. There is a sense of duty just now about the spirit in which they engage in the work—a duty with a twofold object—the personal duty of self-culture, and the duty of showing to the world once again the perfect fearlessness of Catholic truth.



IT is by a happy coincidence that the recent recommendation of Pope Leo XIII., that renewed attention be given to the philosophy of St. Thomas, almost synchronizes with the appearance of Dr. Hettinger's work on Dante* and its rendition into English by Father Bowden, of the Oratory. They are twin stars of the intellectual firmament, these marvellous productions of the Angelic Doctor and the prophet-poet of Florence.

Dr. Hettinger was the first Catholic of any note to give a translation or a commentary upon the *Divina Commedia.* The fact that such a work was left almost entirely to non-Catholic scholars is hardly to be wondered at, so many passages in the great work deal roundly with dignitaries of the church who were obnoxious to Dante's faction. Poets have rarely had the celestial gift of magnanimity; on the contrary, many of the caste have shown themselves almost transcendental in their gift of denunciation of the objects of their sacred ire. Dante stands *facile princeps* in this regard. Other poets have contented themselves with venting their anger on their adversaries alive; Byron follows Castlereagh to the grave, and leaves him there with a savage kick; Dante was not satisfied until he had tracked them away down in the depths of the lowest circle of Malebolge.

But for these blemishes of partisan wrath, the *Commedia* must ever present itself as the glory of Catholic poetry. It is not only poetry, but philosophy clothed in the most beautiful poetic garb. It is so varied in its beauty, so comprehensive of everything in the world of matter and the world of thought, so full of earthly wisdom and of almost divine intelligence, as it would seem, that it must for ever stand as the marvel of lyrical creation, unique and unapproachable.

The English-speaking Catholic world owes no less a debt to

* *Dante's Divina Commedia.* From the German of Franz Hettinger, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Wurzburg. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns & Oates.

Father Bowden for his rendering Dr. Hettinger's work into their tongue than the German-speaking to the latter.

A second edition of that translation has just been issued. The commendation which we felt impelled to bestow upon the first one has no need to be modified since it was written. We believe that every student of Dante will find in this work a guide no less serviceable than the poet himself did in the shade of Virgil, in his visionary travel. This work, it is at the same time well to remember, is not the translation of the *Commedia*. It is more the luminous commentary, the ample gloss of the erudite scholiast. Where the explication demands it, the text of the translation is given fully enough for the purpose. But it would be well for all those who have not previously made themselves familiar with the work to procure a full translation as well—and the author of this work maintains that Cary's is superior to all the rest.

The celerity with which the *Cyclopedic Review of Current History** is issued, following up the event, is a fact which makes it one of the most valuable reference books of our time. Although the month of May was not quite out when the latest quarterly issue came to hand, every chief incident of the first quarter of the present year was carefully chronicled therein. Everything of importance in politics, science, literature—the whole curriculum of human affairs, in fact—will be found to have a place in this excellent work, intelligently if concisely put. The review must be one of immense value to the journalistic profession in especial.

Opinions are divided as to whether Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Robert Buchanan has the right to be considered the one great figure in modern literature. Partisans of the former gentleman certainly claim the distinction for him; the latter simply withers up with Palladian scorn all who venture to dispute his laurels. Mr. Lang has many devoted followers in this country; but all his admirers are not invariably wise in their plaudits. The author of the poems *Ban and Arrière Ban*† might well beg to be saved, indeed, from his friends when he reads this recent bit of criticism in the *Churchman:*

"Perhaps the deeper moods of the poet appear in the pieces he has composed under the inspiration of Wordsworth and in the Neiges d'Antan."

How far the desire of one poet to burlesque another may

* *The Cyclopedic Review of Current History.* (1st quarter, 1894.) Buffalo, N. Y.: Garterson, Cox & Co.

† *Ban and Arrière Ban.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

be accepted, save in the case of such wags as Gay and Swift, as "inspiration," is too delicate a topic for unprepared discussion. But that Mr. Lang was plainly trying to burlesque Wordsworth the following specimen will instantly show:

LINES

Written under the influence of Wordsworth, with a slate-pencil on a window of the dining-room at the Lowood Hotel, Windermere, while waiting for tea, after being present at the Grasmere Sports on a very wet day, and in consequence of a recent perusal of *Belinda*, a Novel, by Miss Broughton, whose absence is regretted.

How solemn is the front of this Hotel
  When now the hills are swathed in modest mist
And none can speak of scenery, nor tell
  Of 'tints of amber,' or of 'amethyst.'
Here once thy daughters, young Romance, did dwell,
  Here *Sara* flirted with whoever list,
Belinda loved not wisely but too well,
  And *Mr. Ford* played the Philologist!
Haunted the house is, and the balcony
  Where that fond Matron knew her Lover near,
And here we sit, and wait for tea, and sigh,
  While the sad rain sobs in the sullen mere,
And all our hearts go forth into the cry,
  Would that the teller of the tale were here!

When in the next sentence the critic states his doubt that any other living *littérateur* could produce such a volume as this, either the position of Mr. Lang in the temple of Fame or the true standard of literary excellence becomes a distressing problem.

Notwithstanding the injudicious ardor of his friends, however, Mr. Lang's claims to be an accomplished writer of both verse and prose must be conceded to be high. He possesses a graceful fancy and a facile pen, and, despite the flattery which has been of late years poured out upon his work, that work seldom shows traces of slovenliness, like the perfunctory stuff which most other authors fling upon the market once they have made a "boom" in some literary venture. Many beautiful pieces will be found in the volume under notice, some of which we would be glad to quote—and we would do so all the more readily owing to the fact that in a former number we were compelled to express our disapprobation of some of his work pretty freely—did space permit. We content ourselves with giving the poem which he has placed in the forefront of this book. It is a tribute to the Maid of Orleans, and its main pur-

pose seems to be to relieve Scotland from the imputation of having had any hand in the death of the martyr. We shall only say on this point that the omission was merely accidental. Had her betrayal taken place only fifty or sixty years later, they must have been there to see. They had no compunction in handing over Charles I. to as certain a fate, for a valuable consideration.

But Mr. Lang is entitled to all the benefit of his disclaimer; and though the animus he shows against the church has been falsified by the event since the poem was written, we wish to let him have all the credit of the undoubted merit which it possesses:

A SCOT TO JEANNE D'ARC.

Dark Lily without blame,
Not upon us the shame,
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true;
They, by the Maiden's side,
Victorious fought and died:
One stood by thee that fiery torment through,
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,
And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see
In artist's imagery,
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing
Was in an Archer's hand
From the leal Northern land.
Alas, what price would not thy people bring
To win that portrait of the ruinous
Gulf of devouring years that hide the Maid from us!

Born of a lowly line,
Noteless as once was thine,
One of that name I would were kin to me,
Who, in the Scottish Guard
Won this for his reward,
To fight for France, and memory of thee:
Not upon us, dark Lily without blame,
Not on the North may fall the shadow of that shame.

On France and England both
The shame of broken troth,
Of coward hate and treason black must be;
If England slew thee, France
Sent not one word, one lance,
One coin to rescue or to ransom thee.
And still thy Church unto the Maid denies
The halo and the palms, the Beatific prize.

But yet thy people calls
Within the rescued walls
Of Orleans; and makes its prayer to thee;
What though the Church have chidden
These orisons forbidden,
Yet art thou with this earth's immortal Three,
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,
And with thy Master dear whom the world crucified.

A very unusual influx of literature from Ireland during the past few weeks denotes a tangible result from the effort at a literary revival in that country. Amongst the new books to hand is a pleasant little volume from the pen of Mr. W. B. Yeats. This author is better known to us from his poetical work, which gives great promise of future worth, than by his prose. We are glad to make his acquaintance in the less ambitious but more useful field. The title of Mr. Yeats's new book is *The Celtic Twilight*,* and its contents are a number of tales gathered from the mouths of the peasantry in different parts of the country. They are told in a quaint, weird way very often, and display at times a good deal of the fantastic humor of a wayward, poetic mind. At the same time they suggest occasionally the reflection that credulous and inexperienced persons who travel about the country inspired by a mania for the collection of folk-lore are as liable to be imposed upon as the collectors of antiques and curios by the manufacturers of brummagem.

Edna Lyall is a writer who possesses the faculty of being able to throw herself with enthusiasm into any subject upon which she has decided to expatiate. We have seen how eloquent and ardent she could grow over the cause of socialism and atheism, in her book called *We Two*, and now we have the proof that she can plead as powerfully for the cause of Irish patriotism as though she were a sort of Irish Madame Roland. In *Doreen*,† her latest novel, we have a very commendable attempt to depict the different phases of the political turmoil in Ireland for the past quarter of a century, in a sympathetic spirit. The narrative at times follows the lines of actual history so closely as to make the reader lose the consciousness of being engaged on a work of fiction, and whether this is a negative or a positive merit must be left to the individual taste. The dramatic skeleton of the work is well laid, and much of the treatment pleasing. The heroine is, however, too excellent almost for feminine perfection. We doubt if it is in human nature for any

* *The Celtic Twilight*. By W. B. Yeats. New York: Macmillan & Co.
† *Doreen*. By Edna Lyall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

woman below the rank of the canonized to persist in watching over and going after a lover when she had been cast off and insulted by that indispensable personage in the flagrant and exasperating way recorded in this story. The lover in question appears to be the most natural study in the book. He is an easy-going and good-natured young Englishman, who, falling in love with Doreen, falls in love, for her sake, with her country —or fancies he does so. He goes over to Ireland, takes part in the political struggle on the popular side, and gets run into jail for his pains. This, and Doreen's supposed treachery towards him, cures him, and he washes his hands for evermore of Irish politics. Now, this has actually been the case with more than one English sympathizer during Mr. Balfour's administration. A character of this kind, though estimable in several other traits, is hardly the one to match with such a paragon of super-Christian exaltation as Doreen is painted. The work abounds in poetical selections, so largely in places as to make these seem the preponderating element. This device is calculated to give a false impression of the author's own powers, and is hardly just, therefore, to herself.

With all Edna Lyall's attractiveness of style, this novel can hardly be pronounced a brilliant success. There are depths in the Irish character which she has not sounded; there are heights in her ideal of it to which human nature can hardly attain. Outsiders, however intelligent and sympathetic, can hardly ever comprehend the subject so thoroughly as to be able to present a perfect reflection of Irish life of the present day.

The acquisition of a knowledge of Irish history separately is eminently desirable as a portion of our school curriculum. Nothing could be more useless or misleading than the endeavor to dovetail the chronicle of Irish affairs into that of English, in the fashion which is unfortunately too prevalent. The education which is suited to the American spirit is that which is most practically serviceable, and in order to gain that acquaintance with the causes which have made an almost impassable gulf between Ireland and England, the only satisfactory course is to take up the history of both countries, by authors of repute, and trace the streams of discord to their sources. An eminent Irish *littérateur*, Dr. P. W. Joyce, has published a new *History of Ireland*,* the unabridged edition of which is valuable

**A Short History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to* 1608. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A.— *A Concise History of Ireland for Schools.* New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

chiefly to students of the pre-Christian era, because of the new light which it throws on many hitherto obscure features of the primeval intellectual life of the Western Gaels. The brief interval of years since the last previous Irish history was written (*i.e.*, Haverty's) has witnessed a profound change in the methods of studying Irish literature. Scholars of the greatest eminence in philological lore have gone from many European universities to study Irish parchments. The dictum of Zeuss, that a knowledge of the Celtic languages is necessary to the unraveling of the early history of Western Europe is now universally accepted and acted on. When it is borne in mind that the Gaelic language was spoken all over the British Isles and a large part of France in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, the importance of Zeuss's declaration will be self-evident. There are piles of MSS. in Gaelic, of the middle period, lying on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin and the library of Trinity College. Zeuss's *Grammatica Celtica* has given a wonderful impetus to the study of these venerable records. Scholars go thence from all nations to take up what is now proved to be one of the most interesting branches of study in the whole range of ancient lore. The larger book of Dr. Joyce's is the more valuable for those who desire enlightenment on this new movement. An eminent Celtic scholar himself, he has dipped deeply into the wells of the ancient literature of Erin, giving us admirable treatises on *The Ancient Laws of Ireland*, *Old Celtic Romances*, *Irish Names of Places*, and other cognate subjects. Those chapters of his *History* which treat of Irish life, Irish laws, social usages, and learning in the pagan and early Christian period form as lucid and instructive a series as any we have ever read. We think, for this reason, that it must be much sought after by the more advanced class of students.

A shorter work has been prepared for the use of more juvenile students, and the author and publisher hope it may prove acceptable to teachers here. We are certain, if its merits could only be known, that it must soon become a standard work in many of our parochial schools at least. Even in this abbreviated history the chapters on early Irish laws, language, and literature are uncommonly attractive.

As to the defects in the book, some of them are grave, and they are common to both the larger and the smaller history. They slur over some of the most important transactions in Irish affairs—notably, those connected with the attempt to

introduce the so-called Reformation into Ireland, the uncompromising resistance with which that attempt was met, the wholesale plunder, cruelty, and oppression with which the abbeys and monasteries were treated, the sack of Clonmacnoise and other famous places of learning and sanctity, and all the other accompanying horrors of the great sacrilege. The rather gingerly way in which the horrors of the Tudor period in Ireland are treated may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that the book was intended for the use of the Irish Commissioners of Education, whose policy in the matter of Irish history up to the present has been to bury it altogether out of sight and let the Irish scholar grow up in complete ignorance of his own country's fortunes in the past.

The great Irish novelist for which the world has long been sighing has at last appeared, we have been assured, in the person of Miss Jane Barlow, who hails from Raheny, County Dublin, not "Raheny County, Dublin," as printed in a New York issue of one of her works. Those who speak of new authors in this way and indulge in enthusiastic comparisons with departed literary worthies are hardly the most judicious friends. They generally prepare us to expect too much.

Miss Barlow's present *métier*, as we perceive from the two volumes sent us, *Irish Idylls* and *Kerrigan's Quality*,* is the depiction of the very humblest walk of peasant life in Ireland, and her models, we would be inclined to guess, have been studied in Ulster or the bordering counties. They are mostly hard and unimaginative types, with here and there a sympathetic and fanciful exception. Petty jealousies and village rivalries are well touched off, in a style which shows that the annals of the poor need not necessarily be either short or simple.

The author's greatest strength at present lies in scenic or atmospheric description. She presents the most commonplace things in a new and interesting light, and makes us look at nature in such a way as we might not dream of without her help. Minuteness and careful technique are her chief characteristics in handling these portions of her subject. It is unfortunate that she has limited her scope of observation to a certain kind of locality as to a certain class, as the general effect is decidedly depressing. This is especially true of the work entitled *Kerrigan's Quality*. We have never known any class of Irishmen of whom the hero (if we may so style him), Martin Kerrigan,

* *Irish Idylls* and *Kerrigan's Quality*. By Jane Barlow. New York: Dodd, Meade & Co.

might be taken as an example—taciturn in the extreme, unsocial, uncommunicative, unambitious, unimpelled by any of the usual motives of the impulsive Celt, save that of boundless generosity. And how the latter quality could ever come to be associated with those others we have enumerated is a matter which requires explanation. The intense gloom of this book reminds one of the tragic purpose of *Les Travailleurs du Mer*, though not of its sparkling setting. There is more sympathy in *Irish Idylls*, and the pictures of cottier life are vivid. There is no attempt at caricature—although one might object to the frequent use of the offensive phrase "Bejabers" by Irish peasant women as not in keeping with fact. There is, however, no presentation of the Celtic character in its lighter and more joyous moods; and this is as necessary to an understanding of Irish life as the sombre side of the picture.

It is evident from what we have got that Miss Barlow brings to her literary task very high powers; how to utilize these to the best advantage is a problem which she has yet got to solve.

Mr. Leslie Keith's *'Lisbeth** is not a wonderful story; there is no intricacy of plot, no hair-breadth escapes, no moral pill covered with the jelly of romance, but just the chronicle of a pure, strong, healthy woman. "But after all," says the author, in gentle conscious or unconscious irony, "it is no such wonderful thing to be a good wife and mother and friend, and I fear Elizabeth can claim no more heroic distinction." But in these days of hysterical nastiness 'Lisbeth's distinction, although not of heroic mould, is very refreshing. There is a touch of Maggie Tulliver's aunts in Mrs. Adkins, Mrs. Niel, "Aunt Jane," and Mrs. Mackie. The latter had married a hard-working journeyman baker in her early youth, and had been rewarded by finding herself a prosperous and even wealthy woman in her middle age, whose husband was the owner of several large and flourishing bread-shops in London. The other sisters had not done so well: poor old Phemie, whose old roots were transplanted from the far-away Scottish hills into the midst of London second-class luxury—hard, solid, uncompromising luxury provided by the very consciously benevolent Mrs. Mackie; then there is flippant, conscienceless Marion, and terrible Aunt Jane, whose long, bony fingers kept such tight hold of her long, full purse; then dear, warm-hearted, whole-souled Aunt Niel, 'Lisbeth's mother, so soft and yielding, yet so lovable. Perhaps there is no better drawn character in the book

*'*Lisbeth.* By Leslie Keith. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

than poor weak old Dan with all his charm, his penitence, his humorous disregard for the niceties of life. How the strong purity of one young woman influences the complexities of her surroundings, how the minor tone of Effie's pathetic little story runs through the whole, how the one touch of mystery is cleared up, it is best left to readers to discover. The book would not make an author's fame nor gain for him the unenviable notoriety of the author of *The Heavenly Twins*, but to those weary of the unhealthy literature of the day it is refreshing reading.

In the *Story of Dan** we have another instance of the ease with which authors who have achieved a fortuitous reputation in one class of work can get a different class of no special merit accepted by the public on the endorsement of the reviewers. M. E. Francis, the author (a lady, we believe), achieved some reputation as a delineator of peasant life in a former work called *Whither*. She is an able writer of the painstaking class, but it is not a benefit to the cause of literature, which ought to be the cause of truth, to have such powers utilized in the depiction of what is at all events calculated to give a very erroneous notion of certain classes of society in Ireland. The sketch looks innocent enough; there is nothing political in it; there is a picture of a priest which is true to the life; and yet the work is utterly untrue as a reflex of Irish life in any part of the country. Three sentences might tell the whole story. A semi-simpleton of a peasant lad loves a beautiful and utterly illiterate peasant girl to distraction. She has an idiotic brother, who murders her employer in a fit of frenzy; and she, disappointed in her ambition of becoming the wife or mistress of that employer, denounces her humble lover, against whom there is already circumstantial evidence, as the real murderer; and he, horrified and heart-stricken, drops dead in the dock. This is the whole story in a nutshell. Our strong objection to it is that the girl is a type of no class of Irish womanhood. The character is that of a Jezabel, nay, a she-devil. Not even amongst the most abandoned could such a heartless wretch be found.

Pictures of vulgarity in middle life, of a gender with the coarse caricatures one finds in the low satirical prints when the subject is Irish, are also to be found in the book. The work is as vulgar as that in *Handy Andy*, unredeemed by a particle of Lover's humor. Dramatic exaggeration of the most absurd and

* *The Story of Dan.* By M. E. Francis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

outré character is the sole plan of the work. In no sense can it be accepted as a generic picture of Irish life.

There is something touching in the idea of a book written by one who is a confirmed invalid, for the triumph over suffering of which it is the evidence tells of a struggle which arouses all our best human sympathies. When the book, moreover, is marked by such rare gifts of choice expression as we find in *Blossoms of the Cross*,* we hesitate whether or not we ought to conclude that a long period of suffering is not better calculated to refine the processes of the mind, when its trials are accepted in the true Christian spirit, than the keenest enjoyment of the most robust life. Perhaps were it not for that very ordeal the many suffering who will be consoled by the balm of those exquisite "blossoms" would never have enjoyed any such delightful consolation. The book abounds in literary treasures of many kinds and proportions, adapted to all phases of invalid existence. It is strongly recommended by the Right Rev. Bishop Chatard, in a preface to the English edition, and it also bears the imprimatur of Bishop Schulte, of Paderborn, the diocese from whence it emanates. Its author, Emmy Giehrl ("Tante Emmy"), has truly applied the motto of the mythical Carthaginian princess, "Haud ignara mali, miseris succurere disco." She has written this book solely for the comfort of the afflicted like herself who, if they have like literary gifts, may not be blessed with like resignation and patience to put them to practical use. That it has been gladly availed of is amply testified by the fact that the edition from which this has been translated from the German is the third one. It is not a little surprising, too, to find that the translation has been made by a member of a religious order who is herself an invalid likewise—one of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

I.—THE QUESTION OF ROMAN SUPREMACY.†

Father Rivington's new volume is a very timely and well-executed piece of work. Its theme is one so often and exhaustively handled, that there is really nothing new to be brought forward. It is only in the manner of handling the sub-

* *Blossoms of the Cross.* By Emmy Giehrl. Indianapolis: Carton & Hollenbeck.

† *The Primitive Church and the See of Peter.* By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. With an Introduction by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

ject, the skill with which its materials are arranged, and the ability with which objections constantly put forward in new forms are refuted, that a new treatise can lay claim to originality. The dispute between Catholicism and the various forms of Protestantism is being more and more narrowed to one issue, viz., the question of Roman or Papal Supremacy. This is specially the case with respect to what is called Anglicanism. All polemics resolve themselves into this one contention about the famous definitions of the Florentine and Vatican Councils. Let these become firmly established as the enunciations of a true and authentic dogma pertaining to essential Christianity, and all else for which Catholics contend follows by logical necessity. The Protestant Church of England has been defended by several new champions, since the days of Palmer and Pusey, who have advocated her cause against Rome by strong offensive war against the Roman Supremacy. Dr. Lightfoot is by far the greatest of these champions, and after him some of the most notable are Canon Bright, Dr. Salmon, and Mr. Puller. In Germany, the disciples of Dr. Döllinger and some Protestant writers of name, among whom Dr. Harnack is by far the most eminent, have drawn upon all their learning and ingenuity to make out a case against Rome. There is no agreement among them except in their negation of the divine origin of the Papal Supremacy. Some of the High Anglicans admit the infallibility of œcumenical councils which other Protestants deny. Many maintain the divine institution of the episcopate which many others deny. Even the Creed and the New Testament are regarded by those who belong to what we may call the Extreme Left of Christianity, as a part of that human structure which developed into the Catholicism of Nicæa, Chalcedon, Florence, Trent, and the Vatican. They contradict and refute one another, and the Catholic advocate finds many tempered weapons in their arsenals with which to assail each one in turn of the parties to this loose alliance. These continuous assaults from opposite quarters on the impregnable citadel of Christian faith and religion are very serviceable to the Catholic cause. They awaken the attention of the world, and they arouse the champions of the Catholic Church to fresh and valiant efforts on the field of polemics.

Father Rivington, as a recent convert, has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the latest phases of the controversy between Catholicism and Anglicanism. He is up to date, and his latest work, as well as the others previously published, is in

certain respects an advance and improvement on those of his predecessors.

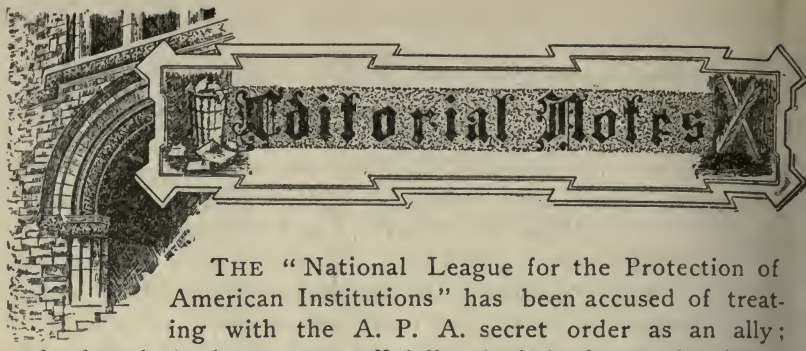
His treatment of the councils, especially those of Ephesus and Chalcedon, is perhaps the most valuable and interesting feature of a work which is admirable throughout. Those scholars who are most familiar with the whole controversy can read this volume with both pleasure and profit. Other readers, not already so well acquainted with the momentous topics which it discusses, will find in it all which they need for obtaining an adequate knowledge of the Catholic argument from Antiquity in favor of the Roman Supremacy.

To all those, whether Catholics or inquirers into the Catholic religion who wish for information in respect to this one fundamental dogma of the Papal Supremacy, we cannot recommend any one book as better fitted to satisfy this want than Father Rivington's Treatise. Priests who have intelligent and educated catechumens under instruction, if they examine this volume carefully, will probably prefer it to any other.

2.—THE CATECHISM.*

This edition passed under the inspection of competent teachers at Stonyhurst College, and was approved by Cardinal Vaughan as a work "which ought to become popular in all our Catholic public elementary schools." The publisher announces that the book is "on sale by all good (?) booksellers." Teachers of Christian doctrine will find in this exposition, which may be used with any of Deharbe's catechisms, many practical and ingenious helps adapted to the minds of children. The translator has succeeded admirably in putting the luminous text of Deharbe in plain language.

* *Explanation of Deharbe's Small Catechism.* By James Canon Schmitt, D.D. Translated from the seventh German edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.



THE "National League for the Protection of American Institutions" has been accused of treating with the A. P. A. secret order as an ally; and, though it has never officially denied the truth of the charge, many of its defenders have attempted to insinuate in magazine and newspaper articles that there is no collusion between the two organizations. What, then, are we to understand by the official "call" made in a leaflet signed by James M. King, General Secretary of the N. L. P. A. I., to "all patriotic orders, individuals, and associations, to all the different regiments and army corps," to "consolidate themselves with the League into one army, to dictate honest terms to parties and politicians and put to rout all enemies"? And now note this which follows the call: "*Whether our alliances are with secret or open organizations*, can we not disarm and confound our enemies by showing them that in the defence of American institutions *we have no differences*, etc.?" "Our enemies" are not named; but who does not see that *the* enemy of the A. P. A's, and all such "orders," is the same one the N. L. P. A. I. is making war upon and dare not name?

The hand of welcome should be extended to a new auxiliary in the work of helping the Negro race, coming to us under the somewhat fanciful name of *The Flight*. It is a quarterly missionary publication, produced by the Institute of Mission Helpers at Baltimore, and bearing an especial word of commendation from his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to Rev. Mother Joseph. *The Flight* appears to be under the editorial care of that most zealous friend and helper of the negro, Very Rev. John R. Slattery. The title is taken from the memorable incident of the withdrawal of the Holy Family into Egypt, between which and the enforced expatriation of the negro races the Mission Helpers perceive an ideal resemblance of a typical kind. Whatever we may think of the fancy, we cannot but wish a successful issue for the work it is started to help forward. Its literary contents are eminently adapted to further this end. Besides being full of instructive matter, they are

selected with a view to appeal most forcibly for a race with strongly marked sympathies and high imaginative instincts, and the work is embellished with several choice engravings and appropriate poetical and literary selections. We earnestly trust it may experience that success which it ought to command, looking to the nature of its mission.

In compiling the statistical tables of Schools on page 445 the copyist omitted by error the denominational schools of the Lutherans, the figures for which should be: Teachers, 532; pupils, 8,688; white, 8,687; colored, 1. Also, for total colored pupils in denominational schools read, 41,327; and for Catholic pupils read: In parochial schools, 626,496; in denominational schools, 75,470.

NEW BOOKS.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago:
Fundamental Ethics. By William Poland, Professor of Rational Philosophy in St. Louis University. *The Laws of Thought, or Formal Logic.* Ibid.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York and London:
On the Wallaby; or, Through the East and Across Australia. By Guy Boothby. *Exercises in Latin Prose Composition.* By F. Ritchie, M.A.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:
Flowers of Mary. By Rev. Louis Gemminger. Translated by a Benedictine Sister.

I. C. CHILDS & CO., Utica, N. Y.:
Observations of a Musician. By Louis Lombard, Director Utica Conservatory of Music.

FINNEY BROTHERS, New Orleans:
Life of Rev. John Gabriel Perboyre, Martyr. Translated from the French by Lady Clare Fielding.

DOYLE & WHITTLE, Boston:
An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By Right Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D., Bishop of West Newfoundland.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Life of St. Francis of Assisi. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton.

BURNS & OATES, London:
The Life of the Blessed Antony Baldinucci. By Francis Goldie. *The Life of St. Francis Borgia.* By A. M. Clarke. *The Formation of Christendom.* By T. W. Allies.

MACMILLAN & CO., London and New York:
The Wings of Icarus. By Lawrence Alma Tadema.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices. By Rev. J. J. Burke. Second revised edition. *Widows and Charity.* By Abbé Chaffanjon.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., London:
The First Divorce of Henry VIII., as told in the State Papers. By Mrs. Hope. Edited by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. *A Convert through Spiritualism.* By Richard Clarke, S.J.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:
The Wedding Garment. By Louis Pendleton.

H. M. PERNIN, Detroit, Mich.:
Pernin's Universal Phonography. Fourth edition. By H. M. Pernin.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A CONVENTION of Catholic Reading Circles of New York State was called for June 12, under the auspices of the Catholic Club, 120 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, by the Directors of the Cathedral Library, the Fénelon and the Ozanam Reading Circles. The call was issued at very short notice to all Circles that have given any public announcement of their work. Reports were presented from nineteen Circles, showing many excellent plans for self-improvement. The number of public meetings and lectures made possible by the union of forces warrant the estimate that at least twenty thousand Catholics of New York State have derived much information about their own authors and their own literature from the Reading Circle movement. Thus far our efforts have failed to get a complete list of all the Reading Circles that have been formed. Again we repeat, that information of this kind is always welcomed by the Columbian Reading Union, at 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

Conventions of Reading Circles have been held at Philadelphia, Pa.; Rochester, N. Y., and at Chicago, Ill. Each one furnishes new proofs that the majority of the workers represent the laity, especially the women; that the co-operation of the clergy is keenly appreciated; and that pessimistic observers are amazed by the signs of progress that are clearly visible in spite of their former predictions.

* * *

A memorial meeting in honor of the late Brother Azarias was held on May 17, at St. John's College, Washington, D.C. He was praised as an author, thinker, and critic, an ornament of his community, son and defender of Holy Church, by men eminent in various walks of life, as indicated by the programme here given:

BROTHER AZARIAS—As a Man, A. J. Faust, Ph.D.; Reading from "Phases of Thought," Perry Johnson; as a Religious, Rev. Thomas J. McCluskey, S.J.; Reading from "Culture of the Spiritual Sense," Joseph J. Murphy; as a Teacher, Gen. John Eaton; as a Philosopher, Rev. P. B. Tarro; Reading from "The International," March, 1876, Edmund M. Power; as a Literary Artist, Richard Malcolm Johnston; reading from "Philosophy of Literature," Stephen Giusta; as a Critic, Hon. W. T. Harris, LL.D.; as a Religious Educator, Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D.D.

* * *

The Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the State Normal School at Trenton, New Jersey, contains much useful information for all engaged in planning courses of study for Reading Circles, as well as for those seeking to know the practical advantages of pedagogy. The following estimate of some of the salient topics discussed in the report has been written, at our request, by Brother Noah, of De La Salle Institute, New York City, where he is now assigned to continue the good work of the late Brother Azarias:

Practical educators in English-speaking countries must feel grateful for the publication of this extremely instructive pamphlet. While it is impossible to agree with all that is presented, there is so much with which all practical teachers can concur, that we are sure we voice the public sentiment in saying that Principal James M. Green has done a genuine service to intermediate and primary schools by the publication of this report.

The directions for studies in English are singularly happy. Exception may be taken to some of the plans of subjects; we can understand the difficulty experienced by teachers in preparing notes of lessons on early English literature. There must be a constant struggle between the desire to present subjects in their full character, while observing the limitations requiring the elimination of religious allusions. Thus we feel quite sure that those who prepared the notes on early English subjects would have made a much more attractive synopsis had they been allowed to bring in a correct statement of the religious principles involved in their study. We are glad to see that Professor Collins's recent suggestions* on the study of Shakspere's plays are conscientiously followed in the development of "Macbeth." The soul of the play is brought out. Mere dates and kindred features are put aside. The series of questions at the close of "Macbeth" deserves special commendation. This presentation is a genuine study, not a mere analysis.

So much has been said recently about best methods in the study of geography; so much of what has been accepted in the past is now condemned, that it is difficult to take a position in which the assumptions of the present and the practice of the past will receive due recognition. Those who have read the "Report of the Committee of Ten" on middle and elementary education, recently published by the United States Bureau of Education, will notice that the New Jersey Normal teachers do not take as advanced ground as the committee. They appear to have adopted a middle course between what the majority report requires and the minority report suggests. We think that Professor Houston will find in the New Jersey report strong backing for the position he has assumed against the programme proposed in the majority report of the Committee of Ten.

Among the good points in this report are the hints on the history of normal education.

If intended as helps in following lectures on the subject, the suggestions on "Antiq uity" of education are in order; but if proposed as directions for the reading up of the subject, we think that they are too general.

"Roman Education" is well devised. The comparison between Grecian culture and Roman utilitarianism as the results of their systems is happy; it grasps the subject at first sight.

The influence of education in determining the position of woman is never lost sight of. In this respect the notes of lessons are in harmony with the practice of the best instructors and writers of history. They are also in line with the lessons of history itself. We think that a closer criticism of Rabelais and Montaigne is desirable. Probably a study of Montaigne's inconsistencies might touch upon the religious ground upon which public-school teachers are not allowed to touch; but we fail to see how a logical study of Montaigne's educational theories can otherwise be intelligently followed. With Rabelais the case is different. It might be well, however, if Rabelais' materialistic views were more fully emphasized. It might explain his ultra-partiality for object lessons.

The mention of La Salle and The Brethren (Brothers?) of the Christian Schools under the heading of Primary Schools, and the exclusion of both from other portions of the history of education, is inaccurate. Those well versed in the history of manual training are aware that La Salle was among the first to give life and form to manual training, to the teaching of object lessons and the intro-

* *The Study of English Literature:* A Plea for its Recognition and Organization at the Universities. By John Churton Collins. Macmillan & Co.

duction of kindred innovations, notably the visiting by pupils and teachers of industrial centres and of public places of interest, such as zoölogical gardens, fairs, etc. Nor can we understand the omission of La Salle's *Management of Schools* and his *Christian Politeness* when the work of other reformers of education are mentioned with such minute exactitude. It is indeed strange to find no mention of the fact that La Salle made some of his young teachers learn carpet-weaving and similar work that was carried on in some of his schools. More prominence should have been given to the treatment of the metric system. Apart from this we think that the notes on arithmetic are excellent. The philosophical view of the subject is well stated. Perhaps alligation might have been placed somewhere in the synoptic table; we have failed to see it. Does it not belong to proportion?

In psychology we have not seen the preliminary studies that prepare the Normal student to discuss this subject intelligently. Nor does an examination of the courses of study in the high-schools of the State of New Jersey furnish the desired information.

Among the best things in the notes of lessons or suggestions of plans of study, the intelligent student will be particularly struck with a feature that does not appear often in the critical analysis of English classics. We refer to the purpose of the selection, the motive of the writer, the character study of the chief actors. The last point is not infrequently found in such critical appreciations, but the other two are not usually emphasized. Yet, without such motive and purpose, the meaning of a selection may be lost.

Much might be said about the lessons furnished in the classical authors. But as these lessons refer to a class of subjects that will be followed by very few pupils who will come under the direction of the ordinary public-school teacher, they may be passed over. It must be said, however, that these studies are among the best in the report. As indications for essays on the great classics they are excellent. Teachers of English composition who desire to discuss any of the leading classical authors will here find ample material for direction and reference. This is particularly true of the studies embraced in the discussion of the leading features of the works of Virgil and Cicero.

The various lessons in United States history are of special value. We are particularly pleased with the study of words suggested in these lessons. There is also an appeal to the pupil to do original thinking. The causes of political events likewise hold a prominent place in these notes. The results of great political upheavals are also brought into prominence. Of unusual interest is the calm and impartial way in which the notes state the circumstances that brought about the Confederate War. The same holds true of the account given of the master movements of this momentous struggle.

We have barely noticed a few of the salient features of this excellent report, omitting many that deeply interest us. But we are quite certain that any teacher who will take the trouble, or rather allow himself the pleasure, of examining this pamphlet as we have done, will feel that the young teachers in the New Jersey Normal School are taught on sound pedagogic lines. We may also be allowed to express the hope that within the near future our State Normal Schools elsewhere will present such practical evidences of well-digested school-work as we find in this Thirty-ninth Annual Report. In no other publication of its kind, within our memory, for the last twenty years, has a more practical publication been issued. If you are a teacher, and have not secured a copy, write and get one while any may be left for distribution.

LOUIS FIFTEENTH. (*See page* 608.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LIX. AUGUST, 1894. No. 353.

MY STRUGGLE TOWARD THE LIGHT.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

MY OWN conversion *toward* the Catholic Faith began some twenty years ago, when, at the age of twelve, Almighty God became an actuality to me, and vague, unutterable yearnings filled my soul.

But it was not until July of last year that, having at one swift stroke cut myself loose from the associations of my whole previous life, I addressed myself to the practical question of seeking admission to the Church of God.

Surely, it will be surmised, the barriers to belief must in my case have been well-nigh insurmountable; there must have been some very obdurate form of prejudice, or circumstances, of peculiarly impenetrable Protestantism. Not at all. What are the facts?

My mother—may her soul rest in Christ!—was a Catholic. My baptism was in the venerable Catholic cathedral of Santiago de Cuba. My earliest associations, while almost at once becoming Protestant (through unavoidable circumstances), were

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never such as to create or foster any prejudice in my child mind against my mother's religion.

On the contrary, I have distinct recollection of rosaries, medals, and holy pictures in our home—especially of the many splendid *Madonnas* which hung in the room adjoining my mother's, which was where whatever child was ailing always slept.

In addition to these purely external facts was the, of course, infinitely more important one of my own natural tendency to dwell (sometimes abnormally) upon the supernatural, the sacramental, the mystical, the old.

At twelve or thirteen years of age I would have certainly become a Catholic—perhaps eventually a priest—had not the influence of those who lovingly were caring for me tended so strongly in the opposite direction.

My parents had both died. I was at school in Baltimore. It was that critical and most pathetic hour with me when a boy wakes to find himself a mystery set in the midst of mystery. At that hour, then, God rose like a morning into my conscious life.

How well I remember the instinctive way in which immediately I turned to the as yet indefinite, but none the less unspeakably alluring, explanation of life which the Catholic Church seemed to promise me!

I used to steal into the great dim churches clandestinely. The tabernacle with its Awful Presence was my home, my refuge. The old cathedral; the quaint old palace of the archbishop; the high-walled gardens of the Sulpician Seminary, into whose quiet shades I used to peer so furtively through a little postern-gate—all this comes back to me to-day, and I am sure that, like the child in Wordsworth's greatest sonnet, I lay

> " . . . in Abraham's bosom all the year,
> GOD being with me, tho' we knew it not."

And yet twenty long years were destined to intervene between that boy's first surreptitious, longing looks through the little gate and his final admission into the peace within, by one of the good fathers in the great Oratory at Brompton far away.

Obstacles there are, God knows—innumerable, subtle, unclassifiable, peculiar to each soul—which must be dealt with every time *de novo*, specially. But at the same time it is en-

tirely possible to study, possibly to formulate, the general question of the reception and rejection of the truth by men.

How to present this truth to those who hold it not is rapidly becoming the church's vital problem. A father of the community of St. Paul the Apostle has very recently begun the simplest sort of work in this direction, by nothing more nor less than doing what any one must do who would dispose of anything worth having—namely, by simply going about from place to place where men and women live, and *telling* them about it.

And, then, there is on every hand a wide-spread interest springing up, quite frequently absurd enough and nothing more than the result of mere newspaper "scare"; but howsoever brought about, so it be *interest*, it must result in the discussion of the church's aims, and end in the diffusion of some knowledge.

In view of these conditions, it is entirely natural to find the writers from the church's view-point studying the underlying question of the *existing obstacles* (not the theoretical ones which "should exist") to the acceptance by our fifty million fellow-citizens of the old truth.

As a humble contribution to this study I gladly accede to the request of the Reverend the Editor of The Catholic World, that I write what I deem to be a few of the true obstacles which have barred the way to light in my own case and which I know to be effectual for evil in the lives of others.

First of all, then, I venture to deny that to any very numerous class of minds a chief, or even an appreciable, barrier lies in the large demand which the Catholic religion makes upon faith regarded as an elemental function or factor of the soul.

On the contrary, I believe that to-day the mightiest influence of the church is just her sublime up-lift into the supernatural; precisely as the manifest weakness which threatens the Protestant doctrinal systems with disintegration is that spirit of "rationalism" (?) which would reduce revelation to a deduction from material data, and find in chemistry a quite sufficient explanation for the whole emotional and intellectual phenomena of the human soul.

But, while the critics are exploding one after another the sublime explanations and profound solaces afforded by the revealed truth, men go on loving, and suffering, and hoping, and

sinning, and striving, and will stretch eager hands as of old for the faith, so it be preached *as of old.*

Not many are kept out of the church by reason of the number or the nature of the things which they would be required to *believe.*

Again, one who has had to deal with the spiritual problems of earnest men and women cannot fully agree with some Catholic writers who hold that the doctrinal systems of our friends in the various denominations operate against the acceptance of the church's dogmas.

Quite the reverse. In the first place, not one layman in a thousand among them knows or cares about those original departures from Catholic theology which crystallized into the several Protestant systems, and for which their stout old forefathers fought tooth and nail in the good old times when your very costermonger was ready to prove

> " . . . his doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks!"

In these days the average man carries not enough *doctrine* of any sort about him to make much difference one way or the other.

Indeed, where there is specific doctrinal disturbance among the denominations it now generally transpires that the "movement," of whatever kind, has resulted in some distinct advance —or is it retreat?—in a Catholic direction!

Nor is reference intended here to the "Oxford movement" among the Episcopalians, which, of course, is essentially and explicitly Catholic. I mean here to point out such evidences of a retrograde tendency which the very "rationalizing" movements in the Presbyterian and other churches afford.

The movements resemble riots, it is true; but when the smoke and dust clear away it takes no very keen eye to discover that the very "arch-heretic" of the moment has unearthed before his bewildered co-religionists some jewel of the old and buried faith.

Not to dwell too long at this point, look merely at the Catholic doctrines of "prayers for the dead," and of a purgatorial preparation of the soul after death, which truths have become widely known and generally accepted since the recent turmoil caused by the "new-fangled" teachings of a well-known Presbyterian divine.

It would seem, therefore, that Catholic truth is not now confronted, in the minds of average American laymen, by any inimical formulation of contrary doctrines.

The gist of the matter may be put into the brief question which is implied in the common attitude of men around us, namely: "Why *should* I become a Catholic?"

It will be observed that this carries the question over from a negative philosophy (as was Protestantism originally) to a positive; and that it throws the burden of proof upon the shoulders of the Catholic missionary—where it was in the beginning and is likely to remain while he continues to be a *missionary*.

A moment's reflection will show the immense meaning of this change of front on the part of the enemy—our friends.

Who, indeed, can measure all that is implied in the fact that, for the first time in history—and this, too, in a field like America—the church finds herself more the object of indifference than of organized and bitter opposition?

The steps from ignorant indifference to receptivity, and from receptivity to inquiry, and from inquiry to acceptance, are indeed long ones and perhaps still in the distant future; but who will deny that the longest step, namely, that from prejudice, has been taken?

Outside of discredited organizations like the hysterical A. P. A., it is now not easy to find people who indulge in the old "Know-nothing" phrases.

No; beyond the implied question, "Why should I?" your average American of to-day would have no very radical objection to entering the church himself.

To the Catholic, of course, such a flippant and naïve question seems to verge upon blasphemy; it grates as did the questions of the Jews: "Is not this the carpenter?" "Have any of the *rulers* believed on him?" "Let us hear; what does this fellow say?" But it was upon the answer which the apostles had to give to just such questions that, let us remember, their success rested, humanly considered.

Here, in the midst of our American life, so commercial, so animal, so sensible, so strong, and so lovable withal, is a society —one of a dozen or more—calling itself the church. It is apparently largely made up of foreigners. It is called bad names by the pulpit and the (fossil remains found in the) press. Historians (?—but still called the "standard") prove this society to have worked all manner of evil.

The magazine oracles say that it is behind the times, un-

American, opposed to science and freedom; that it forbids the reading of Holy Scripture; encourages false, sneaking, underhand ways; has funny, mysterious services, which nobody understands; and glories generally in mummery, mediævalism, and —dirt!

If *that* is the conception which our fellow-citizen has—if, in fact, it is just that which he means when he asks, "Why should I be a Catholic?"—then it would seem the part of wisdom, no less than of that divine prudence which should characterize our effort, to face the facts without any the least touch of "touchiness"—provided always that what we really are after is to overcome the *real, specific* obstacles which lie before this actual man, here and now.

I am emphatic. I have reason to be. More than one very serious effort was made to remove from my own mind *objections that were not there*—objections, in fact, which I had never heard of until told of them by my zealous Catholic friends!

One little treatise sent me is a complete catena of objections raised against the truth by the keenest of all the non-Catholic writers. The treatise, of course, demolishes every one of them, but incidentally it supplies the would-be convert with such a string of sophistical objections as must delay, if not prevent, his conversion!

Between ourselves, the human heart is tired and adrift and faithless. The simplest telling of the *fact* that Jesus Christ is tabernacled among us will suffice. He, being lifted up, will draw men to himself.

My experience as an Episcopalian ritualistic "priest" leads me to the positive conviction that souls may remain in a condition of unrest (and this, moreover, with strong Catholic devotion) without one thought of the Catholic Church as a possible refuge.

The "Greek Church," of which Anglicans talk so much and know so little, notwithstanding its distance from us, its orientalism, and its unadaptability, does sometimes flit across the mind as a possible refuge (in theory) from the Episcopal Babel; but to the glorious Western Church of Rome, with all her superb healthiness of growth, and her American success and practicality, thousands of minds never turn.

They are absolutely in ignorance of the church—an ignorance which the good parish priest who has no time to do more than look after his people, and who never did any seeking-out, has no right to call "*invincible*."

To a layman it does seem that the times are ripe for the ministrations of "preaching friars," who, not being absorbed by the business of building churches and schools, and not being taken up with looking after the Catholics who come pouring into our ports, shall go out into "the market-place" (which in plain "American" means Cooper Union, or any kind of place that is *not* a church) and preach.

But within the number of our friends, the Episcopalians, there is a very small number of intelligent students of ecclesiastical history well versed in Catholic dogma, and withal devout and earnest souls who do what is far better than merely imitate Catholic ritual, and that is, lead lives of self-sacrifice in the maintenance and propagation of the principles of Catholic living.

It must remain among my own inestimable privileges that for so many years I was thrown among men, lay and cleric, who, for the faith that was in them, manfully opposed the irreverence, the Erastianism, the coldness of Protestant Episcopalianism, restoring Catholic practices, Catholic zeal, Catholic self-denial—not infrequently in the face of every dictate of selfish prudence, and at the risk of earthly loss and contumely.

To these men "Rome" is neither the *terra incognita* nor the "Scarlet Woman" which she is to the vulgar and ignorant Protestant.

No; secretly, and sometimes openly, Rome is a source of comfort and of reassurance to these good men at moments of unusual uneasiness, as when some blatant heretic is made a bishop, or when some wealthy senior warden brow-beats a bishop into suppressing a zealous priest.

The changeless Faith—the imperishable security of Rome, are comforting thoughts at such times.

Here and there some dried-up doctrinaire, some little clique of "Miss Nancy" theorizers, gets up new anti-Catholic grounds—like the little "school" of divines that recently discovered that the XXXIX. Articles are not anti-Roman at all, and that therefore the twinges of conscience experienced by ritualists because of them were wholly unnecessary!

This is delicious to one who, like the writer, can remember his own seminary days upon which those same blessed Articles—"the forty stripes save one," as we irreverently styled them—cast such a shadow of anxious questioning and heart-sinking!

But the great body of "Anglo-Catholics" are at bottom so disgusted by the state of affairs outside of Rome that they

are generally anxious *not to believe* what they hear are the sins and failings of "Rome."

Given a "rotten Rome," and where is there on earth a church keeping the faith, they ask themselves.

In one parish where I was invited to preach, the clergy told me that it was their rule never to have anything said against Rome in their pulpit. I conformed!

One hears that ritualists are the last people to become converts; but nine out of ten converts from Episcopalianism were ritualists. And what more natural? They know more about the truth: the time comes when the absurd inconsistency of their position dawns upon them; their quibble of "Catholic, not Roman Catholic," shrivels up under the burning rays of divine truth; and like a child coming home, they slip into their place in the Eternal Father's Family.

In conclusion, it may be said, therefore, that *two* conditions confront the church: 1. A wide-spread ignorance that is not only not "*invincible*," but that is not even sufficiently interested to "fight back" at all; 2. An ever-deepening knowledge of Catholic Truth deterred by the flimsiest theories from confessing its own inconsistency and a return to the Mother.

It is not for us to even indicate the remedy. To this, as to all questions, the church, "mighty as an army with banners," will address herself. "GOD is in the midst of her; . . . GOD shall help her, and that right early."

IN A CITY OF THE CLOUDS.

By F. M. Edselas.

The Land of Pizarro and the Incas.

AREQUIPA, PERU.

AND so I am really here, some eight thousand or ten thousand feet nearer the sky than when in San Francisco, less than a year ago. They tell me I'm fast becoming a Peruvian—*ergo*, a Spaniard. That may be, as I'm blest with a more elastic nature than many others. You know there are some things—and people too—that never fit into any mould except the individual one in which they were first cast. However, this hardly seems the best way to get along with people and circumstances, so often at swords' points. Verily, I believe it best to be like the Frenchman, whose first idea of the English language was caught from our familiar expression—*All right.* Hearing it at every turn, he concluded the Americans must be the most affable and agreeable people in the world; whereupon he at once adopted *All right* as his watchword, and passport as well, for life. It proved such an *open sesame* to all hearts and homes that I resolved "to go and do likewise," and indeed it has helped me through many a mishap in my new life.

But how did all this come about? The whole thing seems like a dream, or the work of some fairy goddess. Yet, no, there's too much hard reality about it for anything of that kind. Here are the solid facts.

The traditional wolf, that now more than ever is making tracks through our own and other lands, had never even cast his shadow over our prosperous home; but in the dawn of the '90s he came in the train of sickness and business depressions, clamoring loudly at the door for admittance. Forcing an entrance, he remained long enough to sap all resources for the needs of father, mother, and eight children. Facing the inevitable, a family council was held, which resulted in taking the three eldest from school, as a relief corps for father and mother helpless on beds of suffering.

But good fortune—nay, rather kind Providence—came to our rescue. The message of our trouble had crossed the continent, reaching the ears, and better still, the hearts and pocket of Aunt Prue and Uncle Nolos. The latter was the head and moving spirit of a scientific expedition stationed for a time in Peru. A return despatch from headquarters at one of our leading Eastern colleges, where my uncle and aunt with their son were summering by way of furlough, gave promise of prompt relief, followed by a letter brimful of loving sympathy, emphasized by a substantial bank check. And, best of all to me, was the offer of taking entire charge of *Paul, the eldest*, as I had a fashion of dubbing myself, by way of identification, as my sister Paula with some half-dozen cousins, more or less, rejoicing in the names of Pauline, Paulus, Paulette, and sundry other variations of the original, might otherwise have become merged into my personality, or even worse, I into theirs.

"Send him at once," so the letter ran, "to Panama in time to meet us there for the steamer sailing February 9."

The joyous news seemed past belief; but soon realizing facts, *materfamilias*, with even more than her usual share of woman's tact, rallied strength sufficient to make the needed wardrobe presentable, and on the memorable January 25, 1893, I, Master Paul, spite of a big lump in my throat, said the final good-by, and was soon afloat, steaming out of the Golden Gate. No shipwrecks, or land or water sharks, marred our two weeks' trip to Panama.

CATCHING A DEVIL-FISH.

The only incident worth noting was the sighting of an octopus, or devil-fish, as it is usually called. Such a specimen was not to be missed, if *catchable*. One of the ship's crew, an old salt, having already made the acquaintance of these terrible cuttle-fish, was allowed to go with two or three others in search of the game. A boat being lowered with the needed tackle, I carefully watched proceedings from the ship's prow. Being at the entrance of Panama Bay, the boat headed towards a line of rocks, where the octopus often watches for prey. A headless barrel is fastened to the bottom of the boat, so as to sink while upright half way in the water. One of the sailors, then looking down in the barrel, can see distinctly whatever is beneath. Soon the signal came that an octopus had been sighted. By means of a pulley, through which a sounding-line was passed, having a large piece of white ducking at the end,

the fish was soon attracted simply by moving the cloth, which it took for a bait, catching it fiercely with those long, terrible arms, which was all the sailors wanted, for at once they grappled the rope with all their strength, hauling in hand-over-hand the devil-fish dangling at the end. You need not fear that he will drop off, for once he has seized an object, he would sooner submit to the loss of his arms than yield the prey. "To make assurance doubly sure," long sticks and hooks were held out, which he readily grasped, and is soon squirming on deck, but quickly despatched with a few strokes of the axe.

This specimen was less than medium size, measuring about six feet from head to tail, and twenty from tip to tip of tentacles; yet this was more than I would care to face in its native element. You would say it was well named had you seen those terrible, staring eyes rolling round, big as young saucers, and looking as if the evil one himself were behind them. The hooked jaws, similar to those of an eagle, only ever so much larger, increase still more and more your fear, making the blood chill and hair stand on end. The eight long, jointed arms, squirming in all directions for the prey that is doomed if once caught, are furnished with rows of suction-discs that give the creature its death-grip, sure and certain.

Knowing such an opportunity would not probably be mine again, I studied the monster well, making a sketch which, with some shots of the camera, is carefully preserved.

Two days later we entered Panama harbor, February 10, just in time to see another steamer bear away Uncle Nolos and his party as we cast anchor. So there I was adrift, well-nigh stranded; but remembering that Garfield says: "Nothing better can happen to a young man than to be thrown overboard and made to battle with waves and currents till he makes his own safe harbor," I took heart and, looking upon myself as one of these fortunate individuals, determined to turn my "seeming ill into good," and await patiently for the next steamer, due a week later.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL.

Going ashore in a boat and looking around for quarters, found all I needed at the *Gran Hotel Central*, opposite the plaza and cathedral. The captain of our steamer kindly gave me a note of introduction to Mr. Adamson, the American consul. On my way to the consulate, all at once I recalled the promise my father had asked of me on leaving home, which

included three important things: that I would never contract a debt; would not play the dude; and consequently remember that, being the son of a gentleman, I would never be anything else, whether I stood in overalls and brogans, or in broadcloth and kid boots.

Though determined now to redeem my promise, I had some misgivings as to the reception such a dignitary as a consul would grant—perhaps take me for a tramp or something worse, even though armed with the captain's note. But far otherwise, for Mr. Adamson received me most kindly, showed many attentions, with a free invitation to the consulate at any time. On my second visit I asked so many questions about Panama and the Canal—that was to be—suppose he hadn't time to answer them all, so turned me over to his secretary's brother, a lad about my own age of sixteen years. He proved very chummy, and together we rambled over the town or city, whichever it may be, a half-and-half sort of a place, that looks as if it wanted to and couldn't. Rather think the canal business has done the mischief. Lesseps was, of course, a great engineer, else Suez wouldn't be Suez to-day, but he wasn't so smart that others couldn't beat him in a trade; he knew more about planning a canal than keeping track of the funds to run it.

Going to the Panama side of the works, there were immense piles of tremendous machinery, all rusting and going to waste. If those who thus stole the future nest-eggs of the poor could be made to work until they had paid back every cent, there would be a little hope for the losers; but somehow lawyers and jailers do not work on that plan. But if I "live and do well," as grandfather says, I will try to right some of these terrible wrongs. We also visited the great cemetery, where are thousands of mounds with no headstones to identify them. So many workmen on the canal died of yellow-fever that little care could be given them. Too often the uncoffined body was thrown into a shallow trench, while a little quick-lime completed the work.

My week's delay at Panama proved a pleasant mishap, and with another lump, somewhat smaller than the other, rising in my larynx, I waved adieus to my good friends from the deck of the Chilian Company's steamship *Mapocha*, on Friday, February 17, being registered for Mollendo, the nearest port to Arequipa. It hardly paid to go ashore at the small places where we stopped now and then, each being typical of all the

rest. Banks, business houses, hotels, and everything, seemed stricken with paralysis. As the Italians say, there is nothing more injurious to health, and more beneficial to sickness, than perspiration; it may have been fear of the former that caused the spring-fever to pervade these sleepy towns and villages. At all events, it would be hard to tell what kept life in any of them.

CALLAO.

At length we steamed into Callao, the seaport of Lima, and of Peru as well. Three days' delay gave time for a glimpse of the city and harbor, both very fine. Took a train for the capital seven miles distant, where I had the good fortune to meet Professor Schaberle, of the Lick Observatory. He was on his way to Carazel Bajo, in Chili, to make observations on the eclipse of the sun. Knowing of my Uncle Nolos, and learning my destination, he was more than kind, and together we took in Lima, visiting among other places an old convent which covered two or three blocks. A gray-haired porter quite unwillingly did the honors, but the place seemed rather gloomy than attractive. Making our visit as brief as possible, we took a tramway to the end of the line. As it was fair-time, went to the *Gran Palace Exposicion*, which indeed was grand but in name. Some mummies and skulls from Pacha and Carnac were the only things worth a look.

The heat was so great we were glad again to catch the cool breezes of Callao. After supper, went around the port with the captain; but here again were traces of that spring-fever seemingly chronic with all tropical people. Went into a shop for some fruit, so fine that even 'Frisco can't beat it, but it must have been half an hour before our little order was filled. They haggled about the price, then couldn't make the change; but why, didn't know till the head man came to the rescue and counted out the few cents due us.

ON THE ROAD TO AREQUIPA.

Wednesday, March 1, found us *en route* for Mollendo, where three days later I went ashore in a small boat, got my baggage checked and a ticket for Arequipa, leaving on the 11 A.M. train for the terminus of my journey. The change was delightful from a five weeks' sail to the rushing train, with only a few hours between me and my dear friends.

If I could only picture right here the charming views that

doubly paid me for the monotony of the late sea voyage, each one constantly changing for another still more wonderful; but a few pen-strokes must answer for the artist's brush. Our train skirted the shore for some five or six miles; then, turning sharply to the left, we ran through mountain gorges and over cañons that almost took away my breath as I thought of the fearful risks taken to make that railway possible. I had the best of chances to see everything, for becoming acquainted with the engineer, as we stopped at a station, he invited me to ride with him on the engine. This was all I wanted. Fortunately for me he was an Englishman, for I had not yet learned to speak Spanish.

After climbing the mountains for an hour, we came to a barren plain forty miles long and covered with sand dunes, or mounds, thrown up by the wind—a curious sight indeed. The train moved slowly for a train, giving us three hours to cross the plain. Then came more mountains and still grander scenery. From our dizzy height we looked down hundreds of feet upon a river that seemed only a winding silver thread. Rocks were piled upon rocks, mountains capped by still higher elevations, rippling, babbling streamlets dancing in mad frolic over rock-ribbed cañons; then here and there, in rich profusion, were some of our rarest flowers, roses, lupins, heliotropes, and fuchsias massed in artistic beauty that only nature, the great landscape-gardener, can match; and over all the soft, hazy atmosphere served as the daintiest, most delicate veiling; thus were added the last touches to a picture that I have recalled a hundred times since. Passing through tunnels, we ran up an elevation of ten thousand feet, then descended to a beautiful green valley, glistening like a rare emerald gem; then, after another hour's run, our train pulled up before the station at 6:30, and I was in Arequipa, greeted by a welcome from Uncle Nolos and friends that will never be forgotten.

Boarding a tram-car for another Gran Hotel Central, I soon met Aunt Prue, looking just as when she left us five years before in California. Chatting about home friends, and taking a supper that, I fear, shocked all at table, filled up the time until I was glad to turn in for the night.

Those in charge of the observatory not having yet vacated their quarters, we remained at the hotel for a month. This gave me an opportunity to go around the city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Certainly it must be the most religious town in South America, for it numbers thirty churches besides

the grand cathedral, covering a square and situated at one end of the plaza. The interior is magnificent. The altar alone is valued at $50,000, and no wonder, being of the finest marble inlaid with gold and silver; the pulpit is another gem of art, worth about $30,000; while the whole structure represents an outlay of at least $5,000,000.

A GREAT PROCESSION.

The procession on Good Friday differed from any I had ever seen. The Peruvians, once so advanced in art and science, judging by the wonderful ruins of ancient cities, now, with few exceptions, seem to have the shell of civilization hardly cracked, hence their queer fancies in religious matters and other things as well.

The signal for the procession was given by a boy rattling pieces of iron fastened to a board, as, of course, no bells are heard until the *Sanctus* on Holy Saturday. We all hastened to the balcony to view a scene never witnessed in the United States.

Three priests, vested, were at the head, followed by men bearing on their shoulders a heavy cross with the inscription I. N. R. I. On either side were little children in gay costumes, with unlighted candles. Between each division were marshals and men with green candles for distribution. Following the first division came twelve men bearing an image of our Saviour. I think eleven would have been better, since Judas could not then be one of the disciples. Ladies, robed in black, formed the guard of honor, and scattered rose-leaves on the way. Masters of ceremonies, in fine gold-laced clothes, closed this division. Lines of men on one side and ladies on the other, bearing lighted candles, attended another figure of our Lord on a glass bier, borne by two officers of the army and twelve soldiers in full uniform, with arms reversed. Then came twelve of the most prominent citizens of Arequipa, in full-dress suits; they were the city officials, prefect, judges, and senators. Showers of roses were scattered over the figure of Christ, and as they passed the houses of the better class baskets of the most beautiful flowers, on the ends of long poles, were emptied over the streets in honor of the Crucified. A bishop or archbishop must have led the next division. He walked under a canopy, borne by four men and attended by twelve religious fathers in their sandals and coarse habits. Following were twenty little girls in blue, with blue candles, and ladies dressed in black,

burning incense and scattering roses; these preceded the figure of our Blessed Lady in a magnificent robe of white lace and velvet; twenty men bore the platform on which she stood. A military band and regiment of soldiers, with arms reversed, closed this procession that had been three hours in passing our hotel.

Turning away I said to myself, We, in the United States, may have more civilization, and the Peruvians more religion in their hearts; but which is better? *Both*—yes, *both*, was my conclusion. Is it not yours, my reader?

THE GREAT OBSERVATORY OF THE ANDES.

About the middle of April we left our hotel for the observatory, which, with other buildings, is all we could ask. No finer location can be found in or around Arequipa. It is three miles from the city, at an elevation of 8,000 feet. But between us lies Carmen Alto, a little village of adobe huts with straw roofs. The people are of the lower class, called Cholos; they use for food picante, a native dish of Chili peppers and corn, with potatoes and a piece of the guinea pig. One taste was one too many for me; the inner man must be macadamized before I try another such scorching. Chica, which they drink as freely as water, is a concoction of maize, water, and other things, and reminds one of apple cider.

The floors of these adobe huts are of mother earth, beaten as hard as a rock, the inmates being all on the best of terms. They include, besides father, mother, and children, dogs, chickens, and pigs in one and the same hut.

But come up to our quarters, the nicest, largest, and the only two-story house in Arequipa. The balcony, fifteen feet wide, gives a fine view of our three grand mountains, as well as of the city and surrounding country. We have twelve rooms, equally divided between the two stories. On the first floor are the parlor, dining-room, two bed-rooms, kitchen, and store-room. Five bed-rooms, with a living-room, complete the second tier. My "watch-tower" opens on the balcony and is the brightest of all rooms. Three windows give entrance to the sun: he says good-morning from one, good-night from another, and blazes away at noon through the southern outlook. Several of the rooms can be darkened during the day for astronomical work. The observatory and companion buildings have five telescopes and a laboratory.

The largest instrument is a 13-inch refractor with a tube 15

feet long; then come the 8, 5, 2½-inch and a reflector, the mirror measuring 20 inches in diameter. In January a 25-inch will be sent down, giving us more work. To be sure I'm not yet a full-fledged astronomer, not quite another Herschel or modern Burnham; but during my ten months' stay have aided in more than one observation. The work done here is mostly at night, of course, and is chiefly photographic.

Had I space I could tell many interesting facts connected with our study of the heavens. The assistants are on watch alternately; the first ending at 1:30 A.M., the second at six o'clock. I do all the developing and copying records of the plates; also fill an assistant's place when he is off duty.

The instruments for meteorological work are in charge of one assistant.

THE GIANTS OF THE ANDES.

We are surrounded by three of the loftiest mountains in Peru. Chacani, the highest, is more than twenty thousand feet above sea-level. El Misti, an active volcano, shoots upward nineteen thousand two hundred feet. The Pichu-Pichu almost catches up with it, rising more than eighteen thousand feet. On the summit of El Misti Uncle Nolos has set up a meteorological station, which to-day is the highest in the world. He put more brain-work into the plan than most architects in building a fine house. He and his brother first made a "round trip" of the mountain, taking views from different points, to see where a path could best be opened to the summit, for the ground was "but in the rough." Yet this did not hinder my uncle, for a path had to be cut; and when he makes up his mind to do anything, it is as good as done. I've proved this more than once, but personalities are not always agreeable or proper; yet, however close he makes his presence felt, I wouldn't change him for any other man living, except my father.

Well, after studying his plans for two or three days, he decided to build a hut for observation at the top of a long ridge looking upward sixteen thousand feet. It was on the opposite side of the mountain, thirty-five miles from our observatory.

Men were detailed for the work, and a week later uncle said he would see what progress had been made, and took me as a companion. We left on Friday, September 22, and with our ponies and pack-mules made quite a stretch by nightfall, reaching *Tambo el Agua de los Milagros*, or Tambo the miracle-water, where wonderful cures have been effected. Here we

halted for the night. The next day went up to the hut and found it but half done. Uncle wanted to go still higher, and taking two men, who opened a path before us, we followed on our sure-footed mules until about seventeen thousand feet above sea-level; then returned home. After three days' rest we made another attempt, taking six men, and reached an elevation of eighteen thousand feet. But here they stuck, and *struck* too, refusing to go another inch; by dint of coaxing and the offer of his lunch, with a bonus of two dollars, if they would take us to the edge of the crater, uncle moved their *hearts* and *spades*, and onward we went until stopped by a lava flow two hundred feet from the summit of El Misti. Here again the men halted, and as they would not advance, even with all our promises, we left our mules and climbed to the summit.

Having never been near a crater before, I expected, as this was extinct, to walk directly in and take possession; but looking down the deep cavern found the bottom three hundred feet below us, and of course gave up the attempt. The walls were almost perpendicular, and the chasm filled with sulphur. We could see only the southern wall of the new crater through the eastern and western entrances. Looking at the frightful abyss for a half hour, we descended; but not yet satisfied, since a still higher point remained to be scaled. After a day's rest we made another venture, leaving our quarters about 4 o'clock A.M.; suffered much from cold until we reached the hut, when the sunshine gave all the heat we needed.

After a short rest there we were once more on our upward course, until stopped by the lava flow. Prospecting a little, we soon found a passage, and rallying forces, in spite of continued protests from the men, we soon made the two hundred feet remaining, and were at last really on the top of El Misti. Besides wishing to reach this point, we had in view an iron cross capping the mountain, erected there by some priests more than two hundred years ago.

The men were as delighted as ourselves, and by way of congratulation embraced Uncle Nolos and myself.

We all saluted the venerable cross, raising our hats and kissing the base and arms.

Standing there I tried to recall some of the great events that had happened throughout the world since that sacred cross was first planted. But there was little time for even such thoughts, although they have often come to me since then.

As a signal to our friends at home, uncle flashed the obser-

vatory with a mirror, which was soon answered by returning flashes, so that we knew all was right. While thus engaged I saw the men dig a hole, into which they put a little coca, used for tobacco by the Peruvians, and some wine. They said it was for their comrades who might come there and die; then they would have something to chew, as the coca gives wonderful strength to those thus using it.

IN THE CRATER OF A VOLCANO.

Sending down some of the men with the mules, we kept four to aid us in descending the steep slope of the crater, through which we decided to walk.

Uncle Nolos is the only man who has been able to take mules to this height of nineteen thousand two hundred feet without killing them. Of course we stopped now and then, as they were often short of breath like ourselves, the air being very thin at such an elevation.

We went down very cautiously, as one little slip would have proved fatal; but made it in safety, and entered the western opening of the crater, then climbed a high wall of volcanic sand or ash, which proved the most tiresome part of our trip. Coming to the edge of the new crater was as far as we cared to go, frightened at the fearful sight before us. Looking down, down into the fathomless abyss, from a mass of burning sulphur roaring and hissing fumes poured up, so stifling we were glad to keep at a respectful distance. From blow-holes, or vents, as uncle called them, all around the steep walls, hot, thick vapor also steamed up, adding to the terrible effect. After looking well at El Misti thus taking his smoke, we walked around to the eastern edge, making the descent in a half hour that had required five for the ascent. While looking down the crater I was about to sound the bottom, if any there was, with a stone, but our guide checked me. "Oh, don't!" he said, "for if the stone falls in we will never get home alive." These Indians have so many queer superstitions.

On our next trip Uncle Nolos took two assistants, with a shelter for the instruments; also a portable house in case of storms, so that the whole observatory and inmates may be well sheltered. He looks about for every one's comfort except his own. As he believes in giving every fellow, who will take it, a chance, I've been made observer of the station on El Misti; another reason may be that the other assistants are subject to *sorchi*, or mountain-fever, which doesn't touch me.

I go up the mountain every ten days; am allowed five for the round trip, but as I can make it in three, thus have two for a "lay-off." My salary has also been raised—an item not to be overlooked. Our instruments at this station are all self-registering, so that I can easily transfer the records, already waiting for me, at every trip. They prove more reliable and trustworthy than people in general. These include a barograph, thermograph, hygrometer, which severally measure the pressure, heat, and moisture of the air; also an anemometer to record the wind's velocity. The mercurial instruments are a standard thermometer, a wet bulb, a minimum and a maximum, the names indicating their uses. When at the observatory I like to test the accuracy of our chronometer by noting the record it makes of some star, at the exact instant it crosses the meridian, then compare that with the time, given in our catalogue of stars to the hundredth part of a second, which will of course be the true time of passage; the least variation will then reflect upon the clock. I don't believe there is any better way to learn what real accuracy means.

Although very busy with scientific work, we find time for pleasant strolls around the city and vicinity, often coming to places of historic interest. There are ruins in all directions far and near; churches dating back two and three hundred years, yet still used, proving the solidity of the work done. The great earthquake of 1868 destroyed the fine church of San Augustin. Cayma, the second town settled by the Spaniards, still preserves a very old church. Arches around the plaza bear the date 1604. But that at Chignate, nine miles from Arequipa, dates back 350 years.

AMONGST A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

Nearly every saint's festa is faithfully kept by these devout people, judging by the many celebrations in their honor. Poor as many of them must be, they manage to give their mite for the church, showing how great the influence of religion.

Instead of making my last regular trip to the station on El Misti, Uncle Nolos went with a gentleman from the city, and a priest who wished to offer the Holy Sacrifice on that highest point, which had never been done before. They reached the summit at noon. Low Mass was said at once, a lantern taking the place of candles. Uncle photographed the scene. Returning to our quarters, the good father blessed the buildings and ourselves also.

Although this is your winter in the States, it is summer with us, and more cloudy than in our winter, which of course interferes with observations.

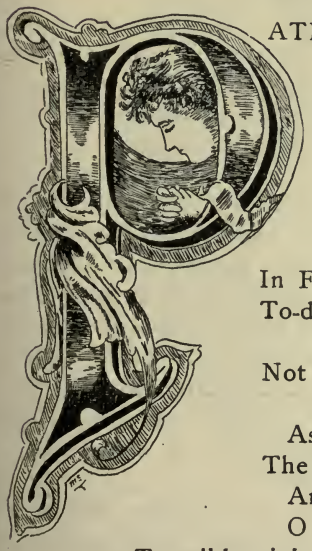
I do not often notice a lady's dress, but that of the Spanish donnas caught my eye, it is so very graceful. They wear black lace or silk mantuas, covering head and shoulders, making them convenient as well as becoming, since ladies are not allowed to wear hats in church.

Besides regular duties, am busy with my studies, hoping to enter Harvard or California University in a year or two. Shall try to have two or three strings to my *education bow;* then if one breaks, can take another. My present routine of duties is certainly the best preparation for the battle of life, which uncle says I will have to fight for myself before very long.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Aug., 1891.–Aug., 1894.



PATRIOT and Poet! Martyr! Exile
From out a land that should have owned thee king;
Disciple of thy Lord in suffering.
Like Him, a ransom paid, that thy green isle
Might burst its bondage chains, and live to smile
In Freedom's sunlight. Sadly we do bring
To-day the shamrock's drooping leaf, and sing—
Not as of yore, when thou wert here the while,
As knight and leader of the Muses' choir;
The harp of Erin plays sad discords now,
And we, too, chant a requiem for thee.
O Jubilate! Nay, we'll tune the lyre
To wild rejoicing, and to Wisdom bow!
No fetters bind thy soul on either sea!

GRACE LE BARON.

Madame de Sévigné.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ AS A WOMAN AND MOTHER.

By Agnes Stuart Bailey.

AMONG the famous personages who made the court of Louis XIV. unique in history, none has a more interesting personality than Madame de Sévigné. She is the one woman whose name comes down linked with those of the most celebrated men of the seventeenth century. And what a century it was! It produced the Academy under Richelieu, the first French opera, the first newspaper; it saw the regulation of the postal service, the building of Versailles, and a great advance in all the arts. It was an age of unrivalled literary activity.

When the century had completed its first quarter Marie de Rabutin, the queen of letter-writers, was born. She was early noted for her graces both of mind and form, and was sought in marriage by many of the distinguished men of her time. At the age of eighteen she married Henry, Marquis de Sévigné,

but enjoyed only seven years of married life, her husband having been killed in a duel in 1651. All the advantages that are derived from an elevated position at court were hers, both her father and her husband having been men of prominence. Her own brilliant gifts and charm brought to her feet men eminent in politics and literature, but she sacrificed all personal advantages in order to devote herself to her children. Much as she loved society, and qualified as she was to shine in it, mother-love was, nevertheless, the ruling passion of Marie de Sévigné's life, and for years she gave herself up to the care of her two children, Charles and Françoise-Marguerite. The latter having married the Count de Grignan, commandant in Provence, whither she removed with her husband in 1669, then began that series of letters that has made the name of Mme. de Sévigné a house-

Madame de Grignan.

hold word throughout the reading world. While the enforced absence of her daughter was the great sorrow of her life, it has given us the most brilliant letters that have, perhaps, ever been

written; not excepting even those of the renowned Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and which surpass those of the Englishwoman in the elevation of their moral tone.

Some one said that with cheap postage and the abolition of leisure letter-writing has become a lost art. The subject of this sketch certainly had an abundance of the latter, while even the former seems to have existed in her day, the cost of sending a letter from Paris to Lyons having been equal to about two cents in our money. Apropos of the postmen, whose tasks were so fatiguing at a period when long journeys on horseback were their daily portion, Mme. de Sévigné remarks: "I have been seized with a great admiration for those postillions, who are always on the road carrying our letters back and forth; . . . how obliging they are, and what a great invention the post is, . . . and what a blessing of Providence is the desire of gain. I sometimes feel like writing to express my gratitude to them, when I reflect that perhaps they would like to thank me for writing as much as I would like to thank them for carrying my letters."

Madame de Sévigné in mature Life.

While there are, as might be expected, many repetitions in these letters, of which some nine volumes have been published, there is great variety in the subjects touched upon. We find many wise reflections upon life and conduct. In one, among the first written to her son-in-law, she remarks about some influential opponent: "Let us take him at his word until he shall have done something contrary to it; nothing is more capable of crushing good feeling than showing mistrust; sometimes all that is needed to make a man our enemy is to suspect that he is such. On the contrary, confidence begets good conduct; we are touched by the good opinion of others, and we resolve not to forfeit it readily." And again: "As at first we know men only by what they say, we should believe them until their actions give the lie to their words."

Every one is familiar with the famous letter announcing the marriage of mademoiselle, the king's cousin; also with the almost equally famous one describing the suicide of the cook

Vatel, during the progress of the royal *fêtes* at Chantilly. Many others, less well known, are equally interesting. Every emotion of her generous and sympathetic soul seems to be mirrored in these familiar letters to her child: shrewd observations on human nature, gossip of the court, intelligent criticism of books, moral reflections, constant allusions to the pangs of separation from her much-loved daughter, all enlivened by flashes of humor,

Madame de Staël.

combine to make these letters truly delightful. "We seldom deceive people for any great length of time," she writes, "and impostors are in the end always discovered." And in another letter: "People have never for a long time taken the shadow for the substance. We must be what we wish to appear. The world has no long injustices."

"Long illnesses exhaust grief, as long deferred hopes exhaust joy."

"Reason endures disgrace; courage resists it; patience and religion overcome it."

"We find so few opportunities of showing our esteem and affection that we should not lose them when they do present themselves."

"Some one was saying the other day that the true measure of the worth of a heart is its capacity for loving. I find myself raised to a great height if judged by this rule; it would be a cause of too much vanity for me, if I had not a thousand other things to put me back into my place."

Such are a few of the gems we find scattered throughout her letters. Do they not show her sound mind and her true womanliness? And do we not all agree with her in this comment, made after reading Tasso with a sympathetic friend? "There is a great difference between reading a book all alone and with those who pick out the beautiful passages and arouse our attention."

She has been listening to a sermon by Bourdaloue, and she remarks to her daughter about the irreligious conversations too often heard: "How can one love God when one never hears him spoken of as one should? Such a one needs more special graces than others." In regard to her son, whose conduct at one time caused her much anxiety, she says: "There is nothing good, right, or noble that I do not strive to inspire or to strengthen in him; but you know human weakness, so I place everything in the hands of Providence, and reserve to myself only the consolation of having nothing to reproach myself with in regard to him." Certainly such sentiments are those of the Christian mother.

Mme. de Sévigné was a great admirer of La Fontaine, whose fables were a source of much entertainment to her, yet she does not hesitate to criticise him severely when, in her judgment, he fails to reach the high standard he himself has set; and she thus expresses herself: "I should like to write a fable to show what an unfortunate thing it is to force one's talents out of their natural bent, and how the foolish desire to sing in every key makes very bad music."

At a friend's house she meets some evidently uncongenial persons, of whom she writes: "Do you not remember what we used to say about the pleasure some people take in showing off their accomplishments before new acquaintances? . . .

Everything is new, everything calls for admiration, everything *is* admired; they boast of their wealth, they vie with each other in self-praise. There is very much more self-love than sympathy and tenderness in friendships of that sort." Alas for poor human nature! Do we not meet just such people?

Mme. de Sévigné's pen, like the pencil of Meissonier, gives us a perfect picture of the times. On one occasion she describes most minutely a new fashion of dressing the hair. Evidently in those days ladies in the provinces had no fashion books to inform them as to what was the correct thing in Paris, but were forced to depend upon obliging mammas and friends. Mme. de Sévigné proves herself most obliging in this instance, as she describes with great exactness the manner in which the hundred or more *natural* curls that my lady is to appear in, are carefully "put up" before she appears in public.

The life of that brilliant court of Louis XIV. becomes real to us in these letters. We seem to hear the stately eloquence of Corneille, the elegant verse of Racine, the mocking laughter of Molière, while the mournful grandeur of Bossuet and Bourdaloue are brought to us with the funeral knells of royalty. Fénelon's gentle voice whispers to us, and La Fontaine preaches *his* sermon, taking for his texts the daily events of that life, so full and rich, of the seventeenth century. But while Mme. de Sévigné enjoys to the full the intellectual delights spread out before her—she was an intimate friend of La Rochefoucauld, author of the *Maxims*, and of Mme. de Lafayette, herself a writer of note—while she reads with appreciation and discrimination the works of the great dramatists as they appear and in many instances is present at their first representation, we are not allowed to forget the great war that is engaging the thoughts of Louis and the genius of his ministers. Throughout all we hear the echo of the cannon of Condé and the great Turenne. Nothing escapes the observation of this versatile woman, and she shows herself keenly alive to the remarkable events that rendered the reign of "Le Grande Monarque" memorable in the history of the world.

These remarkable letters cease only with the death of their author, which was, in fact, the culminating sacrifice in favor of her daughter, whom she nursed through a dangerous illness in 1696. The mother finally succumbed to her labors, which proved more than her age and her feeble constitution could withstand, and she passed away in the midst of loving care and attention, having reached the Scriptural age of three-score years and ten.

While Mme. de Sévigné did not possess the heroic sanctity of her grandmother, the saintly Jane Frances de Chantal, she was, nevertheless, a noble example of the higher life in the midst of the frivolity and laxity of court life. We naturally recall her own words on the subject of death as we consider her end. In reply to a question of Mme. de Grignan's as to whether she was still so fond of life, she writes: "I must confess that I find in it many grievous cares; but I am still more averse to dying than to living; I find myself so unhappy at the thought of ending everything here by death that if I could turn my steps backwards, I should ask nothing better. I find myself engaged in a conflict which perplexes me; I have embarked on the voyage of life (without my own consent); I must leave it; the thought overwhelms me. And how shall I leave it? when? in what disposition? in what attitude towards God? Shall I be worthy of Paradise? shall I be deserving of hell? What an alternative! . . . Nothing is so foolish as to leave one's salvation in uncertainty, yet nothing is so natural. . . . I find death so terrible that I hate life even more because it hurries me there by the thorns with which it is strewn. You will tell me, then, that I want to live for ever; not at all; but if my advice had been asked I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms; that would have relieved me of many cares, and have given me heaven most safely and easily."

Madame Talleyrand.

We recognize in this the cry of the weak human heart, momentarily discouraged at the thought of the sorrows and disappointments of life; but any one who would infer from this that this Christian woman rebelled at her destiny would greatly misjudge her. No; Mme. de Sévigné reiterates so constantly her submission to Divine Providence that we realize that her

idea here is simply that as her entrance into life and her going out of it were arranged by a higher Power, she trembles lest some act of hers should cause her to forfeit that heaven for which she hopes, and she be found unworthy of the words, "Blessed are those that mourn, for they shall be comforted." So, for one short instant she allows herself to give utterance to the thought that she would have been more sure of that blessed abode had she quitted this world with the holy waters of baptism still shining on her brow.

But faith, as hitherto, strengthens the weary heart, and in a later letter, writing on the same subject, she says: "All that is good about me is that I know my religion well, and what it inculcates; I shall never mistake the false for the real; I know

Saint Jane Frances de Chantal.

how to separate what is solid from what only seems to be so; I hope that I shall never err in regard to it, and that God, having already given me some good sentiments, will give me still more; past graces are in a measure a guarantee of those to come; so that I live in hope, mingled, however, with a good deal of fear."

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.

Protest against Arthur Carey's Ordination.—Central Point of a Great Storm.—Carey's Family.—Further Details of his Life.—Assistant to Seabury.—Early Death and Burial at Sea.—Newman's Interest in Carey.

THE ordination of Arthur Carey took place at St. Stephen's Church, New York City, on Sunday morning, July 2, 1843. Bishop Onderdonk ordained him, assisted by Dr. Ives, Bishop of North Carolina, and also Dr. Berrian and two others of the examining committee. I was present at this ordination. In my "Reminiscences of the Life of Bishop Wadhams" I have given a pretty full account of all that was extraordinary in the proceedings, relying simply upon my own recollections. I propose now to give a history of the same affair drawn chiefly from an account furnished to the New York *Churchman* of July 8, 1843. The writer signed himself N. E. O. —Neo-Eboracensis Onderdonk (?)—and is supposed to have been Bishop Onderdonk himself.

During the ceremony of that eventful Sunday, the usual call having been made upon the people to show cause, if any existed, why the candidate, or any of the candidates, should not be ordained, the Rev. Hugh Smith of St. Peter's and the Rev. Dr. Anthon of St. Mark's, habited in their canonicals, arose successively from a pew in the middle aisle and read their several protests against the ordination of Arthur Carey. My father and I occupied a pew in the body of the church just under the front of the organ-gallery. The whole scene was in full view before us, and I have forgotten very little of what helped to make it memorable. I have taken care, however, as already stated, to fortify my own recollections by accounts of spectators, published at the time, especially that of the bishop himself.

Each protest, says N. E. O., had been drawn up with much lawyer-like formality, and contained the accusation that the candidate held doctrines adverse to those of his church, and too nearly bordering on popery, and referring for proof to statements and circumstances within the bishop's knowledge.

The manner of the reverend gentlemen was slow and distinct, and, it seemed to me, as solemn as utterance could make it. When the two doctors had finished their protest, "the bishop rose," says N. E. O., "and expressed himself to the following effect, and, I believe, in the following words:

"'The accusation now brought against one of the persons presented to be ordained deacons has recently been fully investigated by me with the knowledge and in the presence of his accusers, and with the advantage of the valuable aid and counsel of six of the worthiest, wisest, and most learned of the presbyters of this diocese, including the three who are assisting in the present solemnities. The result was that there was no just ground for rejecting the candidate's application for holy orders. There is consequently no reason for any change in the solemn service of the day, and therefore all these persons, being found meet to be ordained, are commended to the prayers of the congregation.'"

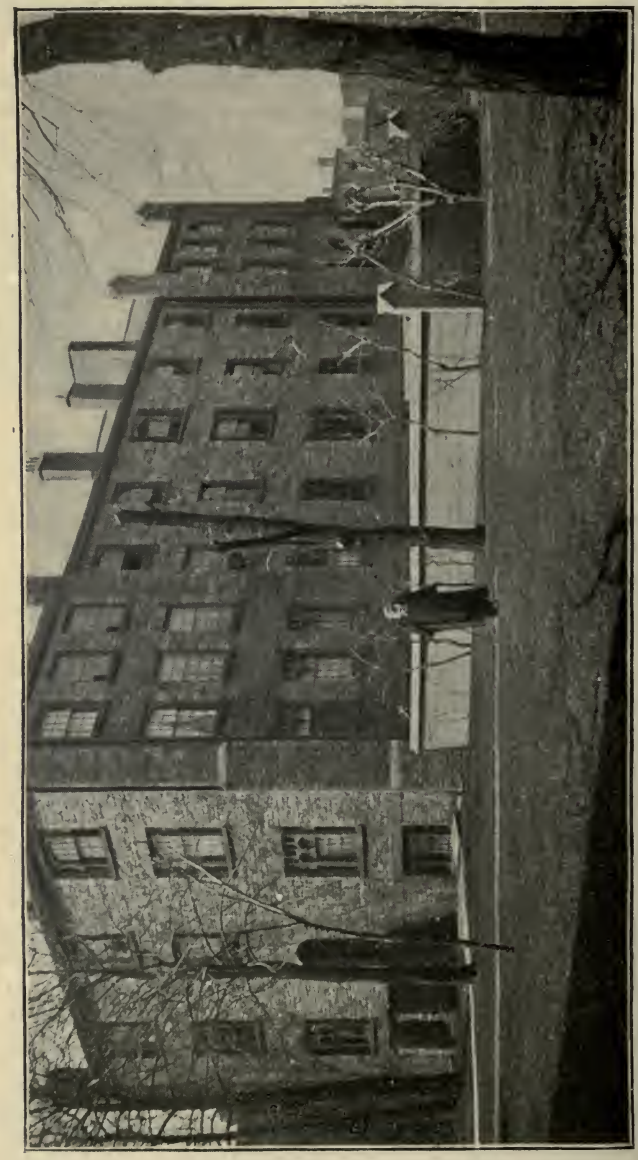
My own memory of the event brings nothing to my mind to correct this statement of the bishop's words as given in the New York *Churchman*, with one exception. My recollection is very distinct that the bishop's concluding words were: "And, therefore, I shall proceed to ordain *all* these candidates, notwithstanding the scandalous interruption of these Reverend Protesters."

The bishop then recommended them to the prayers of the congregation, and Bishop Ives began the reading of the litany. The service then went on without any further interruption. It is stated without contradiction, so far as I know, that the two protesting clergymen took up their hats and walked down the middle aisle to the front door during the litany. The rest of the congregation remained.

The impressions on my own mind when witnessing that morning's service still remain unchanged. Believing himself to be doing his duty by ordaining Carey, the bishop could not have gone through with his part with more admirable tact and dignity. For the same reason, if Drs. Smith and Anthon were right in opposing Carey's ordination by a public protest, they were right also in not remaining to witness it.

"Mr. Arthur Carey has suddenly, and at a very early age, become a historical personage," said the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* of October, 1843, in reviewing these occurrences. This is true enough; and strange it is that one so gentle and peaceful as Carey should suddenly become the cause and centre of a

bitter strife which shook the entire world of Anglicanism in the United States. The bishop and his advising and consulting



Rear View West Building old Episcopalian Seminary, Chelsea Square, New York.

presbyters were suddenly put upon their defence. A matter adjudicated and disposed of by the authorities of the diocese

had somehow got itself appealed to the whole body of Episcopalians in the country. The bishop and all his counsellors who had taken part in Carey's ordination were obliged to account for themselves to the public, or the whole case would go by default. Disapprobation of what they had done was beginning to be uttered *semper, ubique, ab omnibus;* and unless they could do something to turn the tide of opinion they were likely to be overwhelmed. We give them credit, continues the *Christian Spectator*, for the boldness, skill, and manfulness with which they have conducted their defence.

Each and every one of the examining committee was obliged by the public excitement to account for himself by some published statement, explanatory of his action and his reasons for it. Bishop Onderdonk was the first, appearing, as we have seen, in a communication to the *Churchman* signed N. E. O. This was followed by various editorials of Seabury in the same periodical, selections from which were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Drs. McVickar and Berrian soon followed with their versions and explanations. Opposed to these and in vindication of themselves then appeared Drs. Smith and Anthon with their pamphlet. Messrs. Haight, Higbee, and Price were also forced to appear in the public arena. Not one of the committee was able to remain silent. Not only the public excitement, but a special turmoil in their several congregations, forced them into some explanation which helped to add new fuel to the gathering fire. From the pamphlets put forth by these reverend gentlemen, and from the comments of religious and other periodicals, and the columns of the daily press, the history of the Carey examination, and of its more immediate and far-reaching results, can be gleaned.

One result of this agitation was the establishment of a new periodical, which took the name of the *Protestant Churchman.* Its object was to counteract the influence of Dr. Seabury's *Churchman.* Its projector and first editor, the Rev. R. C. Shimeall, initiated a series of sermons or lectures against Tractarianism, for the delivery of which he enlisted such prominent preachers as the Rev. Drs. Tyng, Anthon, Smith, Bedell, Balch, Stone, etc.

I do not propose to follow up this great wave of excitement, discussion, assertion, contradiction, calls to arms, appeals for peace, which filled for so long a time all our Anglican presses, pulpits, and social hearths throughout the land. Some things of this kind will come in later on. Our present business is with Arthur Carey. Poor, secluded, unobtrusive victim of circum-

stances, he was thus suddenly called out from a sort of hermitage to which his soul had grown accustomed, to be a centre of wonder and study. This is no place to leave him. It was the will of God to take him away quickly from the storm which he had so unwittingly excited—a watery grave lay just before and near him—and yet he was too great a part of that great storm to be suddenly dropped from these Reminiscences.

I now propose to give to the reader an account of all I can gather or recall of his whole life not already given.

Arthur Carey was descended from that ancient Devonshire family of Carys which derives its surname from the Manor of Cary in that county. In Domesday book the name is spelt Kari. Arthur's father, John Carey, removed with his family to the United States in 1830. John Carey's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all bore, like himself, the name of John, and were born in London. This first John Carey, born in 1687, was the oldest son of Francis Carey, who was born at Lisgar, Ireland, and died in Yorkshire. His father was Patrick Carey, who was born in Ireland in 1622, but died at Teignmouth, Devonshire, in 1684. Patrick was the fourth son of Sir Henry Carey, the first Viscount Falkland. The various branches of this family scattered through England and Ireland are traceable to their common source not only by their origin in Devonshire, but by their coat of arms won by Sir Robert Cary, of Cockington. The chronicle, as quoted by Burke in his *Landed Gentry*, runs as follows:

"In the beginning of the reign of Henry V. a certain knight-errand of Arragon having passed through divers countries, and performed many feats of arms to his high commendation, arrived here in England, where he challenged any man of his rank and quality to make tryal of his valor and skill in arms. This challenge Sir Robert Cary accepted; between whom a cruel encounter and a long and doubtful combat was waged in Smithfield, London. But at length this noble champion vanquished the presumptuous Arragonois; for which King Henry V. restored unto him good part of his father's lands, which, for his loyalty to King Richard II., he had been deprived of by King Henry IV., and authorized him to bear the arms of the Knight of Arragon, viz., 'In a field silver, on a bend sa. three white roses,' which the noble posterity of this gentleman continue to wear unto this day; for according to the laws of heraldry, whosoever fairly in the field conquers his adversary may justify the bearing of his arms."

Sir Edward Cary, of Marldon, in Devonshire, who succeeded to his title in 1616, was one of the leading Catholics in Devon, and suffered unrelenting persecution on account of his faith.

Descendants of his known as the Carys of Follaton, County Devon, are Catholic and connected by marriage with the noble Catholic families of Stafford, Petre, Clifford, Dillon, Kenmare, etc.

Other Carys of the same Devonshire stock are as strongly bound to error as Protestant alliance can make them, being descended from Mary Boleyne, the aunt of Queen Elizabeth, the foundress of the Protestant Church of England. Mary's son, Henry Cary, was created Baron Hunsdon by his royal cousin.

Arthur Carey, the most noble subject of these Reminiscences, was born, all untitled and all unlanded, in England, in the vicinity of London, June 26, 1822, and removed with his father to the United States in 1830. He had two brothers, John and Henry. John Carey has a son still living, Mr. Arthur Astor Carey, of Boston. Our Arthur Carey, of the Chelsea Seminary, spent the first years of his life at home in New York City, with the exception of two or three years during which he was under the care of Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont. There at the age of twelve a desire was kindled in his heart to devote himself to the ministry. This purpose, which his father approved, never afterwards left him. I remember that he always spoke with esteem and affection of Bishop Hopkins, although the development of Carey's mind during his seminary course led to a wide divergence from this early friend in matters of religious doctrine and opinion.

In January, 1836, he entered the sophomore class at Columbia College. He graduated there in 1839, receiving the highest honors of his class, and delivering the customary Greek oration on that occasion. The only rival to contest this honor with him was a son of Dr. Henry Anthon, of St. Mark's Church, then located in Eighth Street. It is a singular coincidence, though otherwise a fact of no special significance, that this rector of St. Mark's should be one of Carey's examiners, his chief accuser, and afterwards, conscientiously enough no doubt, protesting solemnly against his ordination.

It was said amongst the students at Chelsea Seminary that upon his graduation at Columbia College this remarkable boy—for in years Carey was nothing else—was offered a professorship if he would remain. No honors, however, could stir a soul like his, and he entered the General Seminary of his church at

Chelsea. His age when he entered upon his theological course there was only seventeen years and four months. This course he completed in June, 1842. The esteem created in the minds of the faculty at Chelsea by his extraordinary talents and early wisdom, as well as by the moral beauty of his character, was the same as that which remained behind him when he left Columbia College.

I have no hesitation in applying to this extraordinary young man the words so often quoted in Catholic hagiology to designate those choice sóuls among ourselves who die in early youth leaving behind the odor of a holy life: "*Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.*" During that single year at the seminary when Carey was my nearest neighbor, which brought us together daily, he certainly aimed at Christian perfection in his life. I had conversations with him on that subject. In these I took occasion to explain to him the views of certain perfectionists, so-called, amongst the Presbyterians; and in particular those of Dr. Phinney, a president and, if I remember right, the founder of Oberlin College, Ohio.

At the time when I first knew Phinney he was a revival preacher among the Presbyterians, very earnest and powerful in his eloquence, argumentative in his methods of persuasion, and quite destitute of all affectation and flourish. Carey had also reflected much on the question of Christian perfection, but his views were very different from those of Dr. Phinney. Perfection, in Carey's mind, was not any acquirable state of sinlessness, but a constant progress on the way towards a high mark, with a changeless resolution to discard all sin even the least, and embracing in desire all the Christian virtues. On his recommendation I purchased a work on Christian Perfection, by Law, the non-juror. This book I read very carefully and enjoyed very much. If Law had better understood, or at least better heeded, the distinctions which Catholics make between commandments of God which bind our consciences under penalty of sin and punishment, and counsels of God which, mindful of our weakness, only invite us to higher ways of perfection, his doctrine would be quite Catholic.

Many a sincerely pious Protestant takes pleasure in singing that beautiful song whose constant refrain is

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Many such an one drinks in much of the wonderful sweet-

ness attaching to the words, and yet is far behind either Carey, or Law, or even Phinney, in the appreciation of true Christian perfection. The reason is that, unlike these three, they have not learned to discard the immoral doctrine of justification by faith alone, without need of holy works or advance in virtue.

In Carey's case, be it understood, Christian perfection was something far beyond an appreciated doctrine. His life was holy and lovely. For one year, during which our chamber doors faced each other, I saw him constantly and closely, but for all that sight or sound could tell, to me his character was faultless. He was not within the visible fold of the church, but certainly many graces that streamed forth from that church had reached him and produced their fruit within him.

He was at this time, as I have said, very young, younger than myself. Not only I, but every one in the seminary, including the most venerable among the professors, looked up to him with respect as a man of God. How short a time to gather so much virtue! It could not be difficult for such a young man as that to secure permission from the faculty of the seminary to keep his room there for yet another year after his graduation when he would arrive at the canonical age for ordination. This enabled him to use the library of the institution while he pursued his studies in private.

During this time, apparently so quiet for him, that great storm was brewing which broke upon his solitary habits and gentle heart like a thunderbolt. It was then, as we have seen, that occurred the public charges against his fitness for ordination. It was at the close of the seminary course in June, 1843, that his trial on these charges before Bishop Onderdonk and a committee of clergymen chosen for that purpose was held. A few days after, on July 2, Bishop Onderdonk, overruling these charges, ordained him at St. Stephen's Church; and thus closed his career as a seminarian, though not quite all his seminary associations. Several of his old companions, not only those studying at the seminary but others still remaining in the city, took pleasure in visiting him at his new lodgings. This was down-town, at 101 Charlton Street. McMaster, in particular, passed many an hour with him. They walked together, talked together, and read together, eagerly discussing every new publication that issued from Oxford, and prospecting together over every storm that threatened their church and every opening in the clouds that gave hope of coming sunshine.

Carey was now in orders, with a career before him, a life to

lead in the ministry, and high duties to perform. The reader will be anxious to know where he was stationed, what charge was assigned to him, what position he assumed. In short, it is necessary to give some account of his after-life in the face of that world in which he had become so prominent a character.

But Carey needed rest. He had been in a state of excitement. This excitement before and after his ordination had been so great upon one of his nervous and feeble constitution and sedentary habits that his exhausted nature demanded repose. He had neither strength nor heart to enter upon any laborious work in the ministry. It was, however, no matter of conscience with him, and he allowed himself, as usual in such cases, to be overruled by the urging of Bishop Onderdonk and the advice of friends. He accepted for six months, at least, an invitation from the Annunciation Church—then on the corner of Prince and Thompson Streets—under the charge of his friend and patron, Dr. Seabury. He was to assist the doctor as deacon, with a salary of five hundred dollars.

It is easy to conceive that many eager friends, to say nothing of many others in a curious public, would resort to this church on Sundays to see him and hear him preach. Of Carey's parochial labors I have little remembrance of my own. I had duties on Sunday in a different direction. I was superintendent of a Sunday-school in a far different part of the city, near the East River, and my route to it lay in another direction. Once, however, in the autumn of 1843, I made an occasion to go and hear him preach. I went in company with McMaster, and well I remember the day. The crooked streets which served as our roadway there would have made the walk to me a perfect labyrinth, but I had no difficulty to get there with such a guide. McMaster must have been a regular attendant on Carey's preaching during the short time it lasted. He knew every twist and turn that lay before us. Bleecker Street, which we followed for awhile, serpentine as it is, seems to me now a good type of our own crooked course towards Rome. We were not very long in getting to our destination that Sunday morning, for McMaster's long strides and rapid movements hurried me forward till my breath was nearly gone. I seem to see him now, with coat-sleeves that never reached his wrists, and trousers that never covered his ankles. I think he was a little proud of this peculiarity. Carey himself, who was McMaster's chief or at least nearest model in all things possible to imitate, was rather negligent in his dress. At least his

pantaloons always bulged out at the knees; I think, however, caused chiefly by frequent kneeling. I do not remember the subject of Carey's sermon that morning, but I carry with me still a vivid picture of him as preacher. To me Carey himself was a sermon, that needed no words. He stands in my memory like a young St. John, Evangelist; or one like Newman, Dalgairns, or the Paulist Father, Francis Baker, my own dear friend and long companion on the missions.

Carey did much more than preach in the Annunciation parish. His duties were not necessarily very burdensome. Yet to a man like him, so earnest and so conscientious, to accept any responsible position is to begin active work. In Carey's case souls were at stake, and a life of leisure was not to be thought of. In a letter to his friend and fellow-seminarian, Edgar P. Wadhams, dated October 23, 1843, Carey gives some account of how his time was occupied while serving as assistant to Dr. Seabury.

"I preach on Sunday afternoons," he writes, "and open the church for Wednesday and Friday services, morning and evening, and saints' day services. I was afraid to begin with daily services, and the doctor thought better not at present. He says I may do anything I please, and he will never interfere with me, but always support me, which is pleasant, at all events."

Dr. Seabury, in a funeral sermon preached in the following April on receiving the news of Carey's death and burial at sea, enlarges somewhat upon Carey's account of himself, or rather tells us what Carey's humility would never allow him to say or even think.

"You saw"—he said from the pulpit, looking down upon many tearful eyes that met his own—"you saw the sober and serious earnestness with which he threw himself into his parochial duties. You saw his faithfulness in the Sunday-school, his solicitude for the poor and afflicted, and his love for all the members of Christ. You were impressed with the naturalness and quiet solemnity with which on week-days and holy-days, as well as Sundays, he performed the services of the church. You heard his sermons on every Lord's Day during the short time he was with you, and you know the depth, the simplicity, and the unction with which he preached to you the Gospel of Christ. But after all it was not any one thing, so much as the manifest godliness of this young man, the fire of holiness pervading all that he said and did, and communicating

itself to all who heard him, which gave him the hold which he had on your hearts."

Not only the fire of holiness which Dr. Seabury attributes to Carey, but also a wondrous facility for fortifying his arguments in preaching or in conversation by apt and telling words of Scripture, is easily accounted for by the following fact. We learn on the same authority that it was Carey's rule to read through the Old Testament three times and the New Testament five times a year. He believes also that he gave three hours daily to private devotional exercises, unless unavoidably interrupted.

The funeral sermon of Dr. Seabury, from which I have gathered the above information and much that follows, is happily preserved in the New York State Library, amongst its bound documents.

James A. McMaster.

Carey commenced his services at the Annunciation Church on the second Sunday of October, 1843, about three months after his trial and ordination. "He continued to discharge them until the 29th of December, on which day he took to his bed of a fever. After two or three weeks the fever abated, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. But the energies of his system did not rally; and he was left in a declining state which, in the judgment of his medical advisers, rendered expedient a voyage to Cuba. For four or five years before he had been affected with incipient disease of the heart, which, though not very urgent, showed itself in occasional paroxysms, when different exciting causes called it into action. On Sunday, March 17, he was enabled to ride to church and to join in the prayers of his loved people for his safe and prosperous voyage. After this grateful but most agitating service he conversed for a few minutes with some of his anxious and still lingering flock, and

at the doors of the church laid his attenuated hand upon the heads of some of the Sunday-school children, for whom he cherished a most lively and affectionate concern.

"On the 23d of March he embarked with his father for Havana. The voyage, though not stormy, was rough and disagreeable; but every discomfort was borne by the sufferer with the same meek and placid resignation by which his life had been distinguished; not a murmur escaped his lips on any occasion of annoyance. On the 1st of April he raised a very small quantity of blood, but not enough to excite any alarm. On the 4th of April, however, he had a return of the same symptom, and continued to bleed from the lungs, though very slowly, for about an hour, when without any apparent diminution of strength, and with his eyes open and calmly fixed on his father, without a struggle or even the slightest perceptible movement of muscle, he expired at the early age of twenty-one years and ten months. . . ."

"On the next day (Good Friday) the body was committed to the deep, in the full belief that the earth and the sea will simultaneously give up their dead. The church burial service was impressively read by Mr. Grosvenor, a gentleman connected with the Seaman's Friend Society, the subdued and reverent demeanor and tearful eyes of the passengers and crew evincing the hold which the gentleman-like manners, and the mild and meek deportment of the deceased, had gained on their hearts. The burial took place about fifteen or twenty miles north-east of the Moro Castle, on the very day on which the deceased, had he lived, would have landed in Havana."

Not alone Captain Joseph Spinney, but all on board the vessel, showed the most generous consideration at this trying time.

I cannot refrain from transcribing here a touching reminiscence of Carey recorded by Rev. A. F. Hewit, in his memoir of Baker: "For a long time afterward his poor father might be seen every day standing on the Battery and gazing wistfully out to sea, with mournful thoughts, longing after the son whom he had lost."

It may seem to some of my readers that I have yielded too much to imagination and affection in portraying the character of Arthur Carey, and overdrawn the picture. Or, it may be thought that I have rested too much upon the testimony of other friends, prejudiced like myself in his favor. For this reason I now turn willingly to a witness who must be acknowl-

edged on all hands to be free from any such bias. Dr. Hugh Smith, rector of St. Peter's, may be set down as in many respects Carey's most forward and unrelenting adversary. Carey was a Tractarian; Smith was bitterly opposed to Tractarianism, and must rather be classed even as a low-churchman, if not an evangelical. Dr. Smith was Carey's principal accuser, both before the trustees of the seminary and when put upon examination before his bishop. He was the principal and earliest motor in opposing Carey's ordination, more forward and urgent in opposition than Dr. Anthon, the other accuser. He believed Carey to be alienated from the doctrine and discipline of the Anglican Church, and more consonant in mind and heart with what he called Romanism. For these reasons he considered him unfit for orders, and protested solemnly against the action of Bishop Onderdonk at St. Stephen's Church, during the very ceremony of ordination and while that church was crowded with spectators. For the same reasons he continued to denounce Carey's bishop after the ordination was over in pamphlets, sermons, and contributions to the newspapers. Is such a man to be looked upon as biased in Carey's favor? On the contrary, must we not take him as a most disinterested and honest witness in every word which he utters in Carey's praise? Will it be said that perhaps Dr. Smith did not know Carey well enough to testify to the moral side of his character? He ought to know him and know him well. During the four years that Carey roomed at the seminary he was a member of the doctor's congregation; he was a teacher in the doctor's Sunday-school; he attended service regularly at the doctor's church, and received communion at his hands. It was to Dr. Smith, as pastor, that Carey felt himself obliged to apply for a canonical certificate recommending him for ordination, meeting, of course, with a refusal. No higher testimony to Carey's moral character can be brought than that of such a man. Then let him come upon the stand. This is what he says:

"I had, from an early period of his connection with St. Peter's, understood that he (Carey) embraced the doctrines of the Oxford school; but such was my conviction of the purity and excellence of his Christian character, and of his quiet and studious habits, and of his love for truth, that I was not only willing, but anxious, to have the benefit of his services in my Sunday-school."—*True Issue for the True Churchman.*

To this need be added only one more tribute. It is that of a periodical as unfriendly to Carey's doctrinal tendencies as

Dr. Smith himself. The *Quarterly Christian Spectator* of October, 1843, reviewing Carey's ordination, commented in these terms upon his character:

"He appears to have been not only diligent and successful in study, but eminently amiable and blameless in his deportment, the pride of his teachers and the joy of his friends."

From this time forward an "angel face" will no longer be found in these reminiscences. I am not aware of any biography or even sketch of Arthur Carey which is not sadly fragmentary, or which pretends to completeness of any sort.

About sixteen months after Carey's death, in the latter part of August, 1845, when James A. McMaster, Isaac Hecker, with myself, all fresh converts to the Catholic Church, were passing through London on our way to the Redemptorist novitiate at St. Trond, in Belgium, the first named separated from us long enough to visit John Henry Newman, then still connected with the Anglican Church, and dwelling in retirement at Littlemore, near Oxford. When introduced into his library McMaster found him occupied in a manner not altogether strange to so busy a student. His right foot rested upon the seat of a chair; he stood bending over a book which he held in his left hand, the contents of which he devoured simultaneously with a sandwich administered to his mouth by the right. When McMaster informed him that he had become a Catholic and was about to become a religious, Newman expressed no surprise and made no unfavorable comment. Only two months later he was himself a convert. McMaster spoke to him of Carey, who was not unknown to him. The doctor showed much interest in Carey and asked many questions concerning his career. When, however, McMaster urged him to write a biography of him, as one of his own most prominent and gifted disciples, the doctor declined. Carey, he said, was an American, and only some American more closely and intimately connected with his life could do him justice.

All those who could have filled such a *rôle* have either passed away or are little likely to undertake the task. For want of a better biographer, and that the memories which I can supply may not be lost at my death, I have made this too brief account as complete as my scant means allow me. His family motto was: "*Deo cari nihilo carent*"—"The dear to God are beyond want." I venture to add these words, *Requiescat in pace.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

By Rev. Walter Elliott.

MISSION AT FREEDOM.

S we were waiting to begin our opening lecture at the Opera House one of the finest dogs I ever saw, a magnificent German boarhound, solemnly walked out upon the stage, stopped in the very centre, lay down with great dignity and faced the audience, as gracefully as if posed by an artist. After this little bit of extra-programme pantomime had entertained the audience for a short while, we turned our attention to business of a more serious nature.

Our audience was large enough to begin with, fully one half being non-Catholics. The Catholics who worship in the Freedom church are mostly farmers, and the roads being knee-deep with mud, they could not come in; we missed them and the usual contribution of country Protestants. And the town is neck-deep in bigotry, through which our town non-Catholics had to be drawn to the lectures. But the attendance came up to three hundred and fifty as a rule, and sometimes passed four hundred. In a population of four thousand this seems no great success, but when I found out the tone of the people, the great gulf between Catholics and Protestants, I was content.

Except in its ugly tokens of religious discord this place is every way beautiful, its highest eminence crowned with the fine buildings of the Free-Will Baptist College, designed chiefly for the training of ministers. This denomination has a good church building also, and so have respectively the Calvinistic or Hard-shell Baptists, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, and the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Free or Howling Methodists having a nascent society which meets in a little hall. The Universalists built a handsome church here some years ago, and it is unused; the society has dwindled down too thin to support a minister. It is an instructive fact that the awful truth of eternal punishment still holds its place in the vast majority of Protestant minds, in spite of the tendency to

pick and choose doctrines at will which their notion of private interpretation so inevitably fosters. It is easy, indeed, to find Protestant men and women who will doubt the terrible dogma, who like to say both no and yes to it; but a settled conviction of universal salvation is rare to find—rare to find a flourishing or even a small-sized Universalist church society outside large cities. Doubtless the plain alternative of belief in everlasting punishment or rejection of the Bible explains this condition of things. Such a thing as unbiblical religion seems to be impossible, excepting in an occasional individual with a tendency to ethical theories equal to that of his doubt of revealed religion.

"Brother!" called out a thin and smiling man, as I passed him towards the stage one evening with my nightly harvest from the Query Box—"Brother, I wish you would give me some copies of your leaflets—I want specimens of all of them." After a pleasant chat with the brother I promised to send him what he wanted. He is a pillar of the little Seventh-Day Adventist Society here—a good man actively engaged, like his fellows, in splitting Christian unity into yet smaller fragments, using the Sabbatarian question as his wedge and the Old Testament as his maul. The sect is the most venomous enemy of Catholicity in these parts; and hereabouts it has its most numerous adherents, its very Mecca being Battle Creek, Mich. And yet some of our Catholic journals have favored it on the question of the observance of the Sunday as against Protestantism generally. I am persuaded that this is bad policy, to say the least of it. If Protestants as a body are mistaken as to the office of Scripture, they are right as to the day of the Lord. Do not be too eager to make men give up the truth by showing them that they are "illogical." I had rather be illogical as to the observance of a day than sceptical as to the truth of that book of which God is the author. Our policy is to favor the right side among our jarring brethren, rather than to compel consistency. Say to them, First be right, and then be consistent and get wholly right. To play off error against inconsistency is not fraternal. Furthermore, the Seventh-Day Adventists incline to be Old Testament Christians, puritans of the worst sort, and are making a propaganda of much energy, and not without results. If what the *Catechism of the Council of Trent* calls the Christian Sabbath shall lose its place in our national customs, and if its legal observance shall drop out of the competency of our legislators, the end will be the abolition

of general observance of any day of rest and prayer at all—a calamity of the first order. The reader will in all this pardon what seems a digression, but I have been almost everywhere assailed with quotations from one of our oldest and most respectable Catholic journals against the Scripture basis of the observance of the first day of the week—claiming that it has not any Scripture authority whatever, is wholly without a Scripture basis, etc. Such, however, is not the sense of the Catholic Church, nor can the statement claim place even upon the debatable ground of free opinion, as is shown by the following quotation from the *Catechism of the Council of Trent:* "The Apostles, therefore, resolved to consecrate the first day of the week to the divine worship, and called it 'the Lord's day': St. John in his Apocalypse makes mention of 'the Lord's day' (Apoc. i. 10); and the Apostle commands collections to be made 'on the first day of the week,' that is, according to the interpretation of St. Chrysostom, on the Lord's day; and thus we are given to understand that even the Lord's day was kept holy in the church.'" Can these tones of a voice so venerable and authoritative be harmonized with the following extract from a prominent Catholic weekly, with which I have been deafened by Seventh-Day Adventists all over Southern Michigan?—"Thus, it is impossible to find in the New Testament the slightest interference by the Saviour or his Apostles with the original Sabbath, but, on the contrary, an entire acquiescence in the original arrangement; nay, a plenary endorsement by Him whilst living, and an unvaried active participation in the keeping of that day and no other by the Apostles for thirty years after his death, as the Acts of the Apostles have abundantly testified to us" (*Roman Catechism*, third Commandment).

Let us not favor those among our adversaries who hate us most. The narrowest of sects, shown by their literature to be the most bitterly anti-Catholic, are these judaizers, all the more hopelessly wrong if consistently logical with their Protestant premises, wrong-headed and bitter-hearted Seventh-Day Adventists. Of course I treat them with every kindness, but I thank God that "consistent Protestantism" is narrowing down into this concentrated essence of bigotry, and I am very sorry that they can quote a Catholic "organ" in praise of their "consistency."

The reader may find the following questions of interest. Perhaps in writing the brief summary of the answers I may

have "revised and corrected" the oral answers somewhat, but not often materially.

Question.—It is claimed by Protestants that the Catholic people in America, as they become Americanized, are imbibing the principles of Protestantism, and will soon join hands with Protestants in one common faith. Is that so?

Answer.—We claim, on the other hand, that Protestants, according as they become Americanized, approach nearer to the Catholic Church. American political principles, based as they are on the dignity of man and the need of a strong central government to secure human liberty and equality, are to the political order what Catholic principles are to the religious order. Enlightened Catholics believe that the providence of God in establishing this Republic has prepared the way for the return of the northern races to Christian unity in the Catholic Church.

Question.—Which of the following popes possessed infallibility and was the Vicar of Christ in A.D. 1414?—for each of them claimed it at the Council of Constance: Benedict XIII., Gregory XII., John XXIII.

Answer.—Reference is made to the Western Schism, and during its existence the authority of the popes was practically suspended, as must ever be the case when doubt exists as to who among the claimants of an office is the rightful one. But doubt of who is the pope does not make doubt as to whether or not there is such an office as that of the pope. God saved the Papacy through that trial, as through many others, though the schism was a great calamity. Christian unity was not lost, but only suspended. The sun is somewhere in the heavens, though the clouds may totally hinder your seeing just where.

Question.—What Bible authority have the Catholics for establishing nunneries and monasteries, and are they not in direct opposition to Christ's command in Matthew, chapter v., verses 14, 15, 16?—viz.: 14th, Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid; 15th, Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house; 16th, Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Answer.—Just those same texts. For by joining a religious community persons publicly set themselves apart for good works and prayer. All the relatives and friends of religious sisters and brothers are most deeply moved to thank God for their zeal. Do you suppose that by entering a religious community one commits

moral suicide? I suggest that you talk with your Catholic friends about this matter, and ask them concerning the religious effect on her friends of a girl joining a sisterhood.

Question.—Is this a Christian nation? If so, what makes it so?

Answer.—Yes, this is a Christian nation, having been founded by Christians, nearly all its people Christians, and the elementary principles of Christian morality part of the law of the land, as has been frequently decided by the courts. Our whole civilization is a product of Christian influence.

Question.—When Clement VII. granted Henry VIII. of England a divorce and gave him the right to marry Anne Boleyn did he not give him the right to sin?

Answer.—My questioner has been reading his history upside-down. The pope refused to grant the divorce, and the king married Anne Boleyn in spite of him and against God's law—the origin of the English Protestant Church.

Question.—Please give us chapter and verse in the New Testament authorizing "Auricular Confession"—remember, "auricular," secret.

Answer.—St. John xx. 20, and St. Matthew xviii. 18, prove the power in the church of granting Christ's pardon to repentant sinners and of refusing it to the unrepentant. Such a power cannot be exercised intelligently without knowledge of the sin to be pardoned on the part of the judge, and therefore some kind of confession is necessary. This the questioner seems to concede. Well, then, will you force public confession on sinners? Do you mean to say that the church of Christ cannot reconcile sinners without the agony and horror of open avowal of sin?

Question.—Please explain Ephesians ii. 20–22, and tell where Peter is the "rock" in this. Also the Apocalypse xxii. 14. Is Peter the chief here? Where was the Roman Catholic pope (Peter) when Paul wrote II. Tim. iv. 16?

Answer.—Catholics admit that the Apostles were all equally inspired, and yet maintain that St. Peter, as shown in St. Matthew xvi. 18, and in various other passages, was appointed by the Saviour to transmit the apostolic authority to the church. The two texts first named in the question are wholly compatible with St. Peter's prerogatives. As to the last text, there is no evidence whatever that St. Peter was in Rome when St. Paul was first brought before the Roman tribunal, though it is certain he had been there before and was with him in after years at their martyrdom.—Let me say to questioners that if they

wish me to comment on texts of Scripture they should write them out for me, not simply give chapter and verse. I am willing to be your target, but you should not ask me to load your guns.

Question.—When God made man, what life was given him? When he lost this life, what did he have left?

Answer.—A twofold life was given to man at his creation, the natural and the supernatural; he was a creature of God endowed with animal and reasonable life, and a child of God endowed with the divine filial relationship. By his sin he lost the latter life, the life of divine grace or love, and thus placed himself and his posterity in the rank merely of rational creatures, and even that in a penal relationship to God. But it is an error to suppose that the essential natural dignity of human nature, freedom of the will, power of knowing right and wrong, immortality, etc., were forfeited by Adam's sin; and we must remember that God at once promised Adam and his posterity a redeemer.

Question.—Do Catholics hold that the pope should be at the head of both civil and religious governments or institutions?

Answer.—No. The pope has no competency in civil affairs. Listen to Pope Leo XIII.: "God has divided the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil; one set over divine things and the other over human things. Each is supreme in its own kind; each has certain limits within which it is restricted. . . . Whatsoever in human affairs is in any manner sacred, pertaining to the salvation of souls or the worship of God and the like, belongs to the church. But all other things which are embraced in the civil or political order are rightly subject to the state" (From the Encyclical on the Christian State).

The following questions are given as curious and suggestive:

Why are the Catholics unfriendly to the Protestants?

Do the public schools of the United States prove a benefit to the Catholic Church?

What is the meaning of "Tammany," and what connection, if any, with the Catholic Church has Tammany Hall?

Why do priests abstain from marrying; is it an example to be followed?

How long has the Catholic Church been sending her priests around teaching Catholic doctrines to the general public as you are now doing, and is it the policy of that church to continue this for some length of time in the future?

Circumstances enabled us to distribute a very large amount of missionary literature at this place, including many copies of Newman on the Pope and *A Brief History of Religion.*

As illustrating the temper of these Saturdayrians I give the following. It appeared as an insignificant type-written dodger, just four inches by two:

LECTURE

At the S. D. A. Church, corner Oak and Vine Sts., this evening, 7:30 o'clock, sharp.

1st. Does Protestantism protest any longer?

2d. Will Rome persecute in this nineteenth century?

3d. Is the priest who lately visited ——— a Jesuite? If so, is there any hope of salvation in belief of his doctrin?

4th. The "Jesuite Order" an Absolum in the gate.

MITCHELL.

This town did not seem promising—a busy place with a city feeling, though under five thousand in population. Such places are not caught by the novelty of the lectures, and must be billed and posted with great judgment. Arriving Saturday afternoon, we found the Catholic people full of confidence about an audience: "Oh, that's all right!—oh, don't be afraid of that; we shall have great crowds!" But I was afraid. Less than thirty-five families of town and country make up our congregation, having Mass only one Sunday in the month; and the consequent lack of personal contact between Catholics and non-Catholics, together with ordinary difficulties, called for a more expensive scheme of advertising than we could afford.

When, on Sunday afternoon, we arrived at the Opera House ten minutes before the hour of opening, we found a "crowded audience" of only two little girls, and these sat nearest the door on the very edge of the seat, as if ready to fly downstairs at the slightest provocation. Ten minutes after the advertised time we started with about a hundred Catholics and perhaps as many Protestants, nor did the number greatly vary from this during the course. But we always had a fair representation of the students of the large college situated here.

The lecture on Sunday afternoon being ended, the Catholic notables of the place came up behind the scenery, and we had a pleasant chat about our prospects. They are an intelligent and virtuous people holding their own against heavy odds.

Although our audiences were not as large as we wished, yet

they were truly missionary, the proportion of Protestants present and the interest manifested being remarkable. After the temperance lecture on Tuesday night, a discourse which had to be driven through congested vocal organs, I sat down behind the scenes to wait for a clear stairway to return to the hotel; and in came eight or ten college boys, frank and manly fellows, and Methodists all, to catechise me about prohibition and to talk about religion in general. What a joy it was to chat with them about the only topics worth the thought and love of the generous heart of youth! I am quite sure that not one of these fine young men had ever spoken with a priest before, perhaps not one had ever before these lectures heard a priest's voice even in public. Only one of them accepted my invitation to come and see me at the hotel. I endeavored to make him a reservoir of fact and principle for his fellows.

On Wednesday night my voice was in good condition again for the lecture on confession. I declare to the reader that I would walk from New York to Michigan for the privilege of addressing those one hundred and fifty Protestants in my audience, many of them college students, so attentive, so absorbed were they as the "origin and uses of the confessional" were explained. Many a better man and better missionary has made a longer journey, and that through a howling wilderness, to tell a little tribe of half-naked savages how sins are pardoned. What should not we be willing to do for this highly civilized people, aided as we are in travelling by all the resources of civilization?

Copies of *Catholic Belief*, *Aspirations of Nature*, and *From the Highways of Life* were mailed to more than twenty students, men and women, whose names were given as likely to profit by Catholic reading.

Among my questions came this: Was George Washington a Catholic?

The Catholic reader need not be told that the oath mentioned below is false, rash, profane, unnecessary, and non-existent:

Will you read or repeat and explain to us the exact meaning of the oath which I understand every Romish priest takes, beginning: "I, —— ——, in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles," in which you promise, "I denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant king, prince, or state, or obedience to any of their inferior

officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same"?

I gave every Protestant present at the closing meeting a copy of *Brief History*, besides the usual leaflet. This *Brief History* is based on the historical introduction to *De Harbe's Catechism*, to which is added Father Hecker's *Sketch of the Catholic Church in the United States*. Would the reader like to know why the Paulist Fathers got it up, and why the Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York, sells its 47 nicely printed pages for $4 a hundred copies? A couple of years ago a bright young man came to the Paulist convent and asked to talk about religion—a member of the Baptist Church. "What started you to this?" He held up a copy of De Harbe's large *Catechism*. "I was riding home on the elevated railroad one evening and noticed this little book on a seat beside me, left there by some forgetful passenger. The conductor didn't want it, thought it not worth taking to the office to await an owner, and so I kept it and read it. What moved me most in it was the brief history of religion in the introduction. I think the Catholic Church must be the religion of Christ." And he was instructed and received into the Church, and is a most edifying Catholic. And upon this hint we have got up the *Brief History*.

Question.—Why has the Roman Catholic Church in Europe lost the power it formerly had?

Answer.—Reference is made, doubtless, to the south of Europe, for in all the north of Europe Catholicity has far more power, both as a public and personal influence, than at any time since the Reformation. In the south of Europe the power of Catholicity over the private life of men and women is also greater than for several centuries. But in some countries, as France, Spain, and Italy, Catholics are timid, and neglect, to a great extent, to exercise their rights as citizens—at least so it seems from this distance, and so Pope Leo certainly thinks. The peculiar relations to the civil power have, it appears, been taught in such a way as to over-train the people of those countries, and, for the moment, to detract from that independence of character seen elsewhere among Catholics, and which is the natural result of the doctrines and practices of Catholicity, as you perceive among American, Irish, English, German, and Flemish Catholics.

Question.—What is the attitude of a good Catholic to the United States government?

Answer.—"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. xiii. 1).

"The Catholic Church in the United States owes its great progress to the civil liberty we enjoy in our enlightened Republic. The church has been often hampered in her divine mission. She has often been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism has cast its dark shadow, like a plant shut out from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like the rose" (Address of Cardinal Gibbons in Rome on being made cardinal).

"Time will show very soon, I trust, that as the church, from the enjoyment of the liberty guaranteed to her in this land, shall make progress such as she has not known in other times and in other lands, so also shall the Republic receive from the church a corresponding benefit—the absorption and assimilation into one common citizenship, into the common mould of American democracy, of all the nationalities and races which in this land acknowledge Catholic sway and influence" (Archbishop Satolli at St. Paul, Minnesota, August 1, 1893).

These answers may be summed up: the duty of obedience, the love of liberty, the obligation of gratitude characterize the attitude of Catholics to this country.

Question.—I would like to ask why it is you would not advise an honest Catholic to go and hear an honest non-Catholic speak, providing the Catholic could not hear a priest of his own church speak at the time. In other words, when there is no service in the Catholic church why would you not advise a Catholic to attend the service at some other church?

Answer.—Because Catholics hold that our Saviour not only gave us one true doctrine, but also one true church. It is not honest for us to join in Protestant worship, because we believe Christ authorized but one kind of worship, and that the Catholic one. Holding the strictest kind of principles of close communion, we cannot consistently join your worship. Exception is, of course, made in the interests of charity, at funerals and marriages of Protestant friends, and on like occasions.

Question.—What do you think of the American Protective Association? Why is it that Catholics mob anti-Catholic speakers? Protestants don't do it.

Answer.—I am not going to be led into an attack on any

association; but everybody knows the A. P. A. is bitterly anti-Catholic. As to mobbing lecturers, I emphatically condemn it. But I think that if I used this hall to brand Protestants as traitors to their country and as gathering arms to murder Catholics, and said the filthy things about Protestant ministers that are often publicly said about Catholic priests and Catholic sisters, I should not be accorded the kindly reception you have given me.

HANWELL.

A good-sized audience greeted us the Sunday afternoon of our opening in the Opera House, and at the end of the lecture the Methodist minister came behind the scenes and gave a hand-shake of brotherly recognition—especially in view of our promised temperance lecture. What a solemn-looking gentleman he is, and how he mouths his words! I am told he hates Catholicity, but he is captured by the common hatred of drunkenness, and with him and through him, and through the temperance cause, many Methodists will be led to hear an exposition of the Catholic religion. Reader, if you can join with Protestants in any praise of virtue or any war upon vice, do it for love of their souls, if for no other reason; because fellowship in good works is a means of teaching the true faith.

Sunday-schools in this town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants indicate a flourishing state of religion. There are eight hundred children in actual attendance at the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday-schools, and this leaves out the Baptist and German Protestant churches. Perhaps we are a better town than others, but there are thousands of rural communities similarly devoted to Protestant Christianity. *And yet we can get a hearing in them!*

Our audiences were soon overflowing, and often touched closely on to six hundred, more than two-thirds being Protestants. The temperance night it rained, but the attendance was excellent and the questions literally a hat-full, fifty-three in all. It took an hour to dispose of them, dwelling only on those of importance, and briefly touching the point of others. There were no less than six inquiries this single evening as to why priests do not marry. If we could but dispel the dark cloud of suspicion concerning laxity of morals which lies between us and the Protestant people half the work of conversion would be done; for the questions referred to indicate, not simply curiosity about clerical celibacy, but a miserable half-conviction that the priesthood is licentious.

This same evening we had two beautiful pieces of music from Haydn's masses rendered by an amateur orchestra. None of the members are Catholics, all or nearly all being Methodists; but they volunteered to play for us. Another kind of music interrupted the lecture: the little brass band and vocal chorus of the Salvation Army passed under the Opera House windows. If we were entertaining the higher religious public, they were scraping the gutters. Would that we could do both!

We had the Methodist minister with us two of the meetings, and the Presbyterian minister came and heard all about the doctrine and practice of confession. What did these shepherds think at seeing the foremost men and women in their flocks sitting at the feet of a Catholic missionary—to say nothing of their young folks filling the galleries? We can gain these same sheep for the true fold and the one Shepherd. If every diocese would have two or three priests of zeal and intelligence for home missions to non-Catholics, a work would be begun which would end in the conversion of America. True, a highly civilized people is not won from its errors, to say nothing of the vanities of modern life, without heroic endeavor; nor is it a work of one generation or one century, perhaps. But let us leave the times and moments to the eternal God; our part is to teach all the teachable; they are everywhere about us, and they are the coming race of the whole world.

To be one Catholic resisting the pressure of twenty Protestants all your life is no small infliction. How great is the relief to see the total of all the Protestant twenties unable to resist the pressure of Catholic truth! Hence one bright woman said to me: "How I've enjoyed this course of lectures! I'm married to a Protestant and have had trouble to bring up my children Catholics, but I've brought seven Protestants to hear two of your lectures, all I could come into, having eight miles to drive." And hence our "leading men" are glad to act as ushers, and all the Catholic women drum up attendance, and talk up the topics afterwards.

Seldom have we had the advertising better done than at Hanwell and Flowerville; my good host at the latter place, Hugh, and his handsome son, distributing our bills everywhere, and especially in country neighborhoods through Catholic farmers trading at their big hardware store. Methodist families drove in six and seven miles, attracted by the dodgers and interested by the chat of Catholic friends.

The last night it rained again, and yet we had perhaps our

best audience to hear "Why I am a Catholic." A fine quartette, half Catholic and half Protestant, gave us beautiful music, and we had nearly an hour's length of questions to answer. It is not easy to describe the joy of the Catholics at seeing their friends and neighbors listening respectfully to a Catholic priest explaining those truths which are to themselves the dearest treasures of life.

Question.—Why do Catholics pray with beads?

I began my answer by putting my hand in my pocket and drawing out my rosary, and holding it up before the audience. The Protestants gazed on it in absolute wonder and utter silence. Then I explained the vocal and mental prayer of the rosary, the mysteries and their order, ending in words like these: "There is no excess of praying to God nowadays; and let me advise you to give every liberty to prayer, to that most necessary of all religious practices, whether people want to help their prayer by books, or public meetings, or family union, or by using this beautiful, graceful, and poetical form of the Crown of Roses—or by using jack-stones or corn-cobs, for that matter. The beads help us to spend more time at prayer, to unite thought and words both together, to assist in fixing attention, to be simple and childlike, and to have the help of Mary the Mother of Jesus, who was and is, you will gladly agree, the foremost friend the Saviour has ever had."

Among my questions on the temperance night I found this:

Are Catholic saloon-keepers in good and regular standing in the Catholic Church?

I hailed this question with joy. The strictures of the Third Plenary Council on the saloon business, so well driven home both in the decrees and the pastoral letter, have struck a blow at this partnership of avarice and drunkenness from the effects of which it will never recover, and which will finally set all of us right on the subject. Of course there are some who will still take their facts as well as their principles from books, or rather will apply the facts to the theories rather than the theories to the facts. But the Catholic bishops are guardians of morality by divine right, and they have passed on the fact of saloon-keeping in America; they have put it under the ban. Fortunately, too, I was armed with Bishop Watterson's recent pastoral letter, giving, as he says, "force and efficacy" to the decrees of the council. In it he forbids all Catholic societies in his diocese to admit saloon-keepers to membership, and in words of burning eloquence exhorts his priests and people resolutely to

oppose the vice of intemperance and the "business" which makes it a means of money-getting. Thank God for Bishop Watterson's pastoral!

While answering the inevitable question, Why is not the Catholic Church opposed to intemperance? I called out rather sharply, "Did you never hear of the greatest and most successful temperance advocate who ever lived, Father Theobald Mathew?"

"Yes, I have; I heard him speak forty years ago," said an old man from the audience. I replied: "And wasn't he a powerful enemy of intemperance?" "Yes, he was, and a glorious temperance worker." I thought I was dealing with a Catholic veteran in "the cause," but found out later that it was a Protestant who had thus reinforced me.

FLOWERVILLE.

We had heard this place spoken of as bigoted; but this was found to be wholly true only of a few influential persons, from whom the bigotry spread to others as an infection. Our lectures developed the symptoms acutely in the Baptist minister of the place—an Englishman and a popery-hater of the good old kind. As soon as our announcements appeared he sent to Canada and imported an "ex-priest," and pitted him against us in his new and pretty Baptist church, choosing our hours of meeting precisely. Being on the same street with our hall, and but half a block away, and enjoying the advantage of a loud church-bell, he hoped to lessen our attendance. But I had the advantage of novelty, a kindly invitation, and the grace of God. So the wretched importation failed to draw. Then it was stated that he was not an ex-priest; and besides his lies were told with a villanous French accent; and he was moved back to Canada before the week was half over; a warning against violating the contract labor law in the interests of untruth. Yet the minister rang his bell right along, and flourished his musket if he couldn't fire it off; kept up the motions though he was unable to do any harm. He had but six auditors on Thursday evening and four on Friday evening. Meantime, curiously enough, his wife attended some of the lectures and a sort of associate minister, named Napoleon Smith, came one or two evenings and took notes.

Friday morning we found this challenge in one of the local weekly papers:

"*A Friendly Invitation.*

"Inasmuch as many 'non-Catholics' have expressed a desire to hear a fuller discussion of the great questions treated upon by the eloquent and learned Roman Catholic evangelist and controversialist who has lectured in the Bean Opera House this week, I hereby most cordially and sincerely invite that gentleman to join with me in a friendly public discussion, for three days or more, of the following propositions, which I affirm:

"1. That submission to the Pope of Rome is not justified by reason.

"2. That submission to the Pope of Rome is contrary to Scripture.

"3. That the Baptist church of ——— corresponds more nearly to the churches instituted by Christ and his apostles, as shown by the New Testament, than does the Roman Catholic Church.

"4. That Romanism, distinctively considered, is not a system of morality.

"5. That Romanism, distinctively considered, is not a system of truth.

"Flowerville, April 12, 1894.

C. C. W——."

But I had not appeared as a controversialist, and both in print and from the platform had disclaimed and avoided controversy. And furthermore, many "non-Catholics" of his own congregation were greatly scandalized at the minister's conduct. Controversy with such an individual in a public hall would soon become a duel of Chinese stink-pots, would stir up bad blood on both sides, and would need three years instead of three days of battles and scalp-dances to arrive at a finish. But it was worth while getting the foul gases into the quiet of a laboratory if only to list them properly. So my dear Father John, who had done so much to secure our good audiences, and who had made my two weeks' stay so pleasant, authorized me to give a "friendly invitation" to the minister to write out his "fuller discussion" and print it in one of the local journals, and to assure him that he would be met and refuted in the same arena.

Meantime the Baptist church-members generally are sorry and ashamed of their pastor, and are destined to be more so in case he attacks us in the papers.

Said a burly, square-shouldered German farmer, who had driven thirteen miles with his wife to make his Easter Communion: "Why can't we do as the Methodists do? All around

my place the Methodist ministers come and use the school-houses to hold meetings and make new members—revival meetings, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school meetings. They ain't got anything to give compared to us. Why can't we do something like that?" So we can, I told him, only we must have Home Missionaries. In this county there are one hundred and forty school-houses, nearly all of them in country districts, for this is an agricultural county. These school-houses can be used for all kinds of meetings free, or nearly so. What an opportunity! A missionary could spend his whole time, summer and winter, in this county alone, and never have an evening without a non-Catholic audience, or a morning or afternoon without private conference with earnest men and women seeking after the truth. Does any one want a plainer providence? Did our Saviour say "compel them to enter in" or "wait till they compel you to take them in"?

The literature, leaflets, pamphlets, and books, distributed here and in Hanwell was in excess of what we gave away in most other places. It was eagerly accepted. May the Holy Spirit make it fruitful of conversions!

In this village of twelve hundred souls (but to make that total many of the cats and dogs must be counted) there are hardly twenty Catholics. My friend Hugh and his family are, however, among the wealthiest and most esteemed, and the score of families of Catholic farmers in the neighborhood are known and respected as staunch Christians, as is shown by their fine new brick church. The place has a bad name for bigotry, as already said, though an A. P. A. lodge failed to keep alive here, as is so often the case in communities dominantly of native stock.

Our first three days the weather was bleak and stormy, but the attendance at the "Grand Opera House" started good, and increased right along till on Wednesday night we were turning people away—full to the doors. Of this audience, touching four hundred every evening, and the last two evenings going far beyond, less than one hundred and fifty were Catholics, and some evenings the proportion was less. But these were feeling big enough to occupy the whole county, so elated were they with our success.

The following questions are such as perhaps will interest the reader without the answers:

God put Adam in the garden of Eden; where is the garden now?

Please explain what is the meaning of the titles given to different orders of priests, as Paulists, Redemptorists, Jesuits, etc.?

Is it the Catholic belief that all Catholics will go to heaven?

Do Catholics experience a change of heart?

Why do they ring a bell under the priest's robe during Mass?

What is the meaning of I. H. S. on Catholic churches?

Does the Catholic Church approve of congregational singing?

Why do Catholics have the marriage ceremony performed before eating in the morning?

If I should ask which church you expect will swallow up all the other churches, what would you say?

Why shouldn't a woman make a good priest?

Why do Catholics kiss the Blarney Stone?

Why does the pope in Rome wear the number 666 on his belt?

You are a priest, and can you tell if there was ever a funeral from a convent?

What is your object in lecturing?

Who pardons the Pope's sins?

Do you mean to say that this country would be free if the Catholics had control of it?

Was Martin Luther a Christian or a heretic?

Why do Catholics have wakes?

What has become of Judas?

Is Rev. Satolli the Pope of America?

Why do you preach Latin to a congregation when the people are ignorant of that language?

Do you believe in progression after death?

Can you tell what kind of wood was used in making the cross Christ was crucified on?

Do you think it possible for the Pope ever to sin?

Is there any harm in going to a dance providing you don't dance?

What is the difference between a nun and a Sister of Charity, if any?

Please explain why the nuns have to wear black or white or gray when they go into the nunnery?

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD.

By William Seton, LL.D.

BEFORE THE MOUNTAINS WERE BORN.

EW of us, when we speak of the earth which we inhabit, realize that nearly three-quarters of it is covered by water. But there was a time in the far-off past—millions of years ago—when there was even less dry land than we see to-day, when a hazy atmosphere constantly enveloped the few primordial beaches, and through this haze the rays of the sun dimly penetrated. Remnants of these first patches of land still exist; the eye of the geologist recognizes them by broken shells and ripple-marks, and we may trace them in our own country from Canada to Georgia.

Such a world must have been indeed a desolate one from our point of view. But the Creator then, as always, suited the life-system to its environment; and if the Silurian rocks do not tell us whether there was any vegetation except a few small ferns and sea-weed, we know that the sea-bottom swarmed with a fauna of low degree: sponges, corals, star-fishes, nautili, and trilobites. This last-named animal predominated. Its shell was divided longitudinally into three lobes—hence the name—and it is interesting to know that in our own age its nearest living affinity is the common horseshoe-crab. The broad head-plate of the trilobite was, no doubt, useful for burrowing and hiding in the slimy ooze, and the prominent eyes on the sides of the head-plate were provided with separate lenses the same as in modern crustaceans, which would indicate that in the primeval waters the action of light was the same as it is now.

THE RISE OF THE CONTINENTS.

After a time—that is, after many thousand years—the beaches increased in breadth and in length, and now we come to what is known as the Devonian, or the era of fishes. Invertebrates were still very numerous; but fishes, which are vertebrates—that is, animals with a backbone—represent a higher form of life, and they became rulers of the sea. Little by little we are able vaguely to discern the northern hemisphere.

Europe at first was merely a broad, internal, water-covered plateau fringed with embryo hills on the west, while North America was represented by two long ridges running in a southerly direction, and these slight elevations—little more than sand dunes—were the beginning of the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies.

The sea between these shores was shallow and partially protected from the cold currents of the North; and on the Ohio River, near Louisville, may be seen to-day the remains of a coral reef belonging to this period, and these corals may be traced over an area of five hundred thousand square miles.

FISH IN ARMOR.

The Devonian fishes were mostly ganoids (nowadays represented chiefly by the gar-pike and sturgeon), and along with them were fishes of the shark tribe. The ganoids were smaller and kept to the shallower water, while the ancient sharks ruled in the deep sea. But all the fish of this era had cartilaginous skeletons, and if we know anything about them it is thanks to their forms having been encased in closely-fitting enamelled scales—a coat of mail, as it were—and this armor must have been very useful to the comparatively weak ganoids when pursued by the big fish. A fossil specimen of a primitive shark was discovered in Ohio by the late Professor Newberry, of Columbia College. Its head measures over three feet in length and a foot and a half in breadth, while in the upper and lower jaw it had, besides its teeth, two tusks about twelve inches long, and if the body at all corresponded with the head, we may imagine what a formidable enemy it must have been.

Good authorities hold that many if not all the fish of this era were provided with uncommonly big air-bladders, well supplied with blood-vessels, and with an air-duct leading to the mouth—the same as in the modern mudfish and pike—and which performed the part of a lung, and that thus they were able to exist in badly oxygenated water; for it is not improbable that the waters as well as the atmosphere of the Devonian age were not so well supplied with pure oxygen as the atmosphere and waters of to-day, for it was a time of great volcanic disturbance and the air must have been full of poisonous exhalations. It is well to bear in mind that these early fishes were not typical ones such as those of our day. They were indeed true fishes, yet at the same time they were generalized, connecting types: that is to say, that along with their positive

fish characters were blended other characters which linked them to higher vertebrates. Their bony scales, conical teeth, and air-bladders playing the part of lungs, together with other characteristics, point upwards towards the coming amphibians.

It is true we cannot be positive in regard to their cellular air-bladders, but it is highly probable that they had them, since we do know it to be true of the modern ceratodus and lepidosiren, their nearest living allies. Here let us observe that there is no hard-and-fast line between water-breathers and air-breathers. It is an error to suppose that fish must live exclusively in the water: there are some existing forms which are able to pass much of their time on land; and we may consider such fish quite as much amphibians as we consider frogs. In these fish we either find accessory gill-cavities (which contain only air) playing the part of lungs, and which have been brought about by a modification of part of the water-breathing gill-cavity, or else we find the air-bladder directly acting as lungs subsidiary to the gills, and here the air is breathed through a passageway running from the throat to the air-bladder.

From what little is known of the vegetation of the age of fishes, we can only say that on the limited land area—which consisted of monotonous swamps—might have been seen here and there a gigantic clubmoss, a tree-fern, or a pine; and it was probably a silent landscape, except for the cricket-like voice of an insect related to our May-fly, and all we know of this early insect's chirp is from the scant remnant of its musical instrument found on one of its wings in the Devonian strata of New Brunswick.

THE BEGINNING OF THE COAL PERIOD.

The period which follows the Devonian is known as the Carboniferous, and its name comes from the fact that nine-tenths of all the coal was accumulated during this period. At the beginning of the Carboniferous we discover the earliest amphibians, and footprints indicate that they were Labyrinthodonts—a species of salamander, and so called from the labyrinthine structure of their teeth. It was emphatically a connecting type, for the labyrinthodont had both lungs and gills, thus forming a link between water-breathers and air-breathers; besides which they possessed characters connecting them with the ganoid fishes, so that their descent from some stem of this group is commonly held by scientists. Labyrinthodonts were first discovered in hollow fossil trees in Nova Scotia, and such trees are often found quite erect in coal mines. During this

important era the land surface was all the while increasing, the fauna and flora were becoming more abundant, and it is to the rank vegetation of the Carboniferous that we are indebted for the coal we use. Among its vastly more numerous insect tribe it is interesting to find representatives of our domestic cockroach, and the climate must have been indeed highly favorable to insects as well as to plants, for it was uniformly tropical even to within the arctic circle. We may also consider it as essentially an air-purifying age: carbonic acid was withdrawn from the atmosphere and stored up in vegetation preserved as coal, while at the same time the air became better supplied with the oxygen needful for higher forms of life.

A SUPPOSED CATACLYSM.

The Carboniferous period, unless the story of the rocks greatly misleads us, came to an end with some terrible movements of the earth's crust—a large portion of the land area disappeared under water, animal and vegetable life was almost destroyed, and the coal formations lay hidden under a shroud of sand and gravel. When after a time the waters receded and the land came in sight again, the eye rested on a very different landscape. In place of the low, swampy, carboniferous jungles, were shallow estuaries and mountains. In North America the Appalachian chain formed a marked feature of the eastern part of the continent, and the Gulf of Mexico stretched much farther north, while in Europe the Caspian and the Euxine seas were vastly larger than to-day.

We are now in what is called the age of reptiles, when the great land masses assumed their final shape, which shape the continents have retained in spite of subsequent sinkings and upheavals. These early reptiles were indeed wonderful creatures. Some of them lived partly in the water, others frequented the land, and still others had wings and flew in the air. The Ichthyosaurus, or fish-lizard, was sometimes forty feet long, and it had a wide geographical range, for its fossil remains have been discovered in Australia as well as north of the arctic circle. This monster's body was not unlike a whale's, and it had a long, fish-like tail, a triangular fin on the back, as well as a pair of fins on the fore and on the hind part of the body.* It must have been a rapid swimmer and also a voracious beast, for its jaws were armed with large, conical teeth, sometimes two hundred in number, and with its monstrous head and its eyes

* A well-preserved skeleton of an Ichthyosaurus was found at Würtemberg in 1892.

from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, it no doubt presented a formidable appearance. Those who have given most study to the subject believe that the ichthyosaurus, like the whale, in the beginning lived a good part of the time on land, and certain features in the skull, the vertebræ, and the teeth suggest a descent from the amphibian labyrinthodonts, of which we have spoken, and which, as we know, first made their appearance in the previous carboniferous era.

Along with the ichthyosaurus was another sea-monster, the Plesiosaurus. But its head, instead of being large, was small, and it had a long, slender, snake-like neck. It, too, was an air-breather, and was therefore obliged now and again to rise to the surface in order to breathe; and good authorities maintain that, like the ichthyosaurus and the whale tribe, the plesiosaurus was descended from some land or semi-aquatic ancestor, and that its structure underwent a good deal of change in the process of adaptation to a life in the water. The most characteristic reptile, however, of the American inland waters—on whose western horizon we now perceive the Rocky Mountains—was the Mosasaurus. It was carnivorous and ranged from ten to sixty feet in length. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that it had any affinity to modern serpents; the mosasaurus was essentially a water-lizard with four good paddles. But the highest in the scale of reptiles were the wonderful Dinosaurs.* Although these were true reptiles, they show certain unmistakable points of resemblance to the ostrich and the emeu tribe of birds, and the famous so-called bird-tracks in the triassic sandstone of the Connecticut Valley would seem on careful investigation to have been made by three-toed quadrupeds, which usually walked on their hind feet alone, and which probably belonged to the group of dinosaurs called the ornithopoda, or bird-footed group.

UNPROTECTED MONSTERS.

Dinosaurian remains have been found in every part of the explored world, and they vary greatly in size and form—as do all animals having a wide geographical range: some were not bigger than a cat, while others exceeded the dimensions of an elephant and were encased in bony plates and spines, and some even had horns which must have rendered them invulnerable. Perhaps no scientist has thrown so much light on this extinct order of reptiles as Professor Marsh, of Yale College, whose discoveries in the far West are world-known. He was

* Greek, *deinos*—terrible; *sauros*—lizard.

the first to obtain a complete skeleton of the dinosaur known as Brontosaurus. It was a vegetable feeder and seemingly a defenceless animal, for its body, which attained a length of more than fifty feet, had neither bony plates nor spines and horns to protect it, and, judging from its extremely small brain and weak spinal cord, it was no doubt sluggish and stupid. But big as it was, it was exceeded in size by another dinosaurian reptile, the Atlantosaurus, a thigh bone of which was discovered by Marsh in the Rocky Mountains. A cast of this gigantic bone is to be seen in the Museum of Natural History, New York; it is between six and seven feet long, and we may not unreasonably suppose that the animal itself measured almost one hundred feet. Here let us observe that the strata in which this and other dinosaurian remains were found belongs to the upper Jurassic—a significant fact and in regard to which Marsh says:* "The recent discovery of these interesting remains, many and various, in strata that had long been pronounced by professional explorers barren of vertebrate fossils, should teach caution to those who decline to accept the imperfection of our knowledge to-day as a fair plea for the supposed absence of intermediate forms."

PRECURSORS OF THE BIRDS.

But various and strange as were the species of this extinct order—and we have not space to describe them all—they do not surpass in interest the flying lizards called Pterodactyles. Some of these were not bigger than a robin, while others measured twenty-five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Properly speaking, however, the pterodactyle's organ of flight was not a true wing, but a smooth, thin, leathery membrane, much like the wing of a bat, only not supported in the same way. Of the bat's five fingers four are used to support the wing and only one is free, while in the pterodactyle's but one finger supports the wing and four are free and end in sharp claws. There were long and short-tailed flying lizards, and some had teeth and some had none; but all had uncommonly big eyes, which would seem to indicate that their habits were nocturnal. And let us observe that it is well worth a visit to the Yale College museum if only to see Professor Marsh's collection of pterodactyles—the largest in the world, and numbering over six hundred specimens.

As we approach the close of the reptile era we discover—in

* *Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America.*

the upper Jurassic—the earliest bird, Archæopteryx. This discovery greatly disconcerted the believers in special creations, who had maintained that there was at least one important break in the animal series which could never be bridged over, namely, that which separated the sharply defined class of birds from the other classes. But lo! here was a creature evidently a bird, for it had two legs, and wings and a tail both of which were distinctly feathered. Yet in several respects it was not at all like the birds of our day. While the feet, beak, and feathers proclaimed it a bird, the long vertebrated tail, with twenty joints and its many teeth, gave it the aspect of a reptile. The two specimens of archæopteryx were discovered in Germany, while in America Professor Marsh found in strata of a somewhat later horizon birds with tails not quite so reptile-like, but otherwise equally extraordinary. In one genus, Ichthyornis, the teeth are set in sockets, while in Hesperornis regalis they are set in grooves. This last-named bird is very large, and Marsh calls it "a carnivorous swimming ostrich." In the above important discoveries we behold a curious blending of reptile and bird. We have the fore-limb of the reptile modified into the characteristic avian wing; and while there still remains a gap to be bridged over—for feathers and wings did not come suddenly into existence—yet the gap has been very much narrowed; and accepting, as almost every living scientist does, the law of evolution, these intermediate transition forms are just what we might look for in the dawn of bird life. These primitive birds are slowly changing into modern birds, but they are still connected in some ways with the reptile stem; and although we do not yet know from which sub-class they are derived, it is merely a question of time for palæontology to completely bridge over the gap which separates the one from the other. Here we quote from Marsh: "It is now generally admitted by biologists who have made a study of vertebrates, that birds have come down to us through the dinosaurs, and the close affinity of the latter with recent struthious birds (ostrich, etc.) will hardly be questioned. The case amounts almost to a demonstration if we compare with dinosaurs their contemporaries, the Mesozoic birds."

When we arrive at what is called the Cretaceous age the land surface again disappeared under water—at least a good portion of it did—and it sank to a great depth, and this submergence must have lasted a long time, for in England and France a thousand feet of chalk were deposited. Good author-

ities hold that chalk is a sea-bottom formation consisting chiefly of microscopic shells, and it must therefore have taken many ages to form a thousand feet of such rocks. With the drowning of so large a portion of the earth many curious animals became extinct; those which were saved escaped by migration, and when we again take up the thread of life the reptiles are comparatively few in number and small in size. But higher and nobler forms have taken their place, and with the evolution of mammals the modern world, broadly speaking, may be said to commence.*

FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

(*On seeing the statue recently raised to his honor in a New York street.*)

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

WHY raise ye here within the city street
This bronzèd triumph of the moulder's skill?
Why shame ye thus our busy strife and heat
And bid our traffic's babel calls be still?
Is this the builder of some mighty scheme
That lays beneath our ever-eager hands
The golden prizes of the thrifty mart?
Has he brought unto us increase of lands,
Or yet perchance illumined a mighty theme
With flood of sunlight from a master art?

And this wan lad low crouched beside his knee,
Whence came he here and whither doth he grope?
Hath he walked down the road of Misery
Seeking in vain the shining path of Hope?
Upon his face, so young and yet so old,
So boyish sweet and still so travel worn,
The demon, Hunger, hath set deep his mark:
Say, doth he now the first faint streaks of morn
See creeping up above the hill-tops cold,
While pipeth high the blithesome meadow-lark?

* Small non-placental, reptilian mammals appeared towards the close of the reptile era. But they were low, generalized types and could not cope with the reptiles among which they lived.

Gaze yet again and mark the marvel done—
A new-world miracle of ancient worth—
A blessed light from out the darkness won
To shed a Christ-like glory on the earth.
Where crouched the youth in pitiful despair,
Half poised upon the brink of crime and woe,
Half doubting whether God or man be true,
Behold a boy in beauty all aglow,
In youth's fond dreams serenely strong and fair,
With brain and heart to nobly plan and do.

Oh, good brave soul of lowliest gentleness,
Yet giant-strong to save the little ones;
Oh, chrismed hands for ever raised to bless,
For ever stretched to lift earth's weakest sons,
Not vain, not vain the weary days and nights,
The toil, the anguish, and the dread suspense
You bore unceasing, tho' your heart was sad:
In fulness now you hold the recompense,
And now you know, amid your blest delights,
He saw your work—the Children's Friend was glad!

From that fair land beyond our mortal ken,
Where hope is love and love alone is goal,
See you the army of your little men
Pressing straight onward in the march of soul?
No martial banner blazons to the sky;
No burning village darkens all the plain,
Nor bleeding captive bends the cringing knee:
Your bugle blew a nobler warrior strain,
A clarion call to nobly live and die,
Brave in the freedom that the truth makes free.

Oh, ye who seek in many winding ways,
Thro' curious questionings of time and space,
A royal road to endless perfect days
Wherein to lead a lost, bewildered race,
Go not beyond the path these humble feet
Have trod in patience here beneath your eyes—
Here in the turmoil of our highway's span;
Seek not afar the Rose of Paradise
While yet the harvest of God's earthly wheat
Grows in the loving of your fellow-man!

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

By Kathryn Prindiville.

"A VIOLET for your thoughts, Mr. Armstrong. For fully five minutes your eyes have been fastened on that black lake with a total disregard of our presence, which, to say the least, is very uncomplimentary"; and a pretty, dark girl shook her flower saucily at the laughing face regarding her.

"I did not intend to be rude, Miss Katherine, but you cannot expect me to say I'm sorry. What right have you now to complain of neglect when last spring you cruelly lacerated my feelings by the double loss of my best friend and my best girl?"

"You look worn and heartsore, truly"; and Katherine nodded mockingly at the robust young giant stretched at ease on the veranda railing.

"I know the worm i' the bud hasn't begun operations outwardly, but nevertheless my heart bitterly resents your post-engagement unkindness. As for Jack," laying an arm affectionately across the shoulders of a companion on the railing, "he is about as interesting as the yacht's spar when his sweetheart's not by to applaud his witticisms."

"Beware, Mr. Armstrong," Carrie Omsby laughed; "Miss Moberly meditates vengeance."

"It doesn't require much meditation," answered Katherine, scornfully, "to know there is always a blockhead attached to a mast."

"My opinion, exactly," said the offender wickedly, "though I hesitated to air it before."

"Now then, Will, that's rather strong"; and Jack Deering smilingly came to the rescue of his flushed and indignant betrothed.

"Your fiancée is responsible, old man. If the romantic glamour has so quickly disappeared from her future lord and master—how's that, Jack?—she needn't vent her disappointment on a harmless individual like—"

A hand belonging to the aforesaid "old man" quickly and effectually stopped the flow of eloquence, while Katherine shook

the delinquent energetically till a muffled voice penitently murmured, "I'll be good."

"See that you will, sir," answered Miss Moberly severely, and her stalwart lover released the suffocating culprit.

The gay group occupying a small upper balcony of the Mackinac hotel heartily enjoyed the daily skirmishes between the inseparables, as Jack, his friend, and his fiancée were christened. Katherine was an energetic creature with a sharp tongue that did valiant service for herself and her lover, who wisely let her select her own ammunition, though alert, and ready to do battle physically, if Will proved the stronger force. Great chums the three, for in spite of frequent struggles the girl openly admired the quick wit and sunshiny presence of the popular Armstrong, knowing the strength and honesty of character under the agreeable manner.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Armstrong, you've forfeited your violet," a lovely girl cried laughingly, as Katherine defiantly tucked the blossom into a buttonhole, Jack being already adorned, "but I'll replace it with a rose if you give us a clue to the brown study."

Armstrong looked eagerly towards the speaker, and the color deepened in her cheeks as she turned to include the others, saying: "You know I always used to wonder, at school, what Napoleon's or Alexander's feelings were before one of their great battles, and now, perhaps, Mr. Armstrong, the night before the yacht race, can tell something that will gratify my curiosity at last."

"If Alexander's thoughts were as unheroic and practical as mine, Miss Ellis, it is just as well you were not clairvoyant"; and Will smiled gently at the stately blonde. "I was only imploring old Boreas to send along a good south-east gale strong enough to blow the anchors off the sailors' buttons."

"I do not whistle, Mr. Armstrong, so cannot bring the wind to you that way; but if a song will propitiate Boreas, I'll help you with pleasure"; and the clear, sweet voice rang out charmingly in the open air—

> "Give me a freshening breeze, my boys,
> A white and swelling sail;
> A ship that cuts the dashing waves,
> And weathers every gale."

"Bravo, Marion!" Katherine cried exultantly; "now I am

sure we'll win. Three cheers for the *Nancy!*" And she spun joyfully about amid the laughing applause of her friends. "Will, stop staring at Marion and thank her prettily"; and Katherine chuckled gleefully as Armstrong started abruptly and turned his eyes out towards the lake, away from the lovely, flushed face so near him.

"I'm afraid Miss Ellis does not realize that a swift wind for the *Nancy* means second place for the *Phyllis*. You cannot serve two masters, you know, Miss Ellis; and as the *Phyllis's* owner is inclined to be despotic, I'll try to forget you sang for us."

"Is it a case of hating one and loving the other?" Carrie Ormsby cried maliciously.

"It is a case of resented interference, evidently. I assure you, Mr. Armstrong, you cannot regret the song as much as I"; and with a slight, haughty inclination of the stately head, Miss Ellis left the veranda.

Deering ended the uncomfortable silence with a lively tale of an adventurous scramble up Sugar-loaf rock, under cover of which Katherine whispered to Armstrong, "Run after her and explain"; and with a grateful look he hurried away.

The tall figure, walking so resolutely down the long corridor, never turned when a hasty step announced the pursuer, and a voice sounded humbly:

"Miss Ellis, please forgive my detestable rudeness!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Armstrong," icily. "It was stupid of me to sing unasked."

"Oh, wait a minute!" desperately. "You do not understand. I must speak to you, Miss Ellis. Do give me a chance to explain"; and Will turned an anxious face towards the haughty young lady who, reaching her room, laid a hand on the door. She faltered an instant, and he seized the advantage at once.

"Miss Ellis," breathlessly, "your song was the sweetest response I ever had to a wish. Don't you know that I would spend my life listening to your voice, if such happiness were possible? But Katherine told me Grant sent to Chicago for red roses for to-morrow, and I—well," with a flushed face and distressed smile—"I thought of you wearing his colors, and it wasn't comfortable exactly"; and he laughed forlornly.

"But didn't she tell you I refused to have them?" The listless face was all eagerness now.

"What! honestly? O Miss Ellis! did you really?" and the

excited young man caught and held the small hand nervously tapping the door.

"Well," with a tremulous laugh, as she found her efforts at release unavailing, "red is not becoming you see, and so I thought—"

"You would wear blue?" joyously.

"I hoped so, but nobody offered me a badge."

"Will you wear my colors if I send them in the morning?" eagerly.

"Yes, gladly."

"And you surely want the *Nancy* to win?"

"I should feel dreadfully if she wasn't victorious."

"Then I have no fears"; and Will jubilantly kissed the pretty hand, released it, and turned quickly away.

The sunrise gun on the old fort sounded a lusty greeting to the sleepy little village lying at its feet. Every morning it thundered out Uncle Sam's welcome to the coming day, and when in winter the small island was cut off from outside communication by the thick ice, it boomed friendly encouragement to the imprisoned inhabitants that spring would soon be at hand with its train of ships passing in companionable proximity, and its host of pleasure-seekers, doing its best to transform the simple, primitive spot into a fashionable garden for the enjoyment of the "Summer Amusement Company."

The old cannon, perched high on the stone wall, was specially persistent this morning, and sent its heavy echoes rolling down to the town beneath, back through the piney woods, and out over the turbulent water dancing a mad gallop with the brilliant sunshine.

The village stirred, yawned, and was settling down to a second nap with muttered maledictions on the noisy war-engine, when consciousness brought remembrance of the day's exciting sport, and, with a boisterous show of activity, it jumped from its couch prepared for great things.

Over on the other bluff, where the long, white hotel reflected the glory of the morning, the old gun was less effective. Society slept complacently on, and no one but the tired night clerk, impatiently longing for relief, noticed a man cross the office floor, and go out on the broad veranda.

With a quick look to the eastward he stood enjoying the fresh breeze, until an anxious voice turned him quickly towards the open door.

"What luck, Will?"

"South-easter," was the laconic answer that sent Deering forward with a rush.

"A race to windward and back! Billy, my boy," hugging his friend exultantly, "the fates are with us."

"Well, Jack, old fellow," and Billy laughingly returned the impetuous embrace, "I guess the *Nancy* will be true blue."

The narrow strait separating Round Island from Mackinac is alive with gaily-decked craft rocking about in a manner that bodes little enjoyment for any but a seasoned tar. Tiny steam yawls *chassé* between larger and more cumbersome vessels, and make futile attempts to sink the red buoy which marks the opening stake. The jaunty yacht serving as judges' boat is crowded with mariners bold, who hide under smart caps and blue flannel toggery a cowardly longing for the dull, tame shore.

The sands are lined with people, who cover the ramparts of the fort and fill to overflowing the broad gallery of the white hotel. Up in the little cupola over the red roof an anxious group of faces watch the desultory movements of two sloops drifting so aimlessly about the small basin. At last a preparatory gun from the deck of the official launch gives timely ending to idle manœuvring, and having signalled for readiness, she steams away to form the outer wall for the start. The *Phyllis* and *Nancy*, with reefed mainsails staunch and taut in the heavy breeze and single jibs puffed out like large balloons, slowly swing around and advance towards an imaginary line drawn between the gaudy sinker and the waiting launch. The *Nancy* has a slight advantage over her opponent, but is coming so quickly with the pretty white side touching the water that a great throb of fear stirs the interested audience. Will she be too soon? Must the race be lost before starting by a wrong time calculation?

Every face is turned imploringly towards the saucy steamer so heedless of the catastrophe, and eyes are strained to catch the first flash of powder. The *Nancy* actually leaps across watery space, widening to two lengths the distance from her rival, and heads so near the line that a sickening apprehension of defeat stirs the nervous group on the hotel roof. All at once a bright glare greets the view, a resounding report arouses the imprisoned voices of the island, and with an instant of grace the pretty yacht flies across the line, followed some seconds later by the *Phyllis*, and the race is on.

A windward contest is a trying experiment for strained nerves nautically interested but nautically ignorant. The zigzag course baffles all certainty as to the boat ahead, and the excited spectator must possess his doubting soul in patience, while sympathizing friends befog his intelligence with mysterious prattle of port and starboard tacks. Consequently, when the two yachts point directly towards the south peninsula instead of down the straits, watchers, after the first surprise, accept the supposition that they will arrive at the right destination by some peculiar process of sailing tactics known to the man at the wheel, and settle down to enjoy the exciting chase. The *Nancy* maintains her starting lead, and both yachts spin across the blue water with incredible speed, careening over till decks are washed and the spray baptizes the men stretched along their sides. The heavy wind stiffens the spare canvas bent out over the lake, and masts groan with the burden of the weighty sails.

Across the track of merchant vessels darts the plucky *Nancy*, while the *Phyllis*, hopeless of catching the will-o'-the-wisp so provokingly beyond reach, changes her helm, shifting mainsail and jib to the other side. There they tremble a moment, undecided as to the intention of the guiding hand, then fill again and off she heads along Bois Blanc Island.

But why does the *Nancy* steer so madly towards the Michigan shore? Can't she see her rival stealing towards the little red buoy dashing in the breakers before Sheboygan? Has she no care for the yearning eyes and anxious hearts that follow the contest with fearful dread? Ah! Captain Will, have you no pity for the girl in the tower whose white hand crushes your violets to still the furious beating of her heart?

On sails the *Phyllis* down the edge of the long island, slower this time but surely forging ahead. Still the *Nancy* moves obstinately towards the mainland, scorning her rival's progress. Sailors eager for action scan the captain's face turned to the nearing shore. An instant of tense strain, then "Hard a-lee" rings lustily from the strong throat, answered by a noise of shifting ropelocks that reverse mainsail and jib in the twinkling of an eye. A deadening second when progress seems despair; then the wind fills the spotless sails, the left edge of the pretty model yields to the caress of impetuous Neptune, and down the broad channel skims the *Nancy* with the *Phyllis's* stern for goal. The latter boat, skirting the island coast ahead, is yet in a position to fear competition, for the *Nancy*, nearer

the desired shore, points into the wind more advantageously, though the slight decrease in space between the sloops is not appreciated by the audience on land, from which vantage ground the distance apart is added to the *Nancy's* loss.

At a line nearly opposite Pointe aux Pines ou Bois Blanc the *Phyllis* changes her course, settles her canvas again to the starboard side, and steers for the Sheboygan shore. But what is this she encounters, dancing along gaily, shaking the spray from her pretty skirts and fluttering the pennant at her head like a saucy wave of her hand? *Nancy* is coming to greet *Phyllis*, and arriving so quickly that, to the watchers on the veranda, there seems imminent danger of collision. Flying eastward sails the one, flying southward sails the other. There is a confused mingling of masts and sails and rigging; a second of suspended respiration, then slowly a jib, a spar, a mainsail, emerge from the melée, and the *Nancy*, crossing the bows of her antagonist, dashes along her course.

Still to the eastward she points until directly opposite Sheboygan, when, helm shifted, she bears down on the old lumber town, and the wisdom of her sailing plan is apparent. The *Phyllis*, in to the south-west shore, requires a fourth tack to round the stake, which the *Nancy's* superior windward strength has enabled her young commander to reach without further effort. The test now is one of speed, and her wily master hopes to pit the old geometrical axiom of the single straight line against the shorter, though intricate, angle of his rival.

On fly both sloops, the great mainsails whirring like bird's wings. The scarlet buoy bobs about like a huge cork and grows larger and larger to the advancing sailors. The waiting steam-yacht seems a tipsy sentinel ready to herald the time. Nearer comes the lumber piled on the wharf and the odor of freshly cut boards assails the nostrils of the crew in the bow, quietly preparing sail for the return.

Suddenly in the west the *Phyllis* turns about heading for the stake, but is scarcely under control when the *Nancy*, darting towards it with the speed of an arrow, rounds it bravely without many inches of grace. The judges' signal is echoed by guns, bells, cheers, and whistles from the accompanying squadron, repeated a minute later when the *Phyllis* conquers the scarlet buoy, with the enthusiasm of chivalrous America for the vanquished hero.

Up go topsail and jib; out from the deck swings the spinnaker boom, and Wabun, the East Wind, with his mighty breath

puffs out the giant canvas, and across the strait scuds the *Nancy*, no longer wooing the turbulent waves, but upright and valiant, flying home for love and victory. No more dilatory zigzagings. Steering direct for the waiting buoy, with the radiance of the white hotel reflected in her rigging, the sharp, strong prow cuts the blue waters into sparkling crystals, as she sails, as she sails.

On comes the *Phyllis*, struggling to overtake the lost minute; but her gallant antagonist defiantly widens the gulf between, and scornfully flaunts her glittering shrouds in proud consciousness of superiority.

Faster puffs the steam-yacht with its load of recording angels. It must do royal battle with wind and sail to reach the goal in time. "Blow, breezes, blow!" chants the Indian god whose betrothal of the North Star left him a friend to all lovers. Quicker, brave *Nancy!* Give thy master a glimpse of the sparkling eyes in the watch-tower!

Higher looms the old fort crowning the hill. The shipping at its base is magnified to the nearer sloop. On she bounds across the narrowing channel. After her dashes the *Phyllis* with plenty of martial spirit yet left in her trim sails.

Like great white birds they swoop across the water, the beautiful outspread plumage glistening with silvery brightness. It is a royal struggle, with victory to the swift, for just as the steamer's throbbing engines cease pulsing the *Nancy* with wondrous speed darts across the line, welcomed with noisy clamor by the fort guns.

The race is won with thirty seconds gain from the outer buoy.

"Then you really forgive my stupid blunder last night, and promise never to taunt me with it in the future?"

"Oh! I'm not going to perjure my soul with rash promises at this early date, my dear fiancée," with a little tender smile, "but just at present I forgive you freely."

The music from the distant ball-room came fitfully to two figures ensconced in a corner of the veranda. Tireless promenaders marched back and forth incessantly, but the girl's head was turned away from the restless exercise, and the brilliant starlight shone in her blue eyes fastened so joyously on the handsome dark face bent towards her.

"Evidently I must be a model of propriety henceforth, for your words suggest dire possibilities. Be merciful in your

strength, Marion dear," with a caressing drawl of the little affectionate term.

The girl's face flushed gently and her eyes faltered an instant, then glanced away from the earnest brown pair so steadily regarding her, and she labored vainly to still the tremulous lips.

Armstrong watched the beautiful profile outlined against the white pillar, his heart beating suffocatingly, until a riotous wind, tossing a cape from the girl's shoulders, broke the spell.

"Your 'freshening breeze' is still obedient, my gentle sibyl"; and Will laughingly repaired damages.

"That dreadful song!" Marion turned eagerly—"It makes me blush to think of it. But every one kept insisting as a matter of course that I was interested in the *Phyllis*, and denial only made matters worse. You were most aggravating of all, and your perverse habit of leaving the veranda when Mr. Grant appeared used to exasperate me beyond measure.

"His arrival exasperated me, I assure you"; and Armstrong smiled grimly.

"Upstairs, last night, I got desperate when everybody ignored my timid inquiries about the race; and when you wished for wind, I sang without a thought of appearances. I must confess though," with a rueful laugh, "I felt nicely repaid for my boldness, when you answered Katherine with that icy speech about serving two masters. Ugh! it makes me shiver still!"

"Now, Marion," Will began impetuously, "you know it was only miserable jealousy that prompted those abominable words. I'd like to know how I could help it when Grant was with you constantly, and never one second could I see you alone. Katherine's news about the roses was the last blow, and I was as savage as a wildcat all day."

"Poor boy!" with a consoling glance. "I scolded Katherine roundly just before dinner for all your suffering; but she only laughed and said you deserved more, and that I did not appreciate all I owed her."

"The little wretch! I took her to task myself about those roses, and she insists Grant did send the order to Chicago, and it wasn't necessary to give the whole truth to such a cowardly lover."

"What an expression!" exclaimed the girl indignantly.

"I am afraid it was a pretty accurate statement of my feelings," Will replied laughingly. "My courage used to ooze through the finger-tips whenever you joined our group, and

Katherine's heroic treatment may have been necessary; though, after you promised to wear my violets to-day, I had no fear of losing the yacht race, and even my rival seemed less formidable."

"I was so excited this morning, and so afraid you wouldn't win when the *Nancy* kept sailing over towards Mackinac City on that long first tack, that, if Katherine hadn't tight hold of my hand, I couldn't answer for the consequences," Marion began, breathlessly. "And when you turned the Sheboygan stake and positively bounded away from the *Phyllis*, I could have cried with joy. Ah!" turning a sweet face and eyes that sparkled enthusiastically towards the moved young gentleman beside her, "wasn't I proud of the pretty sloop, and proud of her gallant commander!"

Armstrong's glance was suspiciously bright, and a troublesome throat prevented immediate reply. It came at last, a low, wondering voice whispering humbly: "Sweetheart, how is it you care for me?"

"Do you question my taste, sir?" Marion answered, with a tremulous effort to be playful. "Perhaps it is because I admire handsome men; perhaps, who knows, because you are tall and strong and masterful. I'm afraid I haven't had time yet to discover a reason. That I'll tell you in the morning. To-night I am only conscious of one fact," raising her eyes trustfully to his, "I love you, dear, with all my heart!"

Music and the surge of the lake blended with the sweet assurance, barely audible to the eager listener.

A MISSION TO COXEY'S ARMY.

By Rev. Joseph V. Tracy.

THE badge, a fac-simile of which we publish, is a memento of an extraordinary event in the history of "Coxey's Army"—an incident of peculiar interest to Catholics. On Friday afternoon, May 18, the writer went to spend the night with a friend, the Rev. William T. Russell, of Hyattsville, a small town eight miles out of Washington, in the direction of Baltimore. His greeting was "You have come at a good time. You can help me in a mission I am giving to Coxey's Army." "A mission to Coxey's Army!" One would not be more surprised had he said a mission to the Congress of the United States. "Why, what on earth do you mean?" was the natural question. Then in his unassuming way he told the story.

A PRIEST AVERTS A COLLISION.

When the "Commonwealers" left Washington their expressed intention of camping somewhere about that city alarmed the countryside. The little boroughs felt keenly the selfish action—as it appeared to them—of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia. How could a small town deal with four or five hundred men, such as those in the army? Why did not the big city tackle the problem of dispersing it, and not expose the outlying districts to a reign of terror? Clerks in the different national departments are the principal residents of these localities, and during the day, they being in Washington, the hamlets are in the care of women and children, store-keepers and serving-men. It can, then, be easily understood how the town of Hyattsville lost its head when word went about that the unwelcome camp was to be pitched within its borders, and that one of its residents had offered his property as a site. A gathering of two hundred excited citizens was the quick result. In a body they betook themselves to the owner of this property, whom they could not but regard as a traitor to the community's interest. He was a veteran, a Catholic, and a man of independent ideas and action. The body of citizens undertook to bully him, and needless to say there was wild talk, if

not threats. However, the veteran was not of the sort to be bullied. As he said afterwards, a committee of three or four urging the residents' views might have had some effect upon him; a resort to mob-methods could have none. The crowd, though in a dangerous mood, had nevertheless somewhat of self-control, and withdrew to a public hall that they might consult as to further action. The drift of the discussion here was all in one direction: "If the law cannot rid us of these fellows, we will take the law into our own hands." Fortunately, some

Rev. William T. Russell.

one having noticed that the Catholic priest had entered the hall, proposed that "we hear what Father Russell has to say."

The priest's words were few and telling, though not in harmony with what had been said. He dwelt on the sad results that might flow from hasty, misguided action, and condemned entirely the notion of the townsmen taking the law into their own hands. Such action, or even thought, must arouse, or at

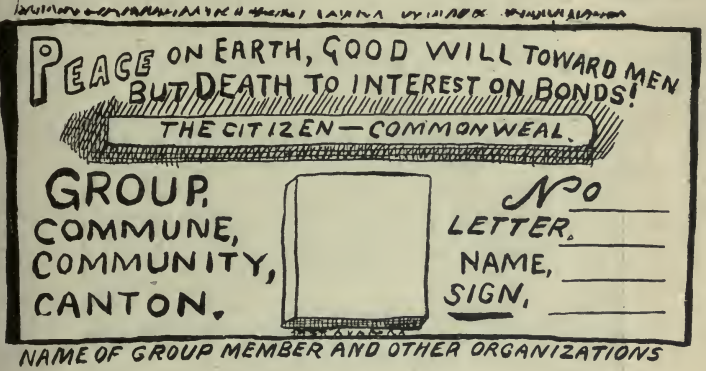
least excuse, a like determination on the part of the Coxeyites; how expect them to keep within lawful bounds if it was the declared purpose of their opposers not to do so. At the time the utterance was anything but palatable to the meeting; within a few days its reasonableness became apparent. After-thought made speech-makers of that evening ashamed of their imprudence. During part of the debate Carl Brown, the right-hand man of Coxey, was present, but at the advice of Father Russell withdrew, taking with him a member of the army, between whom and a hot-headed resident an altercation was imminent.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A MISSION.

At Mass on the next day the priest made an unwelcome announcement. While declaring his disapproval of the Commonweal movement, he wished it at the same time to be clearly understood that, as long as the army remained within the lines of his parish, any members of it who were Catholics would be considered by him as parishioners, and receive all the attention due to such. The congregation, some of whom had been foremost in the opposition movement, was irritated at this publication of an official connection between their church and the hated camp—a phase of affairs its members had not dreamt of. However, the priest did not ask its counsel, and men knew his mettle sufficiently well not to offer it unsought. On Monday the clergyman went to the camp, and his reverence became at once a very popular character there. He undertook to give no advice as to what the men should or should not do, but simply set to work to know them, to find out who were Catholics, and to establish between them and himself the relation of shepherd and flock. He found a number who had been baptized in the church, although those who had been fairly attentive to their religious duties were few. How to get these stray sheep into nourishing pastures was a problem. It came to him to ask them one by one to confession; yet he felt that this was a hazardous beginning. It was one of the army who supplied the suggestion which worked so efficiently. "If you want a hold upon them, father, give a lecture," said he. "I'll do better than that," was the prompt answer; "I'll give them a mission." Like wild-fire the word went round. This was being treated as Christians. Those willing to attend the exercises were asked to put their names on paper, and the writer has the list containing one hundred and eighty-five signatures.

COMMONWEALERS MARCH TO CHURCH.

The towns-people hearing of this further development, were outspoken in blaming the priest for giving the Commonwealers an occasion to pass through the town. A better camp-site than the first one had meanwhile been offered and occupied by the army; and from this spot on that evening about two hundred and fifty campers started, in procession, for the Catholic church.



The Commonweal Badge.

This is a small brick building, capable of accommodating four or five hundred people, dedicated under the patronage of Saint Jerome. Some thirty sheriff's deputies met the marchers at the Bladensburg bridge, keeping guard over them as they went through Hyattsville.

At St. Jerome's Father Russell was ready for work. His first words were of welcome to the church, which is open to all who are sincere and honest; rich or poor, sinner or saint, there was a place for each within its portals. A sharp remark of Carl Brown in the camp-harangue of the preceding Sunday evening determined the subject of the sermon. Brown had said that most men's religions were like insurance companies: you received no benefit from them until after death; his religion, on the contrary, was meant to serve men while they lived. Therefore it was that the evening's discourse was a telling consideration of the problem "What's the use of being good?" and the secondary question, "Being in your condition, why bother about church?" They, the Coxeyites, said they sought a moiety of comfort; how were they going to get even that? Would giving a free lease to their passions fetch it? Let them consult their own experiences. Would men supply it to them?

Even if men could, the way of the world was not for them to do so. Injustice, wilful or accidental, was a weight upon most lives. No sensible man would deny that the world was awry. Nay, "If all the legislators who ever lived were to assemble in one congress and legislate for a thousand years, expressing the results of their labors in laws, in spite of these men *would* deal unjustly. Why? Because they had free will, and no law could deprive them of that. The fact was, man had not only been unjust with man, but with his Maker. Who among them could in candor say he was blameless in this point?" The conclusion was that a reign of justice upon earth was utopian, impractical,

JONES. CARL BROWN. COXEY.

impossible. And this state of things was, in a sense, providential. God never intended that earth should be heaven: happiness and justice were to come hereafter. Oh! it was true, then, that religion was at bottom built on the insurance society idea?

By no means: there was one comfort a man could have on earth possessing which he was proof against other ills. This comfort was a clean conscience. This brought peace, and peace was everything. "Peace on earth to men of good will" was the meaning of Christ's coming; this was the alleviation, and

Jesse A. Coxey.

the only alleviation that He, God made man, promised. Others might urge them to stand for more than this (Brown had done so), but the Catholic priest, with Christ as his authority, could offer no further earthly reward for virtue, no nearer approach to further happiness than—Peace. Not money, not influence, not position, not birth, could bring them this; virtue, decent lives, alone could lay hold upon it. The sermon ended repeating the words printed upon their badges, "Peace on earth!"

Next morning the camp was again visited. The priest was welcome in every corner; he began to feel at home there. A few hours were profitably expended in missionary work upon individuals, and catechisms began to be in demand. That

night, in spite of rain, the second evening service in the church was held. A train of thought briefly alluded to upon the first occasion was developed at length. It had been said that man's injustice to man was not extraordinary in face of his injustice to God. This injustice in its details was treated of by means of a plain but comprehensive consideration of the passion and death of Jesus Christ. The preacher deeply moved his hearers; and the lesson he insisted upon went home to every soul: "What man may look upon the image of the crucified—of *his* Lord crucified—and remember his own ingratitude to him, and say, I am unjustly treated! God has not, man being free he could not, prevent injustice to himself; you and I are they who have been guilty of this injustice. Is it any wonder injustice is meted out to us by fellow-creatures?"

HYMN IN CAMP.

On the following morning a suggestion that an instruction take place in camp that afternoon met with favor. Brown, on hearing of the arrangement, said he would not interfere. He would object to a general address. The privilege of this he thought it necessary to keep for himself; besides, did he grant it to Father Russell, there was no knowing what baneful purpose the permission would be turned to by ministers and the papers. A hail-storm and frequent showers prevented the instruction taking place upon that day, but in the evening the church had its one hundred and fifty or two hundred men present. It was the usual sodality evening, and the brief exercises of this society were to take place in the presence of the Coxeyites, but before their own services. The writer had come in the afternoon, and at Father Russell's request presided at the sodality meeting. The Blessed Virgin's statue was surrounded with flowers and lighted candles. The hymn sung was the familiar "Hail, Queen of Heaven!" and never did the words of the chorus seem more pregnant in meaning—

"Virgin most blest! Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me!"

On these occasions the pastor had been delivering a series of instructions upon the titles of our Lady in the Litany, and the invocation set for the evening was "Cause of our Joy, pray for us." Two reasons out of many were urged why she was the cause of our joy: 1st, Through her came Jesus; 2d, in her

we saw one of ordinary human kind, one of ourselves, raised to supreme heavenly honors—whereby we might learn the possibilities of our own lives. It touched the speaker to observe the close attention paid by these hard-featured men, over one-half of them not Catholics, and among those nominally such few were those who had ever attended a sodality exercise. No doubt the sight was most acceptable to the eyes of the Mother of Jesus, and her gentle influence, all unbeknown, helped to soften hearts. Already, when the words "Come, Holy Ghost," were intoned, grace had begun to flow, and the sermon following, upon "Confession—its meaning, institution, history, mercifulness," swelled

Oklahoma Tom.

the streams into rivers. After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament (the ceremony closing each evening's service) some fifteen souls sought in the confessional the peace they had learned the worth of from their heart's cravings. At the morning

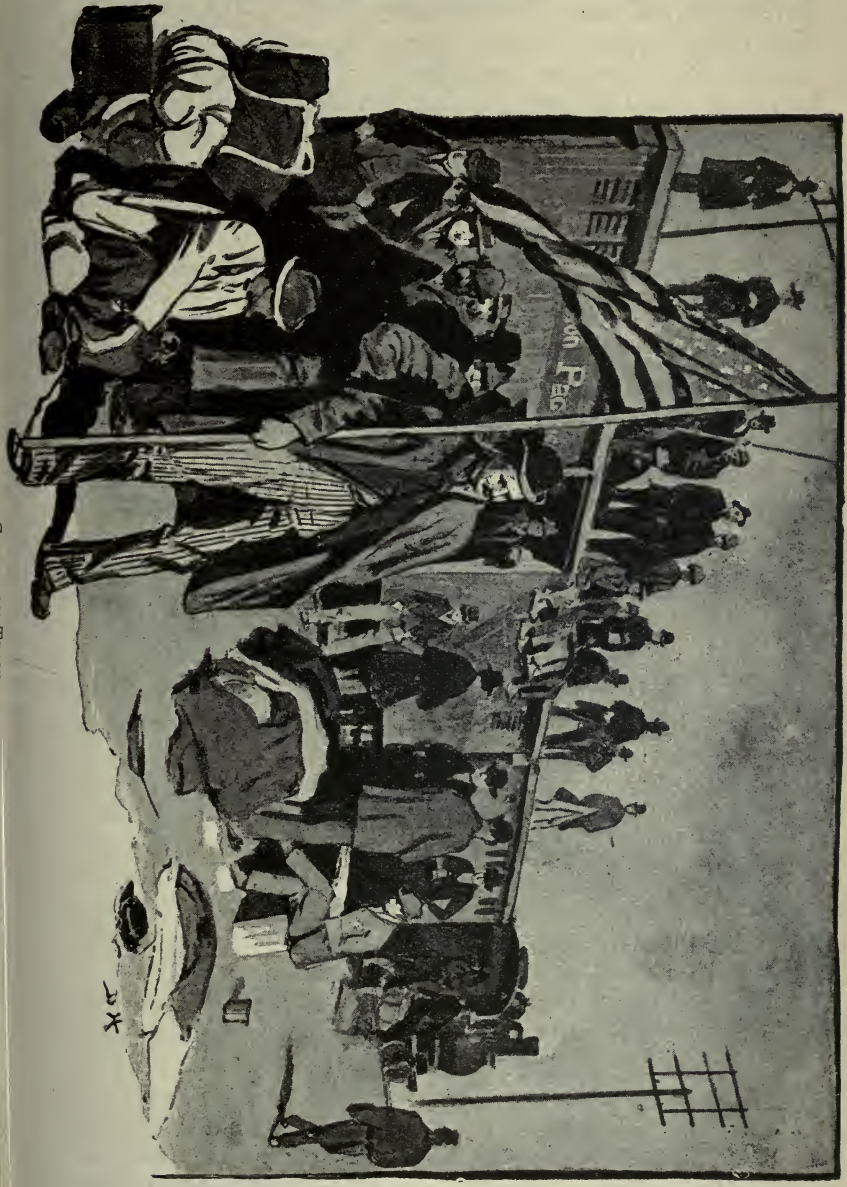
Carl Brown addressing Coxeyities.

Masses (a wet morning it was) these men tasted again of the solace that was theirs upon that morning of boyhood when the Master first said within them "Fear not; it is I."

A RAIN-SOAKED CAMP.

Later on the priests visited the camp. The rains of the night had turned the greater part of it into a veritable marsh. But as the sun was already fighting off the clouds, the air of the place was, if not cheerful, at least hopeful. Nearly everybody had been drowned out; and as changes of clothing were not numerous, each one served as a drying-horse to the garments upon him. Even young Jesse Coxey, a boy of seventeen, commander-in-chief in the absence of his father and Brown, reeked of dampness. And God knows the clothes worn were of the adventitious, absolutely necessary sort. Two or three men were seen wearing pants and vests—nothing else; they were barefooted, and underclothing did not seem to be in their line. Here and there smoky logs spat out fitful flashes of fire, and certainly the coffee heated by them had a different flavor than its own. Some were stretching or airing tents; some endeavoring to ditch out rain-pools; some tenderly strengthening with stitches coats, pants, or shirts scarcely capable of bearing the strain of thread; some washing odd pieces, or shaving their fellows; some forming a relay to assist in bread-baking (a car

load of flour had been sent on from Missouri); and there were two or three small groups card-playing. Nowhere was there



Coming by Train.

any sign of friction or ill-feeling or boisterous conduct; and during the hours spent at the camp but two or three profane

words, and these of a common kind, were heard. Catechism, Catholic papers, etc., were distributed, and it was arranged that the instruction unavoidably postponed on the previous day should take place that afternoon. It was a unique sight to see Father Russell at the appointed hour explaining difficulties, answering questions, and making himself all-in-all to the fifty or sixty men gathered about him—some sitting upon logs, others leaning against tent-posts, others standing, indifferent to fatigue while the wind whiffed the smoke from the sputtering wood and the misty rain into their faces.

MEMENTO MORI.

On that evening (Saturday, May 19) the sermon again dealt with justice—"When will it be rendered to all?" Death is always a solemn subject, but that night these poor men realized it as they seldom had before. One of themselves was represented as dying in the camp. The whole scene in its small incidents was pictured. Then came the burial—and the worms received their due, the corrupting body. How *it* had been labored and toiled and fought for—yet here was its end! But what of the soul? Bearing its burden of good and ill, it stands in the presence of God. Seeing his reproachful countenance, and gazing on the glorified wounds of the Saviour, remembrances of his love for it, it is tortured beyond endurance by its guilt, and, self-condemned, it turns to flee. Then cravings for the happiness which only possession of Him can give makes it hesitate—look back again; alas! the look but effects a clearer realization of its unutterable unfitness for heaven, its unutterable loss, its unutterable eternal misery among the damned. Lost for ever! For ever? "No, no—the opportunity is mine. I will return to my God, and be at peace with him. I need him—oh! I need him; and his love and this need are irresistible. That quiet, reproachful, sadly-peaceful look of his cannot be endured. Better to live in hell upon earth than to bear that; therefore will I go back to my Father's house for ever!"

Many of the poor fellows wept; and confessions were not over until eleven o'clock.

END OF THE MISSION.

On Sunday all came to Mass; and on that evening the last words were said. They had come to Washington to petition Congress for a Good-Roads bill; they of themselves had builded a good road to heaven. However, good as was the

road, their own weaknesses would make the journeying hard enough at times. Easy as travelling upon it appeared to them at that moment, ere long, maybe before the week was out, more than one might think it easier to leave it. "If an accident does untowardly happen—see me at once; say, 'Father, I am into the ditch again!' and out you will come. Be sincere and earnest, and as long as you are within the limits of this parish you are mine, and I am yours!" At the Benediction which followed all renewed their baptismal vows, and carried away badges of the Sacred Heart. These were to be worn about the camp (alongside of the Coxey badge) to keep them in mind of their promises.

GOOD EFFECTS.

The result of the mission was evidenced in many ways. The Catholics of the party became quieter and more cheerful. Some had mothers or wives whose hearts would be lightened to know the turn affairs had taken, and they were going to write to their folks at once. Some said: "It beats the devil to think that joining Coxey's army was the means of bringing us to our duty!" One who had not entered a church for thirteen years declared: "The Coxey move has done some good. I don't think I'd ever have seen a church's inside again but for it." Another who had been away for twenty-four years echoed the former's words. It puzzled some to think they had travelled so far to go to confession! Out of the seventy Catholics in the army (at a roll-call in the last week of May four hundred and fifty-nine members were present) all, with the exception of two or three, made their peace with God, and these are not hopeless cases. Indeed, no Catholic was found who had entered the movement with unlawful intentions. Then, of these seventy Catholics about twenty-five returned to their homes. No word to the effect that they should do so was said to them; talk to this purpose would defeat itself. As one of the men observed: "Until we got here the only word the odd priest who spoke to us in any of the towns we passed through had for us was, 'Go home, and don't be making a fool of yourself!' and, father, that was not the way to get us to go." Another result of the preaching has been the formation of a First Communion class in the camp.

A MOTLEY CROWD OF BELIEVERS.

Readers of the daily papers may have imagined from the

reports of Brown's religious rhapsodies that the army was inaugurating a new religious crusade. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His "reincarnation" nonsense is a joke in the army. "Nobody knows or cares what he is trying to get through himself," the men will tell you. Brown, by the way, has publicly commended Father Russell's work, contrasting it with the different treatment the army received from ministers. One Sunday evening (May 27) the Presbyterian minister held a temperance meeting in the woods opposite the camp (the latter's site had been changed for a third time). A dozen or two Bladensburg stragglers attended, but not a Coxeyite. Brown afterwards severely arraigned temperance preachers who had no room for the army in their church-buildings.

It may be of interest to know that Brown himself is a Methodist, that Christopher Columbus Jones is a Presbyterian, while Coxey and Oklahoma Tom, as far as could be learned, have no religion. There are High and Low-church Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians; yet no minister entered the camp except from curiosity. As for the occupations of the men, some are iron-moulders, some brass-workers, some railroaders, some miners; there is at least one printer, and a sprinkling of tramps. Sullen, desperate characters are not many. The chief reason why most of the men joined the army was the fact of nine, ten, or eleven months of idleness, and the hope of finding something to do. The men took the Good-Roads bill seriously, thought that it would easily pass through Congress, and even at this writing they have hopes of its success.

Of all they have come into contact with throughout their tramping the Coxeyites feel that they have a real grievance against two parties: against the fifteen to twenty-five reporters* who had to do with them, and against the Washington police authorities. On Wednesday, May 23, a case arrived at Hyattsville marked "100 stand of arms for Coxey's Army, from Kalamazoo, Michigan." The "arms" turned out to be wooden muskets for children, and the camp enjoyed the joke as intended as a satire upon the capital's police.

It is to be noted that no selfish motive induced the Catholics and others to come to the church. Father Russell had no charity bureau in connection with his labors. He was asked for

*One man told a story (whether true or not cannot be vouched) of a reporter, at some place or other upon the march, seeking to head the procession with a red flag in order to create a sensation.

certificates of confession, prayer-books, etc.; and a few were glad to receive some old underclothes. One man about to set out for home received ten cents that he might buy some tobacco. This was the sum-total of material aid extended.

It took the towns-people but a few days to lose their fear of the invaders; the sheriff's deputies* were dismissed before the first week of their service had elapsed, and the quiet affairs of the hamlet drift on in their quiet ways. The Hyattsville *Herald* of May 25 has a few flippant editorial remarks for the army, betting "dollars to doughnuts that Coxey and his crowd will not last two weeks longer"—that is all. In a certain sense the men must be a menace to the locality, although they do

In the Camp.

not wish to be such. The camp arrangements are necessarily primitive; the warm weather is approaching, and germs of disease could find few more congenial spots to propagate themselves rapidly and beget a plague.

Catholics the country over may well feel proud that at

* This pointed note appeared in the town paper for May 19: "A Few Facts worth considering.—A Question. . . .—1st, The Coxeyites are with us; 2d, They have not gone beyond the law, or they have been punished; 3d, The sheriff with his deputy and thirty men are here to have the law enforced; 4th, *Contrary to law* the saloons were open on Sunday; 5th, What does the sheriff or his deputy intend to do? . . . William T. Russell."—This letter moved Dr. Owens, treasurer of the Episcopal church, to ask if the sheriff intended to have *these* law-breakers before the grand jury? or if it was possible that what was seen by all others was not seen by those who were paid to see it, and who had taken oath to have the law observed?

Hyattsville their church was represented by a judicious, zealous, and brave priest. Father Russell is a good type of the class of men whom the Catholic University attracts to its halls. Last June he took his degree of licentiate in theology at that institution. A house of study whose alumni are of such kind may well be held in honor by the American Church.

In all probability the Coxey Army will have disbanded ere this article is published.* Its purpose in one regard will certainly have been accomplished: the name of the undertaking's originator will be before the country, and it remains for time to show whether or no he will be a candidate for public office. For the rest, history will regard it as one of the strange symptoms manifesting the strange conditions of our day. In this light its meaning may be exaggerated. Its real signification is that one man, having some means as his command, took advantage of a period of business stagnation, no more marked in its character than many other such, to emphasize certain peculiar ideas or to foster certain ambitions of his own. A manifestation of the kind, however, might, rather through accident than design, occasion an acute and dangerous phase of the economic diseases which lurk in the body politic. In this regard it is that the mission work of Father Russell at Hyattsville is an important object-lesson; only religion—belief in the immortality of the soul and in a future life, viewed as the sanction of this—can bring about in men the frame of mind which is absolutely necessary if these social ills are to be treated rationally and effectively, if social problems are to receive *practical* solutions.

What possibilities there are in the Old Church!

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., May, 1894.

* Withal it is still receiving re-enforcements. A letter from Father Russell, post-marked May 30, says: "A new contingent—Galvin's California boys—has just arrived. From the appearance of them I shall have more work."

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESSES.

By Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Bishop of Covington.

THE chosen soul to whom the Lord inspired the pious thought of convening a Congress of Eucharistic works is unknown to men. Monseigneur de Ségur, to whom the idea was communicated in 1879, hailed it as an inspiration from heaven. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the apostle of frequent Communion immediately acted upon it. He entered into correspondence with Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, and the Belgian Primate obtained from Pope Leo XIII. a special blessing for the project, with permission to inaugurate it where and when he pleased. The Belgian bishops were appealed to, but they deemed it unwise to call such a meeting during the school agitation of 1881 and the political turmoil of 1882.

France was to keep the honor of initiating the work. The leading Catholics of Lille generously volunteered to prepare the First Eucharistic Congress, and on the 25th day of April, 1881, the committee was formed under the presidency of Monseigneur de Ségur, with Count de Nicolai and M. Champeaux as secretaries. On the 2d of May Monseigneur de Ségur invited all the bishops of the Old and New World to the congress to be held at Lille on June 28, and on the 9th of the same month he died.

The titular Archbishop of Perya, Monseigneur de la Bouillerie, reverently accepted the legacy of so noble an enterprise, and the First Eucharistic Congress was opened on the appointed day with religious, clerical, and lay representatives from France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Austria, England, Switzerland, and Holland. America was represented by delegates from Mexico, Chili, and the Antilles.

To put an end to the neglect of the Eucharistic God was the mother-thought which brought Eucharistic congresses into being. "He came unto his own and his own received him not" (John i. 11) was emphatically true of Jesus present in the Sacrament of his Love. Modern apostasy began by denying the real presence of the God-Man in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and it successfully crushed religion out of public life,

destroyed the notion of true religion in all the sects, and eliminated the omnipresent God out of individual life.

The deplorable weakening of faith among Catholics is owing to the estrangement of the nations from Jesus Eucharistic. Jansenism began the undoing of the influence of Jesus Christ over the souls, hearts, and wills of the people in old Europe, and the materialistic tendency of American life keeps men away from Holy Communion, the welling source of spiritual well-being.

To remedy the evil was a natural consequence of this conviction, and became the keynote to the two days' work which the delegates put in at Lille. The following night was spent in adoration before the tabernacle in the Church of the Sacred Heart, and on the morning of the third day Holy Communion was distributed without interruption from 6 to 9 o'clock.

Crowds of the faithful joined the delegates in adoring the Eucharistic God during the day. The work of reparation was crowned at night with a procession, at St. Maurice, where three thousand laymen, carrying lighted tapers, formed a guard of honor around the monstrance which Jesus glorified by his sacramental presence and from which he blessed their grand act of Catholic faith.

The immediate results of the Congress of Lille were a revival of the devotion to the Holy Eucharist, anxiety to repair the insults heaped upon the unknown God by men who know not what they do, and a glowing desire to honor and love Jesus hidden in the tabernacle.

The French city of the popes, Avignon, claimed the honor of entertaining the members of the Second Eucharistic Congress, held from the 14th to the 17th of September, 1882.

At this meeting, held under the presidency of Archbishop Duquesnoy, of Cambrai, the work was systematized and a permanent committee appointed.

It was clearly set forth that the congress had nothing to do with defining dogmas, but was convened to discuss the best means to further devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to put them in practice. One hundred cardinals and bishops had approved this second congress and blessed its 460 members, who took efficient measures to further attendance at holy Mass, frequent reception of Holy Communion, the perpetual adoration both day and night, and thus secure greater purity of life among the masses and better attendance to religious duties.

The spacious buildings of Avignon favored the life of retreat, study, and prayer by which the pious members of the congress endeavored to fructify their earnest labors. Leading a kind of community life, like the Apostles in the Cenacle, they were preparing in the right way for the apostolic work which was to be undertaken soon among the people, by individual sanctification.

In Liège, where Belgium secured the holding of the Third Eucharistic Congress, the delegates had to find lodgings all over the city. These conditions were less favorable to protracted deliberation and study, but they necessitated special services in various churches, and thus created an outside current which had a marked effect upon the people at large, who took a hearty interest in the great religious movement.

The very force of circumstances brought about the most desirable results of the congress, viz., the practical side of Eucharistic work. It speaks well for a country when daily Mass, weekly Communion, active participation in public processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, perpetual adoration, can be successfully urged upon the attention of men. Day and night adoration was held in the Sanctuary of Corniilon, the holy mountain retreat of St. Juliana, the summit of which was first glorified by the rising sun of the Eucharistic God, and in St. Martin's basilica, where it shone in all its splendor when the collegiate chapter, with the assent of Robert of Torote, celebrated for the first time the feast of Corpus Christi.

Ten thousand men took part in the religious ceremonies which brought this memorable meeting to a close, on the 10th of June, 1883, when two years was not considered too long to put its many practical resolutions to the test.

Cardinal Mermillod, then Bishop of Geneva, presided at the Fourth Eucharistic Congress, convened in the Swiss city of Freiburg on the 9th of September, 1885.

The characteristic mark of this gathering was the complete vindication of the social kingship of Jesus Christ. The free soil of Switzerland was eminently fitted for this public homage rendered to the God of the Eucharist. Carried in triumph through the spacious avenues of the Catholic city, on the 13th, the Blessed Sacrament was followed by all the public officials of the canton, who had received Holy Communion that very morning. The loyal army of the republic acted as guard of

honor to the solemn procession, which brought the sessions to an end in a blaze of glory.

A delegate from Ecuador had represented America at the fourth congress. His enthusiastic report of the proceedings caused the Archbishop of Quito, the capital of that southern republic, to celebrate a Eucharistic Congress at the very time that the fifth international one was held at Toulouse, France, in June, 1886. Cardinal Desprez, archbishop of that city, presided at the congress in the absence of its permanent chairman, Bishop Mermillod. It lasted six days, and resulted in the establishment of the permanent organization on a lasting basis of the Eucharistic association which former congresses had recommended to the notice of the faithful.

The sixth of the Eucharistic Congresses was held in the beginning of July, 1888, at Paris, the place of their birth. Cardinal Richard, the pious archbishop of the French capital, opened it on the second of that month, and recalled the fact that on that very day, two hundred years ago, the Lord Jesus had made his revelation of the great love of his Sacred Heart for men to Blessed Margaret Mary. Monsabré, Matignon, and other famed orators electrified the delegates with the power of their burning words. Thousands of men at Montmartre, Notre Dame des Victoires, etc., thronged these spacious churches, and convinced the wondering and delighted members of the congress that at the heart of Paris throbs a generous pulse responsive to the great love of the Master.

A noticeable feature was the solemn adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the church of the fathers of that name, a congregation founded by Rev. Eymard in 1856, by the clerical members of the *Prêtres Adorateurs*. The association counts some thirty thousand members among the secular clergy, about four hundred of whom live in the United States.

At this sixth congress the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was thoroughly identified with the Eucharistic devotions, to our mind a result of great moment when we reflect how readily popular devotions degenerate into exaggerated and vaguely understood mysticism unless they rest on the solid foundation of clearly defined Catholic dogma.

The national votive church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre witnessed the solemn closing ceremonies of a never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of Parisian faith in the real presence of the God-Man in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.

Two years later, August, 1890, Belgium welcomed the delegates to the Seventh Eucharistic Congress in the classic city of Antwerp. Cardinal Goossens, Archbishop of Mechlin, presided at this, one of the most enthusiastic and popular manifestations of Catholic belief. The reports of the various commissions demonstrated how deeply rooted the devotion to Jesus Eucharistic was in the city which Norbert kept free from the innovation of Tanchelin, and in the deeply religious land of Flanders. And right royally did the City of Art keep up its reputation for artistic decorations and historical pageant to do honor to the God of the Eucharist during his triumphant march through the thronged streets of the Flemish Queen of the Seas.

Only one thing could surpass this glorious session; viz., a gathering of adorers in the very Cenacle that witnessed the Divine Institution of the Sacrament of our altars.

The Holy City of Jerusalem was therefore selected three years later for the assembling of the Eighth Eucharistic Congress, in May, 1893. This was a red-letter epoch in the annals of the permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congresses, whose president is Mgr. Doutreloux, Bishop of Liège. Pope Leo XIII. took a fatherly interest in this solemn gathering, and sent Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, to preside over its deliberations as legate apostolic.

Many Eastern bishops attended this Eucharistic Congress, and it bids fair to be the starting point of the return to the true church of many local Eastern Greek communions. No wonder the heart of the great Pontiff, whose cherished dream of many years this consoling result would fulfil, went out to this notable congress with the noblest impulses of fatherly love and pontifical favor!

Such is the condensed history of the Eucharistic Congresses. As their venerable founder, Mgr. de Ségur, said: "Nations and individuals die of inanition because they wander away from Jesus Christ."

Man's soul can no more do without the God-Man, its food and daily bread, than the body can do without nourishment. "*I am the bread of life,*" says Jesus. "*If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever, and the bread which I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world*" (John vi.)

The destinies of the nations are worked out on earth. If they allow Jesus Christ to influence and guide them, prosperity

and peace crown their fidelity to the God of the nations. But if they ignore the Creator's sovereign dominion over them, they must either bow low under the punishing lash of public calamities, or redeem themselves by voluntary expiation.

To recall the rebellious nations of modern society to a sense of duty, to guide them to the repairing sources of divine life, to bring them in adoration and repentance to the feet of Jesus Christ, who in his Eucharistic Tabernacle conquers the world, that he may reign over the heritage of Christian peoples which he redeemed with his blood, is the glorious aim of the Eucharistic Congresses. "Thy Kingdom Come" is their motto. To attain that aim, they set in motion all the fruitful means of evangelization which the various Eucharistic devotions foster among the people. They educate the individual soul to a limitless reverence and an unquenchable love for Jesus Christ in the holy Eucharist.

The *Prêtres Adorateurs*, or, as we have styled ourselves here in America, *The Priests' Eucharistic League*, have taken upon themselves to give an example to the people, and to begin in the ranks of the priesthood the work of love which they hope soon to communicate to the people. It is from the ardent furnace of the sanctuary, the fire of which was lit by Jesus Christ himself, that the glowing coals must come which are to kindle the fire of God's love in the hearts of the people. Jesus Eucharistic, the Divine Victim of propitiation on our altars, is the *raison d'être* of the priesthood. Without the Sacred Host a priesthood is a misnomer; the Eucharistic God is a necessary condition of its existence. And if the priest does not burn with the boundless fire of love for Jesus Christ, which is the very essence of his vocation and the only supposable reason of his becoming a priest, what is to become of the people?

Before attempting, therefore, the convening of a Eucharistic Congress in America, the Priests' Eucharistic League has decided to have a Eucharistic conference at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 7th and 8th days of August, 1894. Realizing that in union there is strength, they will encourage one another to greater love for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, engage in solemn and common adoration of the God hidden in the Tabernacle, and then, aglow with the divine enthusiasm which divine grace communicates to the soul and mind, they will discuss the best means to revive and accentuate the devotion of the priesthood, and to influence the faith in the real presence of our Catholic people.

Scores of zealous priests are joining the ranks since attention has been called to the League. They are in hopes that its influence will soon be felt in every centre of Catholic life in the United States, and that the Right Rev. Bishops of the country will, within a very short period of time, find at hand the needed elements of an enthusiastic clergy and a devoted people to call the first American Eucharistic Congress into being. There all the faithful adorers of Jesus will fraternally meet before the Tabernacle and repeat, for the Catholic people and for our non-Catholic fellow-citizens who are yearning for the stream of living waters, the touching prayer which the Saviour himself spoke when about to institute his adorable Sacrament: "*That they may all be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us*" (John xvii. 21).

SUMMER RAIN.

By Helen M. Sweeney.

O SUMMER rain! so swift and sweet,
That comes to dusty city street,
Just like a benediction sent
Upon the earth with good intent,
Tell the world your story.

"On glistening strand I patter first,
Then sweep o'er upland moor athirst,
Then bathe sweet fields of clover.
I swell the meadow-brook and rill,
I beat the lake so dark and still,
I hurry the church-yard over.

"As sudden and as sweet as Death
I come with perfume on my breath
To herald a greater glory.
I weep in sunshine-sifted air,
Then shimmer in a rainbow fair:
And thus runs my little story."

THE GUNSMITH OF PREGRATEN.

By Stanislaus March.

THE afterglow of a September sun lay upon the frosted slopes of the Gross-Venediger, leaving the eastward glacier in the encroaching gloom.

Over this a figure toiled slowly downward; a woman clad in the costume of the Defferegen Valley, the narrowest in all the Tyrol.

A deep, wedge-shaped basket swung from her shoulders, whilst with her two hands she grasped an alpenstock. She was bending with fatigue, for she had walked from Maria-Zell since morning. No wonder the woman was jaded as she reached the edge of the ice. Here great masses of rock strewed the gorge, and amongst them streamed the freed waters of the glaciers.

Against one of these bowlders the traveller leant. She unslung her burden and placed it beside her; then sighed aloud as she stretched herself erect. An answering wail from the basket made her stoop again, and raising a rug, she took in her arms an infant, which she pressed to her breast in a flood of tears.

A short rest and the journey is resumed; an hour's walk will bring her to the nearest homestead, but, tired and footsore, a false step is taken, her ankle turns under her; with a cry of despair she sinks to the ground. Twilight has set in; she must be moving; she struggles to her feet, but only to sink down again. Then, with the philosophy born of misery, she resigns herself to fate. She unstraps the basket, places her head in it beside the face of her infant, takes from her pocket a crust, then, faithful to her instincts, crosses herself in prayer.

And the stars looked down on her through the rift; and the night-wind swept in and out of the gorge; and the everlasting waters rushed past her down to the homes in the valley.

With dawn came the fog rolling over the glacier like a shroud; but through its dense whiteness a man, whose curved back betrayed his calling, leaned down and peered into the languid eyes of the traveller.

One word of comfort, and into his arms he lifted the poor creature with her babe, and bore them home.

Then the crystal-seeker ran down the hillside to fetch his neighbor's wife, and right willingly Frau Stadler answered the summons, and sat by the woman until the end came.

The exposure and suffering had exhausted the strength of the young mother, and so she drifted out of the valley of shadows unresistingly: "Sterben ist Freude" were her last words: To die is joy!

She had told them her tale of sorrow; the death of her roving artist husband a few months before; and how, unable to find work, she was wandering homeward to Sankt Jacob; but her people were poor, and God knew best.

So, the crystal-seeker being a widower with two young children of his own, the Stadlers took the infant Thekla to their own warm nest. There the child grew to be a maiden, the pride of her foster-parents, and sharing in the love they bore their only son.

Alois Stadler was a gunsmith, and the hunter of the range—a life of risk and scant remuneration. Cassian, our hero, was to follow his father's trade.

In the meadow separating homestead and smithy Cassian and Thekla had their romps; their playfellows were the children of their only neighbor, the crystal-seeker, who lived higher up among the rocks—Sep, a fine lad a year or so older than Cassian, and Therese, born the same year as the hunter's boy. The orphan was four years the youngest, and the pet of the two families.

The three elder children passed their school years in common, and Therese was already knitting and spinning for her household when Thekla started at her books.

The village was a long walk from the upper valley, and the boys got the habit of running to meet the little orphan and carry her books. No wonder she grew exacting, and would fling aside her satchel if they failed to come.

Sep was the first to desert her flag, being apprenticed to the weaver; but Cassian, "good and true," as the children called him, could count on his fingers the days he had missed in the four years.

The maidens were different in face and character: Therese with eyes, hair, and skin the color of a chestnut; Thekla with melancholy eyes of deep blue and locks of jet. Both girls were of shapely size, but Thekla grew to be the taller of the two. Therese was quick and practical, full of homely sense; Thekla, without being indolent, was given to dreams, and withal ambitious.

The years were so happy they seemed all but unreal.

It was a midsummer's afternoon, of a Sunday. Vespers were over, and a number of people, particularly such as had come from a distance, not having been to their homes since morning, were taking a glass of white wine at the inn. Amongst them our friends of the glen.

Defferegen Franz was making use of the occasion to produce his wares, and was well satisfied with the custom he got, when Thekla, who had been placing a wreath on her mother's grave, came in.

With a quaint eccentricity she at times wore the Defferegen costume in memory of her descent; she had it on this day, and it instantly caught the eye of the peddler, who rose and went over to her with the greeting of "Landsmännin"—country-woman. He was struck with her beauty, and proud to claim her as a native of his valley.

"You mistake, sir peddler," the girl answered, refusing his extended hand, and crossing over to where her foster-parents sat: "These are my people, and Pregraten is my home."

"If that is the case, you are a fraud!" returned the man somewhat tartly, for he was mortified by her manner. "Perhaps you borrow your neighbors' eyes as well, and keep a pair of brown ones in your pocket to wear with the broad-brimmed hat? You are a witch, maiden, and I think the men folk had best beware!"

"Quite right, Franz!" replied a chorus of laughing voices. "She has bewitched us all. See she does not cast a spell over thee, comrade!"

"No fear; I see too many witches such as she on my tramps. I'm not to be caught by the pretty kitcha yonder."

Cassian felt angered at the boldness of the peddler, and, seeing that Thekla looked distressed, he pushed aside his glass, and springing to his feet: "Come, my friends," he said, "let us be going." And the party moved off.

During the walk Thekla, with the whim of a spoiled child, regretted she had not bought one of Franz's rugs; there was a bright striped one—would look so well across her bed, and make her feel warm of a winter's night.

"He is going to-morrow, and I shall never have so good a chance. You should not have made us leave so early, Cass," continued the girl.

Cassian felt the rebuff, and proposed to return and buy the coveted rug. His offer was eagerly accepted; but as he turned

to retrace his steps his foster-sister bade him tell the trader to bring his wares himself.

"There may be one prettier still; and moreover, Cass, you can't bargain."

"It is not fair," returned Cassian, "to make the man come so far out of his way for one rug. If you will trust to my taste, Thekla, you shall get the best he has, and I will pay for it; so we need not quarrel over my bargaining."

"What a dear fellow you are, Cass!" Thekla cried, joyfully clapping her hands and dancing around him.

The young man smiled, well pleased.

At this moment Frau Stadler and the crystal-seeker both said they had not half seen the goods, and very likely might buy, did the peddler come next day.

"I should like to give my kitcha a surprise when she comes off the Alm," said Therese's father.

"Besides," added the good wife aside to the two men, "who knows but he may give us tidings of Thekla's people?"

"Idle curiosity, my woman," returned the jaeger. "Thekla is ours. Let us keep to the bargain we made her dying mother"; and looking over his shoulder at the young people, "God be praised! it is a good one."

Long before the family reached home Cassian was again at the inn, and had got the promise of the peddler to be the next morning at the glen.

As he received the message Franz stood in the door-way, smoking his pipe. Seeing the impatience of the gunsmith to be off, he could not resist testing the feelings of the young man for Thekla, with whose history he had made himself acquainted from the innkeeper.

"A likely maiden, that with the starry eyes! Even a wanderer like myself might fancy the pleasures of a hearth with such a wife. Perhaps you share my opinion, Master Smith? Or, pardon my indiscretion, I see—your reddening cheek is a tell-tale—you are engaged." And puffing away between whiles, Franz kept his shrewd eyes fastened on Cassian.

Our hero felt the blood mantling his face, but, controlling his temper, he turned on his heel with the evasive words:

"The maiden is my foster-sister. Come early."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the peddler, softly, as he watched the receding figure. "A nice couple they would make; but then I'm fond of mischief, and I think we'll have some fun before the wedding. That proud, blue-eyed beauty is a cousin of

mine—though I sha'n't trouble myself to tell her so—and I take a cousinly interest in her future."

Meanwhile Cassian did not hurry homeward; the calm twilight soothed him. When he came to the pine-tree bridging the Ischel he took out his pipe, and, leaning upon the safety-rail, looked down at the almost silent water. He knew now that his love for his adopted sister was such that he no longer had a right to hide it. Thekla must be told. But should she say him nay? Well, then he would go a-soldiering.

Having made his resolve, Cassian pursued his way. The household had retired, early hours being the rule among the Tyrolese, but a bowl of cream and the rye loaf were on the table awaiting him; so, after a homely meal, Cassian sought his room. As he passed the maiden's door he crossed himself with a prayer, half a sigh.

The following day, as the girl knelt milking her goat, Cassian came and stood over her. He watched her awhile and then abruptly asked her to accompany him that forenoon to inspect the cattle on the Alm.

"Do you think Therese has another churning to send down, Cass, and this only Monday?" laughed Thekla.

"I want the walk with you, dearest," bluntly answered the young man.

Thekla smiled up at him, well accustomed to compliments, and said:

"I'll see, Cassian. You know the peddler is coming. Perhaps after Franz has gone—"

"And here is Franz now!" called out the man himself, casting down his pack on the bench by the door.

Thekla was now all eagerness to choose her rug, and, leaving her foster-brother to end her work, hastened in to call her mother.

The dame was long in coming; but nothing loath at waiting, the peddler spread out his gaudy wares in the living room and, whilst praising them, discoursed on the wonders he had seen in the great world beyond the mountains. The maiden listened breathlessly; she seemed entranced; she had never heard the like before. The man was eloquent, too, and took pleasure in her wonderment.

"Now," said he, "if you were a real Defferegen girl, and not merely a masquerader, you would be seeing something too. My people don't stop at home all their lives."

"My own mother was from Sankt Jacob," answered Thekla, half timidly.

"Ja, so! That accounts for those blue eyes. I wonder you are content with your valley, full half a mile wide," he pursued with a wily smile.

"How should I wander? I am not a man with a trade," petulantly returned the girl.

"If you care about it, 'twould be easy enough. Have you ever been as far as Windisch-Matrez?" questioned the peddler.

"I have been on a pilgrimage to St. Nicholas."

"To St. Nicholas, indeed. And you never went across the river to Matrez? Well, well! You are not a genuine Defferegen girl after all?"

Dame Stadler's entering the room put a stop to the conversation; but these few words bore fruit.

Before Franz had shouldered his pack Thekla had decided to see something of life, and to do which the peddler had advised the girl to take service in Matrez, where every summer great numbers of strangers came for the ascent of the various peaks of the Tanern range. He had even offered to escort her thither, and introduce her to the host of "The Roan," the largest Gasthaus there. He would wait for her at Virgen, he said. Then, with many backward glances and flourishes of his hand, the trader left.

Mindful of her promise to walk with her foster-brother, and too excited for housework, Thekla told Cassian she was ready for a climb. The two set off with very different thoughts uppermost.

Full of her plan and eager to talk it over with her friend Therese, Thekla still could not resist imparting it at once to Cassian. The young man was at first too surprised to speak, and let the girl ramble on unanswered. She wondered at his apathy, and at length burst out with:

"Why, Cass! you take no interest—you do not seem to care whether I go or stay!"

Whereupon Cassian halted, and pointing to a rock: "Let us rest here awhile, Thekla," he said. "I, too, have something on my mind; when you hear it you will better know what interest I take in you."

After a short silence, to gather strength of words against this wayward, new desire of the orphan whom they had cherished—against this strange desire, which to the young man seemed little less than monstrous—Cassian at last opened his heart.

In his own simple but strong way he showed Thekla this love

which had grown with him—grown into him. It was his life. His hitherto well-concealed feelings now burst upon the young girl like the waters from a broken dike. It took her breath away. Then in wonder she listened, and let herself be borne along this torrent of love with a delicious feeling of security. She smiled, a gratified smile; well pleased to be loved in this way. Yet through it all her selfish purpose had not been shaken. She heard her lover to the end; then she lightly laid her hand upon his knee, and, turning away her face from him: "Du armer Cassian—poor Cassian!" she said, "you love me very, very much."

"My love is a sickness—a pain, Thekla!" and Cassian bent down and kissed the girl's hand. "She will not cast me off," he thought.

Gently the hand was withdrawn, and Thekla stood up. Her eyes wandered over the valley below and they rested on the river as it curved behind the jutting rocks of the Bergerkogel. But her mind's eye rested on it still as it rolled past Virgen; past Matrez; ever on and on towards the vast unknown; away from the mountains, and down through the beautiful plains of Dreamland.

"Cassian," she said presently, almost in a whisper, so far off had she wandered in thought: "I'll not say thee nay—nor yet yea. I must see the world first."

"O Thekla, Thekla! Are we not told to shun the world? And you, simple maiden, would run into its snares. Can you not be happy in our home? Would you desert those who love you?" the young man pleaded.

"O Cass!" peevishly returned the girl, "I'm tired of the valley! I love it, and it is a beautiful valley," she added apologetically, "but God has made other beautiful things, and why should you keep me from seeing them? The world is not a monster with open jaws to swallow me, you dear, silly Cassian."

"God gave you to us, Thekla, when you were but a mite of a child; and never a day since but we have blest the gift; and now that a stranger comes and tells you of cities and wonders, you would snatch away what God gave and we prize. It is not just—it cannot be right. Thekla, it is wrong!" Cassian's voice was sad, and the words came slowly.

Anxious to avoid further reasoning with her foster-brother, and fearing that if she went to the Alm, Therese might not prove a willing accessory to her plan, Thekla turned her steps homeward.

The two walked in silence—Cassian too distressed and humble to plead his suit; Thekla meditating how soonest she could get away. Once in the valley, the smith hastily crossed to his forge, where all day long he hammered as if to beat and flatten out his disappointment.

The hunter was away on the mountains, and her foster-mother sat crooning over her wheel. Should she go and bid her good-by, and thank her for the years of kindness? No. Thekla acknowledged Frau Stadler's authority, and might lack the courage to disobey, should the dame oppose her going.

So Thekla wrote her farewell, with a promise of soon returning, and leaving to Cassian the task of explaining her sudden flight.

She left with the whirr of the spinning-wheel in her ears; and the thud of Cassian's hammer, and the crack of a rifle echoing among the rocks, pursued her as she sped along to meet her false friend.

When the gunsmith returned at nightfall he found his mother puzzling over Thekla's note.

"Look here, my son: what does this mean? Has our child left us?".

Then Cassian told her what he himself but half understood, for he had not expected Thekla would have run away without a word. But he shielded his love from his mother's just indignation; and ended by almost persuading the good woman that he was party to the plan. He would go to Matrez the next day, he said, and find out how Thekla liked being away from home.

But the next day brought another calamity. The hunter had gone crashing down a precipice, and the crystal-seeker walked back alone to the glen, bearing on his bent shoulders the dead body of his friend.

Meanwhile Thekla found herself in Windisch-Matrez. True to his word, Franz met her at the "Sign of the Roan," the most fashionable inn, and recommended her to the good graces of the host.

Thekla's first appearance in public was made at a *table d'hôte* dinner the evening of her arrival, where, with a number of other maidens, she waited. Her striking figure and evident noviceship attracted attention among the guests. Two ladies more especially took an interest in the handsome girl; and, upon learning that she sought service, engaged her on the spot to go with them. As they left Matrez the very next day, Thekla started

out into the world not knowing of the death of her foster-parent.

Baroness X—— and her daughter were amateur artists, and they flattered and petted their *protégée*, who posed before their easels through every grade, from queen to beggar, till the head of our young friend was well-nigh turned with vanity and self-importance.

The summer was spent in travelling, and it was not till the party eventually settled down in Vienna that Thekla, no longer at a loss for an address, sent her first letter home.

It was written to Cassian, and was so full of all she had done and seen—and above all of how happy she was—that the poor fellow shed tears of despair.

Cassian's answer brought Thekla the news of their terrible loss, which shot a pang of remorse through her heart, tempered by the thought that her foster-father had died before learning of her ungracious flight.

And so the two exchanged letters now and again, but Cassian took scant pleasure in the correspondence; writing was not an easy matter, like talking.

Thus a whole twelvemonth passed away, having brought Thekla but half a dozen commonplace communications from her foster-brother.

Cassian kept to his forge and home, and was never seen at the village frolics. His neighbor Therese was the only one who guessed his trouble, for she held the keynote to it in her own bosom—gentle, tender-hearted Therese.

One hot July Sunday the villagers of Pregraten were astonished to see, seated amidst the womenfolk in the church, a handsome young woman clothed in the latest fashions. How odd she looked as compared with the maidens about her, clad in their short skirts, snow-white hose, and low-cut shoes, the broad-brimmed hat modestly shading their looks, and for sole adornment a carnation stuck clerk-wise back of the ear. Thekla, for she it was, cast her eyes around for the glen party; at last they walked in—Frau Stadler and Therese went to the right; the crystal-seeker, Sep, and Cassian took seats to the left among the men. Thekla was unnoticed by her friends. It was not until after the Gospel, when she lingered standing somewhat longer than the others, that her eccentric figure struck the gaze of the gunsmith. Although he could see but half her face, he knew her by instinct, and felt himself grow hot and cold as he saw the change.

His playfellow, his foster-sister, the Thekla of his love had vanished, and Cassian closed his eyes to recall the pictures of the past.

The meeting after Mass was constrained; Cassian felt embarrassed, which made him seem cold; Therese kissed her warmly, but Frau Stadler exclaimed against Thekla's dress; the girls curtsied to her as they passed by, calling her "Fraulein"; and the young men stood in awe of her at a distance.

At last the priest came out of the vestry, slowly shaking his head as he approached the group.

"And this is our Thekla!" said he, in tones of kindly reproach. "Why, maiden, I had a mind to preach at thee from the pulpit, only I would not confuse thee in public."

Thekla hastened to excuse her attire, by saying she had but reached Virgen the night previous, and could not resist the impulse to surprise her family at church.

"Bless thee, child! I'm glad to hear it," answered the worthy man. "I had feared the world had made a prey of thee."

On the walk home Cassian lingered at the girl's side, but said little.

Weary with the two hours' walk from Virgen in city boots, the few miles up the glen seemed to Thekla never ending; and it was with a sigh of relief that she cast herself down on the seat at the door of her old home.

The next few days were so pleasant that Cassian was ready to fancy he had found again his old sweetheart.

Thekla returned to her wonted ways so naturally; and then her sprightly talk and evident happiness made her more than ever lovable. The gunsmith was only waiting for the Sabbath to come round again to take her another walk on the mountain.

Fate, however, drew the Defferegen peddler in their midst once more; and so frustrated his plan.

Having heard Thekla was home, Franz had come to the glen to talk over with her the life in the great world.

Certainly this man—perhaps by his unknown kinship—wielded a peculiar fascination over the maiden. So much so that Cassian imagined there must be a mutual understanding between the two. They had indeed much in common now; they could talk by the hour of the great imperial city, with its palaces, and gardens, and the whirr and noise of its life, by night, when the mountain valleys lay steeped in silence.

In all this Cassian had no part. He could but sit and listen

with a jealous pain at every flush and sparkle of his foster-sister's face.

When at last Franz started off again on his tramp, telling Thekla he hoped to meet her later, poor Cassian felt his case was lost; and bitter indeed were his emotions. His love for Thekla, however, far from waning, gained in strength by suppression.

The maiden meanwhile, however monotonous her life, was not unhappy; she was thinking of Cassian more than her lover was aware. In reality she was testing her heart and wondering if, after all, she and the gunsmith were not made the one for the other. Had Thekla then told Cassian that she had definitely left the service of Baroness X—— there might have been no tragedy in the near future.

A month had gone by. August with its heat was almost over. The great patches of poppies, which every peasant cultivated at the side of his house, began to wilt and strew their petals in little heaps like burning coals upon the earth.

One evening a number of young men were gathered within the guest-chamber of the inn. It was a long, vaulted room, with a row of small windows on one side only. Two doors at right angles one to the other, the one leading into the kitchen, the other into the village street, rather hindered than helped the ventilation.

The inn was the only stone building besides the church, and had withstood many an avalanche, being built close under the mountain.

The party gathered within its strong walls this evening were discussing the Schuetzen—Tyrolese militia—then manœuvring in Virgenthal.

On account of the heat the windows were all open, and but one oil lamp shed its smoky light down upon the scene; every man had, however, his pipe, and these in the semi-darkness looked like glowworms.

Suddenly a huge dog, with lolling tongue and bloodshot eyes, staggered into the room; foam fell from its snapping jaws.

"Gott in Himmel! 'tis mad!" cried a voice; and in a twinkling every window was occupied by a body frantically struggling to get out. The animal stood in the line of the door, effectually barring the exit. It stood irresolute; and in that moment a figure blocks the entrance in its rear—it is the gunsmith, Cassian.

Weaver Sep, whom he has come to seek, calls to his friend the danger: "Fetch a gun, Cass, and kill him; he's mad!"

The noise now seems to excite the brute, and already it is moving forward, when Cassian, taking in the full horror of the situation, offers himself as a forlorn hope for the safety of his fellows.

He is strong and agile. Has he not the muscle of a smith, and the grit of a chamois hunter? But should the beast bite him, what then? Well, he will have done one good deed at least. And, after all, what is there now to make life dear? His mother? Ah! Thekla would care for her.

And, with one thought for his lost happiness, Cassian springs upon the dog, and throws his powerful arms about its throat. A terrible snarl—a struggle for life—tearing, panting brute, and hard-breathing man! They roll about the floor; Cassian never slacks his hold. At length the quivering mass is still—the dog is dead!

The young smith rises slowly; he is wounded, but he does not tell his friends; he smiles upon them, as they thank him for his brave deed. They would drink his health, and are yelling for wine; but no, he stops them; he had only come for Sep, and would now bid them all good-night—and good-by.

When in the deadly combat Cassian was aware that the teeth of the mad dog were fastened in his arm, he had formed a plan worthy of his strong but eccentric soul.

The smith had in truth made up his mind to be a soldier. He had hinted to his mother that he was unhappy, and for a while at least must leave the valley. The good soul guessed his trouble, and would not thwart him; but as she gave him her blessing, she shed a tear that such a sorrow should have come upon her old days.

"Mother! I will come back," he had said, and she believed him.

But now, with the bite of a rabid dog, Cassian had come to another determination.

In the early dawn Cassian walked to Virgen, the parish beyond Pregraten, and arrived at the church in time to make his preparation for Confession and Communion before the daily Mass. With unwonted fervor he followed the Holy Sacrifice, and at the moment of receiving he offered the act as his viaticum—the food for his last journey.

All that day he remained in Virgen, and, as people recalled later, most of the time in the church. At dusk he retraced his steps and regained his forge by an unfrequented hunter's path. Then when all was still, and he thought the

inmates of the glen wrapped in sleep, he lighted the fire and plied his trade.

A good stout chain he had, and manacles he made for his strong young wrists. He worked by night; by day he ate sparingly and drank the icy water of the Ischel.

At last his task was ended. A ring of steel clasped either arm, through which the chain was passed, and both ends were then welded to a staple on the massive anvil.

Cassian was now his own prisoner. When all was over, he sat and meditated, and prayed and wept by turns. We will not pry into the secrets of his lonely soul.

The very evening of the day on which weaver Sep had made inquiries after the gunsmith, Thekla suddenly recalled having, since Cassian's departure, seen a light at his forge. At the time she had taken it for some effect of the moon on the window; but now worry gave her other thoughts, and she flew to her friends.

"O Sep!" she cried, bursting into the cottage, "could Cassian be in his smithy, and we not know of it?"

"In his smithy!" repeated the young weaver, quite dazed. "Let us go instantly and see." And he lighted a lantern as he spoke.

They were soon across the meadow, and in front of the building, the back of which jutted over the river.

Sep tried the door, to find it barred; this could not be unless some one were within.

"Cassian! Cassian!" he loudly called. The chained man smiled grimly, but he made no answer.

Then Sep, swinging himself lightly to the roof, tore up a board and looked down; but his eyes could not pierce the darkness. Into the opening he inserted the lantern; but that, too, failed to reveal the occupant. He must descend himself. This he did with precaution, and as his foot struck the flooring he heard a deep-drawn breath close beside him.

He started back aghast; then peered with the light.

Yes, there too surely lay Cassian, his head pillowed against the anvil; a wan figure. He turned on his friend a pair of eyes aflame with varied emotions.

"Why, Sep—why have you come? Could you not let me die in peace?"

"Heavens, Cassian! What is this? Who chained you here?" spoke Sep, trembling at his discovery.

"I am here of my own will; go away, Sep; you make my death more bitter."

At the sound of voices the maidens began to call for admission.

"Let us in, Sep; let us in! We hear Cassian's voice!"

"No, no, Sep! Keep them out! That dog bit me; I am mad, and may do them a hurt!"

Regardless of the groans and protest of his friend, the weaver unbolted the door and let in the pale moonbeams.

Thekla and Therese stood on the threshold, but when their eyes grew accustomed to the dim light they started back in horror at seeing the condition of their old playfellow.

Thekla fell to weeping for very pity and loathing of herself for not sooner having discovered her lover.

Therese, more practical, perceiving that Cassian could have eaten nothing for several days, begged Sep to set the forge agoing, while she ran home for food.

She soon returned with the simple provender, and had prepared at the furnace a tasty dish of cream and eggs before her companions were well over their surprise. With the loving instinct that Cassian would rather receive it from the hands of Thekla, she gave her the platter.

But as his foster-sister approached him the smith rose up, gaunt, and averting his gaze, called out:

"No; not from Thekla! I am mad; I may injure her! Let me starve; food can only prolong my suffering."

"Cassian, it would be sinful to refuse to eat. Take the food, then, from my hands," gently pleaded Therese; "you are only weak, and not mad."

Now, when Thekla saw Therese's movement, her strong nature burst forth; and grasping the dish she advanced firmly, saying: "Cassian, you must take it for my sake, and from me; for, Cassian dear, I love you better than all the world—and you must not die."

"Did you say you loved me, Thekla?" slowly asked the smith, turning his sunken eyes upon her; "you love me better than all the world; did you say that, Thekla?"

"Yes; oh, yes! dear Cass. It is because I could not live away from you that I came home," the girl answered simply.

Cassian fell back appalled. "Thekla! Thekla! Too late!"

THE ATTACK ON CATHOLIC CHARITIES IN NEW YORK.

WHEN siege lines are drawn around a city, the rules of modern warfare observed by civilized nations exempt the hospitals and orphanages from the peril of bombardment. The red cross of the Geneva Convention flying above such institutions saves them from the obus of the besiegers. Such amenities are, however, deemed entirely out of place by the unscrupulous enemies of the Catholic Church. By no rules of civilized nations are they bound in their indecent onslaughts upon her most precious heritage in the material order, the succoring of God's poor.

It is difficult to decide between the hypocrisy and the effrontery of this new movement as claimants for our wonder. The hypocrisy is unctuous, but it is clumsy, for the veil which it assumes is not thick enough to hide its artful leer. The innocent-looking proposition is made that the State maintain its separation from Religion by refusing to give grants for the support of "sectarian" institutions. "Sectarian" here means Roman Catholic only, for although there are plenty of other institutions conducted by other denominations, they are under mixed management, and therefore could take refuge under the subterfuge of being non-sectarian when the touchstone came to be applied. The effrontery is seen in the demand that the Catholic people of New York be asked to take over from the State the entire burden of maintaining many thousand orphans and helpless persons of mature age, who are at present maintained by charitable funds, three-fourths of which are contributed by Catholics and the other by the State. This is, in effect, to what the proposition amounts.

Maintenance of the separation between the church and the state is the plausible pretext upon which the State is asked to lend a hand in this attack upon the Catholic Church. Separation is assumed, by those who are moving in this matter, to be tantamount to enmity, for the act to which they ask the State to commit itself were an act of warfare if committed. They ask the government of New York State to violate the American

Constitution by becoming persecutors of a particular religion, whereas that Constitution provides for the completest religious liberty for all.

It is not pretended by the so-called protective league which moves in this matter that it is intended the law, if passed, shall remain a dead-letter. Some institutions must be hit, they say, and we know that the institutions meant are Catholic institutions. Deliberately, then, and with malice aforethought, as the legal phrase runs, this wrong is sought to be done the Catholics. The chances of the Catholics abandoning their trusts, as in the ethics of the "protectors" they would be strictly justified in doing, or putting their hands deeper down into their pockets for their support, are to be coolly calculated. The act is somewhat equivalent to that of a barbarian army in putting the women and children and the wounded in the front of an engagement as a means of embarrassing the enemy. In arguing against this proposed "amendment to the constitution," Mr. Frederick R. Coudert very happily described it as an attempt to induce the State to become a speculator. It was to speculate and take stock in the zeal and devotion of the Catholic Church in bringing up the helpless children of her own creed, and taking care of her own destitute poor. It was to trade, in other words, on the charity of the Catholic Church, relying for successful trading on that principle which is the *raison d'être* of her existence, the secret of her wonderful success. In dealings between individuals we would stigmatize such a calculation as the essence of meanness. Mr. Coudert likens it to the conduct of banditti who capture children and extort heavy ransom from their parents on threats of mutilation or death of their beloved offspring.

The Catholic community in this country are already grievously handicapped by the system of public education which forces them to draw largely upon their private resources for the support of their own parochial schools. They bear this injustice quietly for the sake of peace. It is this placidity, doubtless, which emboldens the speculators to go a step further and place the whole burden of the Catholic helpless poor and orphaned on their patient and long-suffering shoulders. The children of the Catholic sailor or soldier, who may fall in battle for the United States, would be deprived of even the shelter of a Catholic orphanage, if the mean bigotry which is at the bottom of this proposed amendment were to have acceptance.

But meanness, after all, is only a quality, denoting a certain low and ignoble condition of the moral nature. Mendacity, on the other hand, is a positive, living vice, entering in its bolder forms into the catalogue of crimes against which the stern canons of the Decalogue are set. But those who so little regard their own reputation as to utter and publish unblushing vulgar untruths about the public funds and the various charities of New York City, have not even the poor excuse of hoping that these may pass for truths for the time being, so that they may serve their purpose, even though future detection bring their authors obloquy. They must be fully aware that these untruths need only to be published to meet with condign and crushing refutation. It is not possible to construe their action in regard to this matter as nothing more flagitious in its intent than the ordinary looseness of hasty argument. It is reckless assertion in its most reprehensible shape. Let us take for instance the deliberate statement made by the Rev. Dr. King, repeated by many Christian ministers, and reiterated, *after it was refuted*, by Mr. William Allen Butler, that the Protestant charities of New York received, in the year taken for illustration, only $75,000 of the public appropriations for charity, or five per cent. of the whole. It can hardly be that the fine casuistical point of specifying merely institutions with the word "Protestant" embodied in their titles is relied on in this assertion, for there are but *two* such places included in the list of those set forth in the reports of the city comptroller as the recipients of State appropriations and the united grants to these only amount to $22,000. One institution which is as avowedly a Protestant establishment as if its name were blazoned all over its front—*i. e.*, the Children's Aid Society—appears alone as the recipient of a sum which nearly exhausts the whole amount claimed by Messrs. King, Butler, and Co.—namely, $70,000. The Children's Fold of the City of New York got $19,532.58; the American Female Guardian Society,* $25,000; the New York Institution for the Blind, $14,157.72. These are all Protestant institutions, although they do not put the fact on their cards. Then there is another, the New York Juvenile Asylum, which got $129,618.32; and another, the New

* The following is an extract from the charter of the Female Guardian Society: "Persons applying for children must be regular attendants at a Protestant place of worship and recommended by their pastor. The children must live in the family and regularly attend church on the Sabbath and, when not too inconvenient, Sunday-school. Only those approved by the board or executive committee may select children."

York Infant Asylum, which took $114,938.70. The Nursery and Child's Hospital, which is another of the same character—Protestant of some of the many styles—got $99,354.57; and still another, the Five Points House of Industry, $9,838.14. These various totals foot up to the respectable one of considerably over half a million dollars. Over and above all this, there is the fact with regard to the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, a Protestant institution of a character similar to the Catholic Protectory. This institution appears in the comptroller's report as having got only $7,900 of State aid; but the fact is, that the funds which maintain it do not come within the purview of the comptroller's investigations. But not so with the Catholic Protectory. This appears on the list as swallowing up a large proportion of the Catholic total—namely, $292,705.98. To all intents and purposes this Catholic Protectory is a State Reformatory, as much as any of the State reformatories in Great Britain and Ireland are—a beneficent substitute for a State prison, in other words. Yet three-fourths of the money which is needed to carry it on are provided by the private benevolence of Catholics.

There is a Corporate School Fund in the city of New York. In 1892, the year of the last available report, it amounted to $115,722. To Catholic institutions went $9,000 of this; to Hebrew, $3,000. The remainder all went to Protestant institutions. In making disbursements to the respective institutions it is usually a per capita rate for Catholics, whilst the Protestants generally secure a fixed allowance, independent of number of inmates, results of training, etc. Where the sum granted is on the per capita principle, it is in some cases higher by a good deal than the rate allowed to similar Catholic institutions.

Enough has now been said on this branch of the subject. It were waste of time to further expose the astounding mendacity of the hawkers-about of the constitutional "amendment." The refutation of the fable is on the official accounts of the city; and the falsehood stands on record in the public prints, unretracted, unapologized for, naked, and, like its utterers, not ashamed.

For the enlightenment of the ignorant a tabular statement has been prepared by Dr. King, purporting to set forth the respective appropriations to the various denominations for the past decade. From this innocent-looking table the uninitiated would infer that in all New York there were but four Protes-

tant institutions which took any help from the public, and that these received between them a gross total of $39,000 in the year 1892. The following condensed copy of the table will be most useful in illustrating the peculiar methods of presentation adopted by the "L. P. A. I.":

NAME OF INSTITUTION.	1892.
Roman Catholic.	
Foundling Asylum under the charge of the Sisters of Charity,	$264,510.60
New York Catholic Protectory,	239,000.00
St. Mary's Institution for Deaf Mutes in the City of Buffalo,	
Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd,	17,000.00
St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes,	20,700.00
The Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls,	8,600.00
Protestant.	
Children's Fold of the City of New York,	16,500.00
Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy,	11,500.00
Shepherd's Fold,	5,000.00
Five Points House of Industry,	6,000.00
Hebrew.	
Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum,	63,500.00
Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society,	70,000.00
*Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes,	25,800.00
Undenominational.	
New York Asylum for Idiots,	1,268.00
American Female Guardian Society,	25,000.00
Children's Aid Society,	70,000.00
Hudson River State Hospital,	6,878,00
Institution for the Blind,	8,750.00
New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,	16,740.00
New York Magdalen Benevolent Society,	400.00
New York Juvenile Asylum,	112,500.00
New York Infant Asylum,	105,779.50
State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane,	7,000.00
New York State Lunatic Asylum,	240.00
New York Infirmary for Women and Children,	4,500.00
Nursery and Child's Hospital,	90,000.00
State Asylum for Insane Criminals, Auburn, N. Y.,	4,000.00
Union Home and School for Education of Children of Vol. Soldiers,	
The Babies' Hospital,	5,300.00
Buffalo State Hospital,	
Syracuse State Institution for Feeble-Minded Children,	
New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled,	26,250.00

Now, on turning to the official Report of the Comptroller of

*Should be classed as undenominational.

the City of New York for the year 1892 we find the case stated thus:

ASYLUMS, REFORMATORIES, AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

	Total Appropriations.
New York Asylum for Idiots,	$1,268.00
American Female Guardian Society,	25,000.00
Children's Aid Society,	70,000.00
Children's Fold of the City of New York,	19,532.58
Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity,	292,705,98
Hebrew Benevolent Society of the City of New York,	76,988.15
Hudson River State Hospital,	14,653.37
Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes,	33,958.88
New York Institution for the Blind,	14,157,72
New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,	22,770.53
New York Magdalen Female Benevolent Asylum and Home for Fallen Women,	800.00
New York Juvenile Asylum,	129,618.32
New York Infant Asylum,	114,938.70
New York Catholic Protectory,	246,873.34
New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled,	33,818 23
New York Infirmary for Women and Children,	5,550.00
Nursery and Child's Hospital,	99,354.97
Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy,	15,653.51
Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd,	23,146.48
Middletown State Homœopathic Hospital,	9,052.54
State Asylum for Insane Criminals at Auburn, N. Y.,	5,753.75
The Shepherd's Fold of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York,	6,250.00
St. Joseph's Inst. for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes,	27,153.56
Five Points House of Industry,	9,214.80
Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls,	9,838.14
Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society,	90,026.79
Utica State Hospital,	525.00
The Babies' Hospital,	5,300.00

Here the device is transparent. It consists simply in describing as "undenominational" many institutions which are under mixed Protestant control, such as the Children's Aid Society, Juvenile Asylums, etc.

How ingenuous and artless are Rev. Dr. King and his philanthropic confrères!

Either these so-called undenominational institutions are Protestant ones or they are without any religious character. In the latter case they would be infidel, and therefore inimical to the state. We can leave Dr. King his choice.

Respectable Protestantism, we are sure, is not represented

in this movement against Catholic charities. This element has given no mandate, we are perfectly certain, to Rev. Dr. King and his satellites to make high-minded Protestants appear as parties to a dishonest statement of accounts. In the low cunning which prompts the abandonment of a quartette of trivial grants for the sake of cutting off large Catholic supplies, they have neither hand, act, nor part; would be ashamed to be participants in the mean and mendacious trick attempted by Dr. King. They have no wish to be stigmatized as "speakers of things which are not" by the official whose duty it is to check the accounts, as Dr. King and his associates have publicly been before the Constitutional Convention.

For many years the Protestant charities of the city had been receiving public aid before the Catholics thought of asking for any. In those years no one dreamed that there was any danger to the constitution in the giving or taking of such help. Money is still paid to Protestant charities whether they show any results for it or not. Who can tell how much was given in the past for no services at all? This is a branch of the subject to which the lynx-eyed reformer might very properly turn his attention.

It were bootless to inquire what practical good to whatever chimerical cause they have in view is hoped for by the falsifiers of public accounts. Men who are incapable of perceiving the stupidity of falsehood, in such affairs as these, need not be looked to for any clearness of vision about objects or agencies. They are like blind archers, dangerous in action to friends as well as foes.

Were the State so obtuse as to assent to the proscriptive course advised by the zealots, its first duty must be to provide a substitute for the system condemned. The primary step would indeed be the costly one in this case. There are the buildings of the Catholic institutions. Their estimated value is close on ten million dollars, or something like that amount would be necessary to purchase them or erect new ones. Then the cost of administering the institutions when they had passed out of Catholic hands would be much larger than it is at present. Comparison with the present cost in purely State establishments and those under Catholic management gives proof of this contention which cannot be gainsaid. The average cost of inmates of the Catholic Protectory for last year was $115.28; and the average for the House of

Refuge, a kindred institution maintained by the State, $210. In case of a change in the system the State, logically, would lose the benefit of the large amount of voluntary and *con amore* service on the part of the Catholic fraternities and sisterhoods which this difference in cost really represents. The Catholic system supplies teachers at a far cheaper rate than the State could procure lay teachers for. We shall say nothing here on the difference between the two sorts of service, as this consideration does not enter into a dry statistical calculation.

A careful computation of the present position and the desiderated one of the "reformers" shows that the net annual increase of taxes to the individual taxpayer of New York would be about $1.10 on every one hundred dollars of valuation. His present taxation for charitable purposes amounts to $2.58; under the suggested arrangement it would be $3.68, for the city would be called upon to provide additional appropriations to the amount of about $4,500,000 per annum for some years to come, for interest upon loans made necessary to meet the emergency.

During all this discussion not one word is said about the army of poor which the Catholics of New York support entirely out of their own resources. There are, scattered throughout various charitable institutions, no fewer than 7,000 dependent persons towards whose maintenance the State does not contribute a cent. Were it possible for the Catholic authorities to be animated with the cold-blooded cynicism which underlies this present attack, they would be clearly justified in turning around to the State and saying: "Assume your own responsibilities in full, and cease taking from our people what their too sensitive humanity and love of divine charity impel them to give." But herein the Machiavellian cunning of the contrivers is shown, for they know full well that whatever betide, the Catholic Church and the Catholic people will never abandon those of whose souls and bodies they have assumed the guardianship until they find them in a position of safety and impregnability to the assaults of misery and temptation.

THE ENCYCLICAL OF LEO XIII. ON UNITY.

WE welcome this paternal and loving Letter of our Holy Father to the rulers and people of Christendom with reverence, gratitude, and joy. Such are the sentiments with which all his loyal and devoted children, the Catholics of the whole world, will receive it.

In what manner the estranged and separated Christians of the East and West will treat this affectionate invitation of the Vicar of Christ to return to the fold from which they have wandered, the future alone will disclose.

For the moment, we have one indication of the spirit with which it is regarded by a certain class at least of American Protestants, in the remarks of one of our most dignified and respectable newspapers, the *New York Tribune*. The tone and manner of the article to which we refer, is, we are much pleased to acknowledge, most respectful and amicable.

We trust that our honorable contemporary will not take it amiss, if we state our conviction that it furnishes one of the best arguments which can be adduced in proof of the legitimacy and validity of the claim which the Pope makes, to be the vicegerent of God on the earth, and the divinely commissioned Teacher of the Christian religion to all mankind. It is true that the *Tribune* objects to the Pope, that he does not give the evidence which is absolutely necessary for the admission of his claim by that great multitude of professing Christians who refuse submission to his authority. His mere assertion of it does not suffice for a rational conviction that it is well founded, and therefore, the *Tribune* thinks, it will not have the effect of bringing back Protestants to unity with the Roman Church. There could not be a more manifest truism than the statement, that a mere personal assertion of supremacy without evidence has no claim to attention and can receive none. The necessity of resorting to such a truism is a proof of the weakness of the cause. The maxim of St. Ambrose is well known and universally accepted: *Morale est omnibus ut qui fidem exigunt fidem astruant.* "It is a universal moral principle, that those who demand belief should furnish adequate reasons for their demand, sufficient motives of credibility." The Lord himself did not

disdain to do this, and based his claim on faith upon abundant and conclusive motives of credibility.

No one can be so foolish as to suppose that the Pope and the defenders of his cause would ask a recognition of his claim to supremacy unless it were based on evidence and supported by strong proofs from doctrinal and historical sources. The mere fact that he can dare to issue such an appeal and invitation to all Christians as he has done in his Encyclical, with the certainty of obtaining a hearing, is a powerful proof that he has reasons for demanding belief which at least deserve respectful attention and careful examination.

No other person on earth is in a position to make such an appeal. The Mohammedan Caliph, the Mahdi, or the Grand Lama may make pretensions to the character of a prophet, but they are regarded with derision by the enlightened portion of mankind. If the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, or the Archbishop of Canterbury were to issue an encyclical like that of Leo XIII., it would not be considered as worthy of a moment's attention.

We hope, therefore, that our honorable contemporary of the *Tribune* will pardon us, if we say that his respectful treatment of the Holy Father's Encyclical is a significant fact, and an evidence that his invitation to all the Christian people to return to his communion has a *prima facie* reasonableness based on the first and original principles of the constitution of Christianity. It is not, indeed, of great moment, that one writer of intelligence and a liberal spirit, or that one great newspaper of high standing and influence, should think it proper to treat the Head of the Catholic Church with respect and courtesy. But we may regard this writer and this newspaper as the representative and spokesman of a large number of the best, the most enlightened, and the most candid Protestants of America; may we not say of the world, and even include the Orientals and Russians in the same category. It is very true that the Pope's claim to universal supremacy needs to be proved to those who do not already recognize it. The Encyclical does not profess to be a plea and an argument presenting the evidence on which the claim is rested. We do not imagine that Oriental and Western Christians who are now in a state of separation from Catholic communion will come speedily in any considerable numbers to proffer allegiance to the Vicar of Christ, through the effect of his invitation. The rational and moral force of that invitation is derived, not from its isolated and particular content, but

from the vast body of history which is behind it, and the colossal mass of Catholic polemic theology which surrounds and supports it, supplemented with not few or unimportant concessions from non-Catholic authorities.

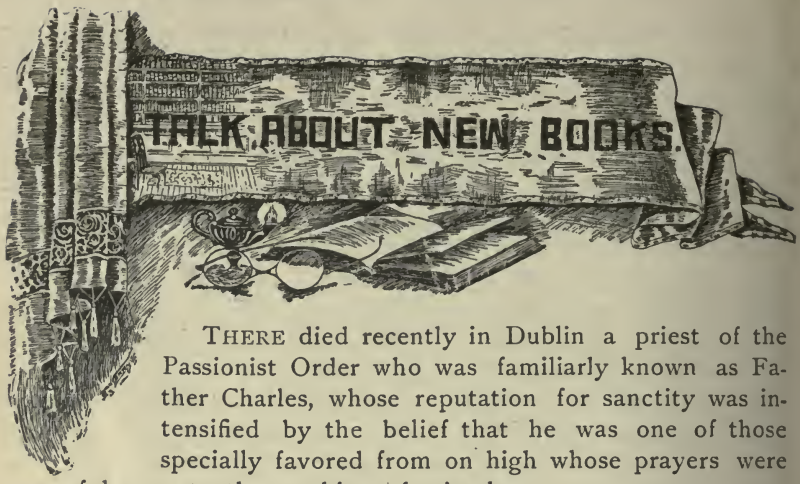
The Encyclical does not make a claim which is without proofs, for the Pope can point to a whole library of works of genius and erudition which never have been or can be refuted.

But in fact, although the Encyclical does not contain a formal argument, or an epitome of the evidences of Papal Supremacy, it is, in itself, essentially, a monument of testimony, a self-vindicating, self-proving document. A Paixhan, Gatling, or Krupp cannon proclaims its own calibre by the sound of its explosion. And so, the voice of the Pope, like the Word of God, whose vicegerent he is, sounds through the world, as no voice except that of the Vicar of Christ could give forth its utterance. The Encyclical is the latest of a series of similar documents, going back to the Epistle of Pope Clement the First to the Corinthians, in the first century. Let it be remembered, that in addressing the Greeks, Leo XIII. is addressing a body of Christians which acknowledged the Roman Supremacy for a thousand years, and that all Western Christendom acknowledged the same supremacy for fifteen centuries. Greeks and Protestants have broken off from the main body of Christendom, not because an intelligent and conscientious study of the Christian religion had convinced them that the Papal Supremacy was a usurpation, but from other causes, and for worldly and selfish motives. Their polemical war on the principle and the doctrine of papal supremacy was an after-thought, by which they sought to justify their rebellion. The burden of proof rests on their shoulders. It is for them to show cause why they rejected the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, and abandoned his communion, and why they should not return to it, and thus make an end of their disastrous schism.

All admit that the present state of disunion and division in Christendom is disastrous for Christianity and for the world. Christianity, in the widest sense, embraces less than one-third of mankind. Apart from Eastern sects, divided from the great Greek Church and from each other, the separated Christian sects of the West are numerous, they are hopelessly divided from each other, and the chaos is continually becoming worse. Millions do not profess to believe or practise any form of religion. There is but one hope for Christian unity, for the regeneration

of the nations, for the conversion of the world; and this hope is placed in the return of all wanderers to the one fold of the Catholic Church under the pastoral care of the Chief Shepherd, the Successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ.

The Holy Father expresses his hope and confidence that the reconciliation of all separated Christians may be brought about at some future time, and that the church will celebrate a glorious triumph before the final consummation of the world and the passing away of the present order of Divine Providence. This is the most consoling and encouraging word which has come from his mouth. All his devoted children will pray earnestly that this happy prognostic may be fulfilled as speedily and completely as possible. The glorified martyrs and saints in Paradise will join their prayers to those of the church on earth; the glorious Queen of Heaven will offer her more powerful intercessions for the same intention; the prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ uttered on the evening before his crucifixion is still in remembrance before God. May He deign to hear and answer these prayers, that his kingdom may come and his will be done on earth as it is in Heaven! And may our Holy Father, Leo XIII., live to see the beginning of this glorious period!



THERE died recently in Dublin a priest of the Passionist Order who was familiarly known as Father Charles, whose reputation for sanctity was intensified by the belief that he was one of those specially favored from on high whose prayers were powerful even to the working of miracles.

The belief in this mark of divine favor was widespread in Ireland, but more especially in the capital, a little outside which stands the beautiful church and monastery of the Passionist Order, on the grounds of Mount Argus. A visitor to the church might have seen any day, during the later years of Father Charles's life, many persons waiting after the conclusion of the last Mass, kneeling patiently at the altar-rails—invalids and pallid sufferers for the most part. These were believers in the miraculous efficacy of Father Charles's prayers, and they had come that he might pray with them and for them, and touch them with his piece of the true Cross. Presently, when the throng of worshippers had quitted the building, a tall, weird figure would come forth from a door leading into the monastery, and with quick, nervous, and somewhat eccentric movement approach the kneeling watchers. His face was emaciated if not cadaverous, his eye feverish, his gaze not on those on whom it seemed to fall. He spoke to them and heard their replies, yet he seemed not to perceive them. He prayed beside each only for a little while, but with a passionate, hungering depth of love and reverence in his tone, and with a vehemence and strangeness of gesture, that resembled no human method of regulated speech. He was indeed rapt whilst he prayed, and in his ardor of ecstasy Father Charles often forgot earth and all upon it, and was for the time being away with his soul soaring far beyond the limits of this terrene orb and its atmosphere. In short, Father Charles was looked upon as a saint. He was certainly a being of the most austere devotion, and if a life of transcen-

dental sanctity and fleshly mortification can make the saint, there can be little doubt that the current rumor was right.

So deep was the hold which Father Charles had upon the people of Dublin for many years that they could not suffer his memory to die out from amongst them; hence it is only a week since the initial steps were taken towards erecting a permanent memorial at Mount Argus in his honor. The community have likewise taken the necessary steps to have the evidence of his sanctity collected and forwarded to Rome in due course. Meantime, for the edification of those who look to such lives as testimony of God's workings through his church, the memoir of the remarkable career of the deceased has been given to the world by a member of the same devout community, Rev. Father Austin.* The work will be of interest also for the sketch it incidentally gives of the rise and work of the Passionist Order—a community which has done much for the salvation of souls since its foundation.

On the *lucus à non lucendo* principle we are reminded of Mr. Max O'Rell by the peregrinatory notes of Mr. Louis Lombard in his little book called *Observations of a Traveller.*† These notes, which the author himself does not believe to be either exhaustive or coherent, as he tells us, possess a quality which is, fortunately, missing in the work of the genial Max. They display at times all the ribaldry of Mark Twain without any of the art of that reckless scoffer at things held sacred.

We have it on the authority of Ella Wheeler Wilcox that the author is the great-grandson of a French Roman Catholic bishop who, in order to escape the guillotine, got married. If the story be true, it furnishes a hypothetical explanation of the feeble fury of this descendant of an unholy alternative against all things which savor of Catholicism.

An English memoir of *Blessed Antony Baldinucci,*‡ from the pen of the Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., comes to us from the firm of Burns & Oates. The biographer has had the advantage of most of the materials which had been collected by the Rev. Father Vanucci, S.J., including the monograph on the saint's career by a fellow-Jesuit who knew him intimately and enjoyed his friendship, Father Budrioli.

Simplicity and absence of rhetorical style are the features in

* *The Life of Father Charles.* By Rev. Father Austin, C.P. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

† *Observations of a Traveller.* By Louis Lombard. Utica, N. Y.: Louis Lombard.

‡ *The Life of the Blessed Antony Baldinucci.* By Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J. London: Burns & Oates.

this record that most forcibly strike the reader. So many marvellous things regarding the saint had to be crowded into his biography that no space was left for anything that might be considered extraneous. Hence there is a monotony about the book that differentiates it much from the chronicles of much less important characters when treated by hands which strive more for literary effect than making any permanent impression for good.

The record of Blessed Antony Baldinucci's miracles is indeed a marvellous one. No such body of evidence, we believe, was forthcoming with regard to the supernatural influences of any of the later beatified. His preaching must have been irresistibly fine; yet, strange to say, no specimens of the oratory which at times melted the hearts of the most inveterately malignant are given in the course of the work.

The severity of the self-discipline which Father Baldinucci underwent, and the frightful hardships amid which much of his mission work was accomplished, appear to have shortened his career of benevolence. He died at the early age of fifty-one, amid demonstrations of grief so intense by the people as revealed the extraordinary hold which he had acquired by his sanctity of life and abject devotion to their service.

A fine engraving of the saint is prefixed to the work. It is an engraving copied from a picture of young Baldinucci at the age of fifteen, the work of Baltassar Franeschini, or Volterrano, as he was more familiarly known. The face is full of poetic feeling and impulsive sympathy.

Amongst the many noble charities to which the women of France devote themselves, the work of the Women of Calvary deserve a word of commendation. This association, which was founded fifty years ago in Lyons by Madame Farnier, a widow, devotes itself to the care of incurables entirely. The association is not religious, and it is composed of widows solely. It devotes itself entirely to the work of charity in one of its most essential shapes, and does it with wonderful zeal and success. The narrative of its foundation and methods, by Abbé Chaffanjon,* will afford much edifying and suggestive reading.

A fresh edition of the late A. M. Sullivan's *Story of Ireland*,† issued within the past few weeks, is a striking proof that the popular form of history is preferable, to very many people, to the more formal and conventional chronicle.

* *Widows and Charity.* By Abbé Chaffanjon. New York: Benziger Bros.
† *The Story of Ireland.* By A. M. Sullivan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

This volume of Mr. Sullivan's was mainly intended for the enlightenment of young scholars, as the so-called "National" system of education in Ireland excluded all mention of the fortunes of the country in the past. Yet many of more mature years would prefer such information as it imparts to the more consecutive knowledge derivable from the works of other writers, owing to the happy way in which the subject is presented. Its attractiveness is enhanced by the many Irish metrical selections embodied in it, and the large number of spirited wood-cuts with which it is interspersed.

Paul Sabatier's *St. Francis of Assisi*,* which has been reviewed in these pages already, appears now in an English translation by Louise Seymour Houghton. To the criticism which has been already given, it may be not out of place to add the feeling of surprise at the way in which the author treats the subject of miracles in an appendix to the work relating especially to the stigmata of St. Francis. To one who has read much of the previous portions of the work it will be amazing to find what is here written. M. Sabatier inclines more to believe in the existence of the stigmata than to join in the protests against the marvel. The miracle, as meaning the suspension or the subversion of the laws of nature, or rather the direct intervention of the First Cause in certain cases, he denies outright as being an immoral hypothesis, as an infringement of the first religious principle of his mind apparently, the perfect equality of all before God; for, he says, "if God intervene thus irregularly in the affairs of men, the latter can hardly do otherwise than seek to become courtiers who expect all things of the sovereign's favor." The stigmata of St. Francis, whose existence he admits, since he finds he has no chance of effectively denying, he regards as something inexplicable, but only in the same way as the extraordinary mathematical powers or musical gifts of an infant prodigy.

Here we have a key to the apparent paradox of a Unitarian minister, who does not believe in what St. Francis believed over and above all things—the divinity of our Redeemer—following the saint's career with the most patient care and writing a really charming work in praise of it, who seems to deprecate even prayer to the Omnipotent lest it should be deemed the interested flattery of a sycophant. What a singular notion of religion for a minister of religion of any kind whatsoever!

* *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Paul Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Still this book is likely to work some good. It is calculated to set profounder reasoners thinking. They cannot fail to be struck by its manifest inconsistencies and the grand *à priori* negation upon which it starts out, only to find itself arriving at a goal the very opposite to that for which it aimed in starting. This is one of the facts which the writer himself would regard as "inexplicable," and not the least strange part of it is that he seems to be all unconscious of it.

The Rev. J. W. Book, who has given the public some invaluable popular treatises on vital subjects in the moral and spiritual life, has just issued another excellent one, dealing with the vexed question of mixed marriages.* Here he sets out, in the form of a dialogue between a priest and a young girl contemplating a union with a non-Catholic, the various grounds of objection to such marriages, and all the conditions that a Catholic must fulfil in order to have a valid sacrament. Nothing could be clearer than his exposition of the ecclesiastical law bearing on this momentous subject. The book is a most serviceable one in a country situated like the United States. It is issued under the sanction of the Bishop of Vincennes.

One of the most amusing books of travel, outside the class of the wholly humorous, is Mr. Guy Boothby's new one entitled *On the Wallaby*. This is Australian patter for "On Tramp," and in this case it signifies roughing it, to a large extent, across Australia, the Indian Ocean, and part of Asia. The spirit in which the journey was undertaken may be described as ultra-Bohemian, and the tone of the comment is rollicking almost to the verge of Mark-Twainism. Under all the jocosity, however, there is a full sense of the beauty of some of the scenes visited and a careful note of many a practical fact that may be useful not only to travellers but to scientists. The description of some of the Australian scenery is very fine. Some tolerably good "snap-shot" pictures will be found scattered through the work.

There are few writers who left more distinctive marks of individuality than Father Faber of the Oratory. The peculiar trend of his sweet and gentle mind lay in consoling ways, so that his compositions have an especial value to those who are afflicted in spirit or wrestling with temptations or difficulties. The selection of his aphorisms † which has been made by Marion J. Brunowe gives us many of his most beautiful reflections. The

* *Mollie's Mistake; or, Mixed Marriages.* By J. W. Book, R.D. Published by the author, at Canneltown, Ind.

† *Pearls from Faber.* By Marion J. Brunowe. New York.

size of the volume renders it handy as a pocket companion. It would be hard to find a better little monitor.

A second edition of Father Burke's pamphlet on Catholic Ceremonies* has been called for. This is an excellent proof of the acceptable character of the work. It is indeed a most useful treatise, especially to those who labor under the desire to seek solace in the Catholic Church, and yet find a difficulty about questions of Catholic practice and the church's ceremonial and ritual. The handy yet substantial shape in which the work is presented is a subsidiary recommendation.

I.—THE FIRST DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII. IN STATE PAPERS.†

This volume may be considered as the work of two authors. The late Mrs. Hope collected from state papers and other contemporary documents the materials of which it is composed, and wove them into a connected narrative; Father Gasquet thoroughly revised the MS. left by Mrs. Hope, examined and verified every statement by reference to the authority quoted, adding notes explaining the nature and character of the documents, and in a few places correcting the text. In the Introduction, among other things, he adduces considerations which should modify the judgment generally formed, not only by Mrs. Hope, but by historians in general, as to whether Convocation in 1531 recognized the king as supreme head of the church in spirituals. Father Gasquet maintains that although the action of Convocation resulted in the recognition of the king as supreme head in spirituals as well as in temporals to the displacement of the pope, yet the clergy carefully guarded themselves from making any such recognition, and that although they styled the king the *Supremum Caput*, yet that from the wording of the document and the proceedings themselves, as well as from subsequent history, it is clear that they intended to exclude from its notion the idea of any royal *spiritual* jurisdiction.

Mrs. Hope's narrative affords, we believe, the first complete and thoroughly trustworthy account of that most dismal subject —the proceedings for Henry's divorce—being drawn as it is entirely from first-hand sources. In some respects the facts she

* *Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. New York, etc.: Benziger Brothers.

† *The First Divorce of Henry VIII. as told in the State Papers.* By Mrs. Hope. Edited, with notes and an Introduction, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. London: Kegan Paul & Co., limited; New York: Benziger Brothers

brings to light tend to relieve the general darkness. She shows how unfounded is the assertion of Protestant historians that it was the fear of Charles V. which deterred the pope from granting the divorce, and that his refusal was really due to a disinterested love of justice irrespective of consequences. No one who is desirous of ascertaining the real truth about one of the most important events in history can afford to neglect this work of Mrs. Hope and Father Gasquet.

2.—BISHOP CHATARD'S STUDIES.*

To the readers of this magazine it would be a superfluous task to commend to their favorable judgment the essays of Bishop Chatard. For the past quarter of a century they have had an opportunity of following his polished flow of thought on a variety of subjects connected with Catholic development, and we have no doubt they have profitably availed themselves of each. To the public who have not had such opportunity we would heartily commend the volume in which these papers are collectively presented. Many of the treatises have a direct present-day interest—notably those which deal with the education question in the United States and the temporal power of the Papacy. None can fail to be struck by the forcible reasoning of these articles, nor to be charmed by their literary style, which is full of dignity and polish.

3.—CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM COMPARED.†

A popular edition of this invaluable work of Mr. Allies is welcome for two reasons: first, because of the expensive first edition several volumes are now out of print; and second, because the price of the new edition will place it within the reach of every member of the ever-widening circle of Catholic readers. The new edition is due, we believe, to the initiative of Cardinal Vaughan, in whose opinion it is the best work in the English language on the relations between the doctrine and practice introduced by Christianity and the philosophy and morality of the Greek and Roman pagan world. The present volume includes a sketch of the Roman civilization, its external grandeur, and the internal conditions of Roman society. It

* *Occasional Essays.* By the Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

† *The Formation of Christendom.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

shows how this society was reconstructed by two forces imparted by the Christian religion, by the knowledge, that is to say, which it imparted of God and of the human soul, by which the individual man was newly created. In two individuals, Cicero and St. Augustine, Mr. Allies finds and describes the contrasted types of the opposed principles of life and conduct. Of the fourth lecture the revolution wrought by Christianity in society as a whole is the subject. The fifth and sixth lectures—the last in this volume—are devoted, the former to the new creation of marriage, the latter to the creation of the Virginal life. No adequate notice can be given here of the way in which these subjects are treated, nor is it required by those who are already acquainted either with this or the other works of Mr. Allies, for they already know how firm is his grasp of principles and how thorough he is in their elucidation. The main point which it is our object to call to our readers' attention is, that they are now enabled to obtain at a moderate price one of the most valuable and important works of the present generation; and while the price is moderate, the print and paper are all that can be desired in point of excellence.

NEW BOOKS.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Blind as Seen through Blind Eyes. By Maurice de la Lizeranne. Translated by F. Park Lewis, M.D.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Occasional Sermons and Lectures. By the Rev. John M. Kiely.

John B. Piet, Baltimore:
The Principles of the Religious Life. By Rev. Peter Cotel, S.J. Translated by L. W. Reilly.

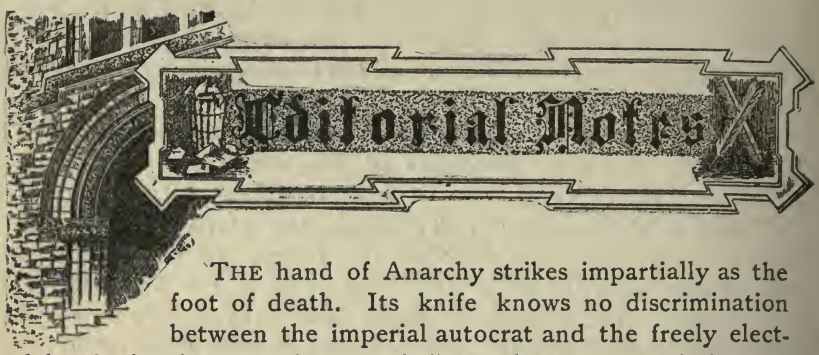
P. O'Shea, New York:
By the Seaside. Happy Hours of Childhood. By a Member of the Order of Mercy.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Gambling Communities: Authority of Law and Law Authorities under the Charm of Nickle Slots in Saloons. A Socialistic Treatise. By Adolphe Hepner, St. Louis, Mo., 311 Walnut Street.

Principles of Catholic Education. By Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D.D. Reprinted from the *South African Catholic Magazine.*

Government Printing-Office, Washington:
Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1890–91. Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, 1888–89. By J. W. Powell, Director.



THE hand of Anarchy strikes impartially as the foot of death. Its knife knows no discrimination between the imperial autocrat and the freely elected head of "the sovereign people." Its latest great victim was the head of the French Republic. M. Carnot was assassinated on the evening of June 22, as he was driving through the streets of Lyons. He had gone there to take part in the *fêtes* incidental to the opening of the international exhibition in that city. His welcome had been one of rare enthusiasm, for his high character as First Magistrate had won him the respect of every class in France. It was his reliance on this feeling which led him, unhappily, into the death-trap which had been set for him. So demonstrative had the crowd become when he appeared in the streets after going through the preparatory ceremonies that he said, as he drove through the cheering masses, "Let them come and shake my hand." Many approached the carriage for that purpose, and amongst the rest his assassin.

He is a young Italian desperado named Cesario Santo. He came with a bunch of flowers concealing the knife which was to put a stop to all the rejoicing. As the President reached out his hand the young scoundrel stooped forward, and before any one could arrest his arm he had plunged his weapon with tremendous force into Carnot's body. The single stroke was enough. It took effect immediately, and the President died in a very short time afterward from hemorrhage.

In order that there may be no mistake about their intentions, the anarchists followed up the blow by the assassination of the editor of an Italian newspaper, the *Gazetta Livornese*, on the 1st of July, in Leghorn. Signor Bandi, the editor, had incurred the odium of the anarchists by his outspoken denunciation of the murder of M. Carnot. The offence for which the President of the French Republic was sacrificed was his refusal to pardon Ravachol and Vaillant and the other anarchists who threw

bombs in the French Chamber, in a theatre, and in restaurants, and killed a number of persons. In the fact that the murderer of the President of the French Republic is a native of Italy there is convincing proof of the cosmopolitan character of this frightful conspiracy—a feature which ought to obviate the risk of international troubles arising from the dealing of authority with its members in any part of the world, and simplify the legislative processes necessary to prevent its further ravages.

No time was lost by the French Chambers in carrying into effect the arrangements prescribed by the constitution for filling up the vacancy in the Presidential office. There were two candidates before the country already, as M. Carnot had intimated his firm determination not to offer himself for a second term. These were M. Casimir-Perier and M. Dupuy. M. Perier was elected on a first ballot by a majority just large enough to secure the finality of the vote, which is regarded as a very fortunate circumstance, as, had a second ballot become necessary, the antagonisms of parties are such that no decisive result could have been arrived at, and a political deadlock of a very grave character would have eventuated.

There is something strikingly suggestive in the fact that the editor who has been killed was one of those who accompanied Garibaldi in his invasion of Marsala. Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, is another ex-Garibaldian; and his life was attempted only a few days before the murder of Sig. Bandi, as he was going through the streets of Rome. Saturn, not devouring, but being devoured by, his own offspring, is the only appropriate simile to these fathers of the revolution being devoted to destruction by the agencies they themselves had set in motion.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE strong personality of Miss Perkins is so well known to many through her interest in the Columbian Reading Union, that it may seem superfluous to commemorate a name not likely to fade rapidly from their recollection. Still it is a very gratifying, though painful, office to respond to a call for a short sketch to perpetuate the memory of her persistent individual work for the growth of Catholic Reading Circles.

Julie Elizabeth Perkins was born in New York City, June 28, 1857. She was the daughter of Mason A. Perkins and Julia Hagar. Her mother died when Julie was but two years old, leaving two other children. After her mother's death her uncle by marriage, Mr. C. D. Nash, of Milwaukee, hastened East, intending to bring back with him one of the older children, but on seeing little Julie he at once decided not to leave her behind. At his home in Milwaukee this guardianship was lovingly continued.

Miss Perkins's early education was begun by the Sisters of Charity of the Cathedral parish of Milwaukee. Later she finished her studies at the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal. While there she became enrolled among the Children of Mary; and it may be here noted that when upon her death-bed she requested that the medal of this sodality and her little crucifix be the only jewels buried with her.

As a child she was of a bright, sunny disposition, although exceedingly shy and retiring. When we add to these qualities a gentleness and tenderness untold, an entire forgetfulness of self, and a generosity ever ready to offer its strength in the service of others, we have a fair silhouette of Miss Perkins all through life.

At an early age it was found that little Julie was not strong physically; there were symptoms evident of an inherited heart-trouble, which made it seem wise for her guardians to direct her aspirations toward a quiet home life. This decision she accepted in a spirit of resignation, and thus found much time to spend among her beloved books and in quiet study.

After her school-days were over, and while passing through the festivities of several social seasons, there recurred constantly a longing to continue the education begun at school. She had early learned the necessity of following a well-defined course under the direction of an experienced leader, and thus began to cast about for some one to guide her. These aspirations led her to join the Boston Society to Encourage Home Study, and for a time she thought herself working in the right direction. When, however, she discovered that this society afforded her no instruction in her own faith as a Catholic, she found herself as much at sea as before.

Miss Perkins then turned to the church, and, after vainly seeking with unsatisfactory results, she set about to formulate a plan for a society which might meet this want, and at the same time might be a guide to others in like position. She was amazed to find how little was being done, in a systematic way, for Catholic women, after they had left the influence of the academies, the parochial and Sunday-schools. Her admiration for the religious teachers was most intense; still she realized that their sphere was extremely circumscribed in that they could not go abroad and remain in touch with women after they had been forced to become self-supporting, or had drifted into society.

She fully appreciated the work of the clergy, but realized that they had not

the time to direct individual members of each parish. She decided that this work must be accomplished by means of a wide dissemination of our best Catholic literature, and that this must be done by the people themselves. She argued that they must be organized under a leadership which will be in touch with all classes at once, in a society for Catholics. From her own observation she became convinced that so long as we find some of the worst books within easy access, or find on the kitchen shelf the lowest specimens of current literature, we cannot expect to retain a high standard of thought.

A crude plan was soon presented to a few friends, but met with opposition. This discouragement rather dampened her ardor for a while, but by no means destroyed the desire to perfect her plans. Every time an opportunity offered itself these plans were brought to the front; and at last, in 1888, her dearest wish was fulfilled through the instrumentality of the Paulist Fathers, then holding a mission in Milwaukee. These noble men listened to her argument, and promised to do all in their power to further the interests of this philanthropic scheme. The result of it is the Columbian Reading Union of to-day. Miss Perkins in her modesty never claimed even the idea of the Union as her own, but rather laid the whole credit where so much of the work has certainly been done.

Could the members of the numerous Reading Circles glance through the pages of Miss Perkins's first petition and note the earnest thoughtfulness exhibited in this plea for the higher education of Catholic women, they would feel newly stimulated in their efforts.

Through the kindness of Mr. Nash, Miss Perkins covered all the first expenses of the work for Reading Circles, and up to the time of her death she carried on as much of the correspondence, mailing of pamphlets, and arranging of new lists as her health permitted. Her enthusiasm never flagged, and proved so contagious that it, of necessity, brought success to any cause in which it had been enlisted.

About the time the Columbian Reading Union was well under way, Miss Perkins's health began to fail. This necessitated continued absences from home and the lake winds. Many of these sojourns were spent in the South among Catholic surroundings, which discovered to her active, observant mind a greater field than ever for the study of Catholics and their intellectual needs.

At such times it was forced upon her how difficult it was to obtain Catholic literature either at public libraries or at book emporiums. She found that the former kept only such books upon their shelves as were most called for by both Catholic and Protestant readers, while the dealers claimed that there was not sufficient demand to warrant their keeping a supply of Catholic books on hand. Here also she saw a work for the Union to accomplish. It must be instrumental in securing for Catholic authors recognition in libraries throughout the country, and it must urge this demand to force the supply. Miss Perkins understood that public libraries are established for the convenience of all, and that a constant call for books will soon place them upon the shelves.

She went even farther than this—she hoped to be instrumental in collecting in large centres all the books read by the various neighboring Circles, and then, by loaning these in turn to new Circles, to create a constantly growing circulating library. It was her highest aspiration that the Columbian Reading Union should bear the standard which would keep the Catholic mind progressive with the world, and that it should educate its members to answer intelligently the various questions constantly arising in this age of doubt and scepticism. What the Union has already accomplished we all know; and that it is the

foundation of many new phases of activity among the laity is self-evident from its reports of progress.

To the end she wrote letters full of a marked personality which inspired her correspondents to use their latent strength in noble efforts. Her letters were all sympathy, and in this forgetfulness of self lay the secret of elevating and assisting all that was good in others. In closing I can but reiterate the sentiment of one of Miss Perkins's mourning friends: "Our loss is her gain! May her sweet spirit continue to influence the lives of those who live after her! May her good works multiply, and may our loving Saviour give her soul that happiness which surpasses all understanding!"

LENORE A. HILBERT.

165 *Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.*

* * *

With the whirl of the telephone ringing in our ears, and the rush of the electric cars before our windows, our minds are so crowded with the effect of thought that we lose those early suggestions which in their fragile form contain the elements of action. Results oftentimes dazzle us with their magnitude, and one invention may open the mind to a vista sweeping out into limitless space; but results at best are only consequences springing often from some unseen cause. At the present moment Catholics are waving applause over the Summer-School at Plattsburgh; and while castles in the air are building all around us, it is fitting that we pause a moment to pay a tribute to the memory of one whose earnest heart and cheery voice were ever ready to aid the Reading Circle movement. Her helpful influence was felt in many distant places where her letters found their way.

The reason of the present intellectual movement among Catholics has demonstrated itself, but for many of its early triumphs we must turn to those numerous letters which flew from Milwaukee to the distant points where the plan found an echo. Through the words and between the lines breathed inspiration and enthusiasm which did much toward making the Circles possible. It was Miss Perkins who led the way for us to follow, her charming personality drawing to a focus scattered impulses struggling toward true culture. The thirteenth of last March this spirit returned to its Creator, and only through communication with her near friends and relatives since her death has the unusual beauty of her soul been revealed. In one of her letters, written in 1890, she said: "If I can only bring some little thought as aid, like cooling spring-water brought to the busy workers, I shall be pleased." How well she gave encouragement and inspiration the various Reading Circles can testify.

Miss Perkins most generously gave her time and energies to a large correspondence. Here and there communications in reference to the Circles developed into a personal friendship between the self-sacrificing advocate and her client. Selections from the letters which were the outcome of one of these friendships we are privileged to share with our readers, that many of us to whom Miss Perkins's name is familiar may gain a closer insight into her beautiful character. The following sentence, written in 1889, gives a keynote to her nature: "My life has been of late so filled that I am beginning to feel a pang of conscience whenever I place a pleasure before duty." The letter closes with the kindness of the holy time, and she says: "For you do I wish all the joy and peace which come at this Christmas-time, more especially to the Catholic heart. . . . Since we may not yet meet, I send you a little photograph; if it could speak to you, it would wish you a merry Christmas."

In February, 1890, she wrote: "There is so much in all true artist natures

of struggle, sensitiveness, and discouragement that lies hidden from the world, which only knows, if it knows at all, of surface successes; but I think it is something more than the languid appreciation of a sated world that is needed; it is the friendship which understands so much without being told of the undercurrent of struggle, which acts as a greater spur than ever gratified ambitions can. . . . My plans for the season have all been marred; an attack of la grippe culminated in pneumonia, from which I am now convalescing. My friends are anxious; but I long so to resume my correspondence, for you do not know what pleasure it has brought into my life. My friends here have kept me supplied with most exquisite roses, which have left a memory of bright mosaics. Besides being a member of a Catholic Reading Circle, from which I recently resigned as secretary, I am president—just a matter of compliment—of a literary club of eight ladies and eight gentlemen. The essays that have been read were truly excellent: on Looking Backward, Finance, Progress, Socialism, Arbitration, Salons of Paris, etc. As I think we have been broaching rather deeper subjects than we can sustain, I may write for mine a Journey Round my Room, by way of giving freer scope. The idea of the club is to develop individual thought on general subjects, a facility of expression, and bring new information on subjects generally discussed but little known. We also contemplate attending courses of lectures in a body.

"We have formed a delightful and enthusiastic Circle, which is a good substitute for those whist clubs and useless evening amusements so much in vogue. It is really unique here, and is generally noticed and approved by our society friends; but we are limited in number, and will admit neither a critical nor indolent element. We had a most charming lecture given by Miss Starr, and I went with a party of friends who were delighted. But I fear I am exhausting your patience—this is so poor an effort, for the mental action corresponds so little to all the heart feels and would say. I write while reclining, but it is pure indolence, for I am going to be better than ever before."

"MARIETTA, GA., May, 1890.

"I wish to answer your letter ere I leave here, which will be in a day or two. I returned much improved, and certainly hope I may have health for some special good purpose in life. . . . But perhaps we neglect our opportunities in everyday life; I often wonder, in the desire to concentrate all our energies upon some great event in life, if we do not miss many things along the wayside. There are some who pick the dandelion, the violet, and the golden-rod, while others pass them by, returning home either empty-handed or with one rare flower or mineral.

"Everything here has been very beautiful of late; the air is deliciously fragrant with rose, honeysuckle, and locust-blossom. One grows indolent with the luxury of quiet rest in hammock and with a novel. But, somehow the rose-bushes are disappointing with their legion of buds opening daily in the warmth of sunshine; one looks in vain for the perfect flower; occasionally one is plucked, but it droops and fades, scarce living out the day. After all, are not the hot-house plants the better? This century seems very like a hot-house where everything is forced. It is in God's hot-house that the mind and soul must absorb light and grace, and be shielded from the storms outside."

"DETROIT, MICH., July, 1890.

"When your letter came I was in Madison, Wis. I came here to Detroit with a very dear friend, and at present am boarding with a charming Catholic family who live quite near the Jesuits, where I go often. I have met several of

the fathers. I stopped in Chicago on my way here, where I had a delightful call upon Miss Starr, who is much absorbed in her new book.

"I called at several of the Catholic institutions, and have been everywhere cordially received. I find the little Catholic bookstore rather lightly supplied with books, though it is said that the demand is good at the holiday season. The Public Library has a fine collection of Catholic books. Most of the ladies whom I have met belong to the Children of Mary at the Sacred Heart, where they have their own library. Everybody seems familiar with good Catholic reading, making a charming Circle. The Jesuits, living so near, are a constant stimulus to every good deed; there are societies for the church and for the poor, but none for reading; I think mainly because every one reads, and books are being passed around recommended from one to another."

"MILWAUKEE, November 15, 1890.

"I was much interested in the account of the canal-boat trip. I really believe the ideal way of travelling is to go slowly enough to observe, and to receive impressions. We lose so much in our haste to annihilate distances. Does it not make you feel that we live in very narrow ruts when we confine ourselves to those who belong to our own class in life?—those, I mean, who exteriorly please us, and whose appearance does not grate upon our sensitiveness. I think, too, we limit our sphere of usefulness when we confine our efforts to those whose more intelligent acceptance of subjects flatters our pride.

"My journey from Detroit to Cleveland was delightful; we went via the Detroit boat. While in Chicago I heard Mass sung by Father Tolton, a negro, in whom I was deeply interested, he was so gentle and kind. Since my return I attended a mission given by the Dominican Fathers. They are thoroughly interested in Reading Circles, and their ideas about the influence of reading are excellent. Father O'Neil, O.P., thinks our work must be of a missionary character. He thinks we can scarcely hope to form a taste among the mature, but that we may stimulate a desire in the young; prepare for those who are to come by removing present difficulties.

"Our club of last year resumed again with increased membership; our first paper was 'Salons of Paris, and Why We Lack Them Now.' We decided that magazines, papers, and clubs have become more or less substitutes; at least they are avenues for the thought that was once confined to the salons. We have become so engrossed with the work of the club as to find all other social amusements insipid, and we have members whose social life is beset with opportunities for enjoyment. One paper is read in an evening, the topic given out two weeks in advance; the reader selects two or more members as aids in conversation after the reading, who continue and develop the main ideas never exhausted in one short paper. This gradually induces all to enter the field, and conversation is really quite intelligently promoted."

"FEBRUARY, 1891.

"My own little room, into which I wish you could come some day, for it is only here that I have my most confidential chats with friends both in person and on paper. I have a dear little writing-desk; alas! usually in sad confusion, with letters, circulars, etc. On it is my best friend, a statue of St. Joseph; over it my diploma of a Child of Mary received at the Sacred Heart, Sault-au-Recollet, near Montreal, and over that a head of Mater Dolorosa. I have two book-cases and many little mementoes of friends, and though I were to be always alone, I could never feel lonely amid such surroundings. . . . My brave effort to give up social intercourse has become a source of amusement to my friends. It takes so

much time and strength that it is long before one can accumulate the forces, and direct them into channels of more general benefit. As to the Union, it is progressing admirably. I am now sending the circulars to all the academies and convents in the States and Canada."

"April, 1891.

"So often I have struggled against those merely amusing occupations, which perhaps best fit one to please the people of the world, and I have tried to become wholly absorbed in defining some line of action that would usefully consume restive energy. Though we cannot all have the same interests, occupations, and tastes, we ought not to limit our sympathies. Our influence, I think, is very dependent upon our power of appreciation and capacity of enjoying things outside our specialty. I have come to the conclusion that Catholics as a class are by far the most liberal, because they cultivate the heart as well as the head. We must keep our sympathies fresh. I often rather enjoy a sort of kaleidoscopic view of society; but somehow it comes with an effort, and I feel an after effect as of nothing but colored bits of glass—illusions all—which taken from their setting would be dull. Do I speak of society disparagingly? No; only when it is made the chief end and aim of the best years of one's life. I think there is a class of society people who are much in earnest, and who have great ability, but who are really much neglected by those who could have a beneficial influence in suggesting different channels of usefulness. The very restlessness of society people indicates dissatisfaction.

"I have been reading the *Life of Father Hecker*. How near to us seems the spirit of the modern saints; those who have had to struggle with the same elements with which we must all more or less come into contact. I had just finished the *Life of St. Anthony*, a most excellent and patient friend of mine, and was lamenting that I knew nothing of his struggles, inner life or trials, merely of his marvels, when it flashed across me, that had the human element been brought into view, I should have loved the saint for himself, whereas he is almost lost sight of in the greater power and glory of God."

"November, 1891.

"I remember my director always repressed my impatient desire for immediate action. I am beginning to understand now that we dissipate our powers before we concentrate them. It is hard to recognize one's limitations. I have wondered if the intellectual life, with its varied needs, would not prove a worthy occupation for a body of women. My connection with the Union convinced me that the Circles which did the best were governed by some priest; but in most cases the clergy are too busy to devote much time. In convents a religious occasionally devotes herself to arousing an interest for the Circles among the pupils. But I believe more effectual work could be done by those who would give themselves wholly to some special line of work for which they would be adapted by taste, natural ability, and education. Of course I do not mean the sacrifice of all social life, but to mingle not for one's gratification but for greater influence."

"Marietta, Ga., May 18, 1892.

"You will be somewhat surprised to hear from me at this distant place; but let me introduce you to my surroundings. The climate, warm and dry with display of pines, is desirable. The town of twelve hundred or so is composed mostly of darkies, but some real old Southern families live here, and people from the North. There is a good library, with one Catholic book by Cardinal Gibbons. There are few Catholics, so Mass is said once a month in a private house, the priest coming from Atlanta."

"SEPTEMBER, 1892.

"I have been fascinated by Father Hecker's conception of the religious life, and believe it the best method for this century. I am most anxious for a corresponding order for women; it would afford a means by which women might act upon society without being absorbed by it. Some good friend has sent me the papers of the Summer-School proceedings. What a charming time they must have had in addition to the intellectual opportunities!"

"COLUMBIA, S. C., February, 1893.

"I left home earlier than I had intended, feeling the first effects of cold weather. My Christmas was a quiet, pleasant one, and the religious are very kind to me. Columbia is a quiet place. The streets are wide, with rows of large trees arching and shading them. The days are like May, balmy and fresh. The little church next the convent is devotional, and services are held there and at the convent chapel, a dear little nook for repose and reflection. Father Fullerton presides, everything is well attended, and the people very devout. Much prejudice has been removed, many converts made, all of which show zeal, and active effort from some source. Much too is attributed to the Ursulines. Just here I thought how much is going to be appreciated the opportunity of attending the Summer-School. How dearly I should love to go to Plattsburgh!—a feast of reason and a symphony of beauty."

"NORFOLK, VA., January 18, 1894.

"This is almost too late for a New Year's greeting. . . . The great Fair was certainly ideal; but not only has man blotted it out, but the elements. The fire was burning as I passed through Chicago en route South. Yet the influence of the Fair will be felt in every department. I think we have some things as Catholics to be very proud of.

"One of my greatest pleasures of the season was a visit from the Rev. Father McMillan, who preached to our congregation in Milwaukee at High Mass, and all were delighted.

"The Summer-School—perhaps some time we may meet there. I was pleased to know of the number of teaching orders represented. In the death of Brother Azarias I too felt a personal loss. My good friend, let me assure you that my friendship is as firm as though we had met."

Thus the letters end. The closing words in reference to Brother Azarias—"a personal loss"—echo through the hearts of so many of us to whom Miss Perkins was a friend! In March a letter from the director of the Columbian Reading Union came with the announcement of her death in Norfolk. And so she passed beyond the scenes amid which she wrote so bravely and so cheerfully. Her inspiration and encouragement goes on, her spirit moves with us still. To the Reading Circles those generous hands, now so quietly closed, gave an impetus. As the work of the Union and Summer-School expands, becoming an intellectual feature of the age, we learn to more fully appreciate the part due to its originators. We do not feel that Miss Perkins has gone from us, but that she has gone before us, to carry the early fruits of the Reading Unions to the Church triumphant. She has taken the aims to their final resting place, the eternal glory of God. The pleasure derived from her friendship will not be forgotten; the honor of sharing the work to which she was devoted is still within our reach. "A gracious woman shall find glory, and the strong shall have riches" (Proverbs, chap. xii.)

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

188 *Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.*

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

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AMERICANISM VS. ULTRAMONTANISM.

BY LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

"The hand of the Lord is not shortened, nor is it made weak to save. He will set free in this time also his Spouse, whom he has redeemed with his own blood. He will set it free I say, he will set it free!"—ST. BERNARD.

IN one sense it is consoling for a Catholic to reflect that his church is always persecuted in some form or other, since he thereby knows that she continues true to the memory of her Divine Founder in ceaselessly advocating his right in defiance of the powers of evil. But to a student of history it is equally saddening how a falsehood, proven so time and again, can still stain its pages in spite of historical inquiry, for it would seem that error was as eternal as truth. There is one in particular which is to-day as current as when first believed, reappearing in every epoch, sometimes in different shapes, but always the same in essence. I refer to the suspicions of Catholic loyalty, which have existed and now exist in every civilized country of the globe, monarchical or republican. When Europe was monarchical we were called invaders of kingly prerogatives; when it became republican we were taunted, as in France, with being mourners over the grave of defunct monarchy. At one time we are seditious, at another preachers of the "detestable" doctrine of non-resistance, as an admirer terms it. It need surprise no one, then, to find the same suspicions so rife in Ameri-

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ca, where the church must expect to travel the same hard road which her weary feet have pressed everywhere else.

THE CHARGE OF DISLOYALTY AN OLD ONE.

Some of our fellow-citizens will doubtless be quite surprised to learn that we are accustomed to these charges, and that so far from causing us uneasiness, we, on the contrary, accept them as additional evidence of the divine mission of our church. They are old calumnies. If for the word American we substitute Roman, we can almost behold old Rome resuscitated in her bloody robes. The early Christians were called unpatriotic, enemies of the state. That was the cry raised for generations against them, that became the signal for spoliation and death. "They were for ever," says a writer of that period, "inciting insurrections at the instigation of one Christus." How this reminds one of the late papal encyclical invented by our A. P. A. friends, in which the Pope is represented as inciting American Catholics to rise up and utterly exterminate Protestantism! In answer to these suspicions the early Christians theoretically and practically inculcated the doctrine of non-resistance. So far from being disorderly or insurrectionary, they rather allowed themselves to be driven like sheep to the slaughter, patiently and prayerfully enduring all manner of physical and moral torments. Mauritius silently bowed his head to the executioner's sword, though clad in the armor of a defender of his country; the Theban Legion, with the scars of their enemies' weapons upon their veteran bodies, suffered in like manner without lifting in their own defence, as they could well have done, the swords and spears with which they had contended against hostile armies. They were unpatriotic! At least so said the mob, who showed their bravery by sacrificing Christian innocence to Venus, and shed their blood in amphitheatre strugglings over conspicuous seats whence to clearly behold lions crunching Christian bones. Far away across the seas, in the land of Catholic Augustine, Alfred, and Bede, we catch the echoes of the same old cry, Catholics are unpatriotic! No longer raised by Roman citizens, but by a London mob with the frog-like face of Titus Oates leering in the foremost ranks as he points to Godfrey's bloody corpse, or by a Parliament bigoted as only an English Parliament can be. "There had been, and still was, a damnable and hellish plot contrived and carried on by popish recusants for the assassinating and murdering the king, and for subverting the government and rooting out and destroying the Protestant

religion." Whilst reading this parliamentary resolution of 1678 one can close his eyes and almost imagine himself in an A. P. A. conventicle. Periodically this papal fever swept England all through that epoch. Did a minister, like Shaftesbury, want a weapon with which to destroy his enemies, intolerance easily discovered a new popish plot and framed new test oaths.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERSECUTION.

As an instance of how history repeats itself, the grounds upon which all those accusations were laid are identical with those taken by our modern accusers, namely, the subjection of Catholics to a foreign spiritual power. For instance, read the report of the Jesuit Campion's trial. The poor man, though professing in the clearest terms his political allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, was plied with all manner of tricky questions concerning his spiritual allegiance to the pope and its relations with the temporal obedience due the crown, in the only too successful hope of drawing from him some inadvertent admission with which to impugn his loyalty. So also with his unfortunate companions, who were purposely led into theoretical discussions of papal supremacy, where, of course, incautious expressions were construed into evidences of a rebellious spirit. God knows how much provocation the English Catholics in that age of iron had to rebel against this unceasing and pitiless tyranny; yet history recalls how, with but few exceptions, they bore it all with a patience worthy of apostolic courage, without resort being had to any defence except what was afforded by a constitution dating from a Catholic era. They were patriotic enough to obey the laws, even though the laws crushed them, and to serve in arms for the defence of the land that was red with their martyrs' blood—a striking contrast indeed to the plotting incessantly carried on by Protestants against Mary and James II. in defiance of law.

THE CULTURKAMPF.

Latterly from Prussia has come the time-worn accusation. When the Catholic German regiments, flushed with the victories of Metz, Gravelotte, and Sedan, recrossed the Rhine with light steps and eyes beaming in anticipation of the honors so fondly looked for from a grateful country, imagine their disappointment at hearing themselves made the target for the old cry of patriotism. "In 1871 we were all mad with joy, Catholics, Protestants, Jews—it was all the same; we rushed into one an-

other's arms and swore Bruderschaft—we thought the millennium had come." This from a Catholic priest, voicing the patriotism of his fellow-Catholics. "Why was the Culturkampf undertaken?" says a fair Protestant writer. "That *Ultramontanism is a danger to the empire*, is the usual explanation; but proof is not adduced. Ultramontanism is an exotic and will not readily take root in German ground. From the close of the Thirty Years' War the German Catholic Church had manifested a remarkably national tendency." And yet the excuse for the Falck laws was ultramontanism, a suspicion of Catholic patriotism. Here again, amid all this storm of persecution, Catholics have evinced the same magnanimous love of country by not even attempting to oppose the powers that be, but rather waiting for the break of peace with that patience so characteristic of good citizenship and orderly manhood. "It will pass," said one. "Once the Mosel ran with Christian blood to Mehring, and afterwards Constantine gave his palace for a cathedral. Governments are like women: they don't know their own minds and change humor daily. Massacre did not hurt the church fifteen hundred years ago, and nagging won't hurt her now." This is indeed a love of country! Rather than endanger the German unity so dear to them, rather than call for help to the old-time enemy of the Fatherland across the Rhine, they have preferred to follow the path of legal and parliamentary opposition, and win spiritual independence by obedience to the laws. What a contrast to the conduct of their Protestant brethren, who in similar circumstances invariably sold German unity for spiritual independence, as when the Protestant princes invited Francis and the Turks against Charles V., Richelieu and Louis, and Gustavus Adolphus against Ferdinand II. Above all has Prussia least cause to raise the cry of patriotism, that selfish power which ever sacrificed German unity to her own aggrandizement, despoiling time and again Catholic Austria, the great champion of Germany, and deserting her and the German cause when she was exhausting her last strength and treasures in that desperate struggle for German supremacy with Bonaparte. Ever has Prussia played the traitor to German unity and German sympathies, when the Catholic powers of Austria were bleeding for them; and now that same selfish Protestant Prussia, grown fat off Catholic spoils, raises the cry of patriotism against Germany's most heroic and unselfish defenders. Lastly, from over the Alps is heard that cry from a mob of Piedmontese revolutionists who are seeking to obliterate the memory of Italy's greatness.

Even Catholic Italians are unpatriotic!—Catholics whose genius has made Italy the abode of the Muses for centuries, whose hands have raised her well-nigh imperishable monuments, whose artistic gifts have made her walls glow in the colors of Raphael and Michael Angelo, whose intellect sowed the first seeds of that Renaissance the fruits of which Protestant culture so ungratefully enjoys. Unpatriotic!—because averse to that so-called Italian unity which so far seems to have consisted in a wretched people casting their taxes into one exchequer, rather than into several, all of which could be hid in that one alone; a unity which, to quote one of its defenders, so far has proved itself "not natural, but a violent coercion, opposed to Italy's traditions, to its climatic conditions, to its character, to its well-being."

"CATHOLIC CONSPIRATORS" DYING FOR THE UNION.

But why attend to those distant calumniations? Are they not repeated here in the land of Catholic Columbus, Marquette, and the Calverts? The bravest Catholic Maryland line that ever trod in the front of battle were un-American, at least in the opinion of their Boston compatriots who so gloriously defeated the British at every succeeding year by burning the pope in effigy. No doubt those gallant exiles from Erin who constituted well nigh one-half of the continental army, eager to shed their blood in defence of their adopted land against the onslaughts of their hereditary foe, they too were "undesirable" emigrants, incapable of properly appreciating the awful dignity of American citizenship. Sheridan, leading his troops to battle or flying to their relief, was of course a papal conspirator at heart.

We could thus go on indefinitely citing the various phases of this strange indictment; but these suffice to show how universal, and universally false, has been the suspicion of Catholic loyalty. Now a question spontaneously thrusts itself upon our attention. Why is it that in every land and in every epoch it has been raised? that in spite of numberless evidences to the contrary we should have been considered rebels to law and order? The answer is well worth a deep study. No space need be wasted in describing the origin of these accusations in the United States, because here they are merely the impotent sibilation of expiring Protestantism, which, too weak to sustain itself, seeks the support of the civil power. But in European countries at the bottom of this struggle lay a principle for which the Catholic Church has tirelessly fought, a principle erroneously

supposed to be a product of Americanism, but which in reality is the very oriflamme of the church: "Congress shall make no laws relating to the establishing of any religion." That precisely has been the issue at stake in the long conflict between Rome and her enemies, for she has imperiously denied to every king and parliament the right to make such laws.

PROTESTANT SERVILITY TO THE STATE.

But first let us do away with a very natural misunderstanding. We are reminded of certain countries, like Italy and Spain, where Catholicism is to-day the established religion. But in such countries the Catholic Church and state are not and never have been so united that the former surrendered her spiritual independence, like the Evangelical in Prussia and the Anglican in England. A German Socialist lately had the courage to say in the Reichstag: "Protestantism has sunk lower and lower into degradation from Luther to our own times, because it has made itself the humble menial of the civil power, a thing which the Catholic Church *has never done*." She has stood, and can still stand, in relations of amity with the various governments of the world; but in the opprobrious sense of the term, she has never been established in any kingdom upon earth. Though at times allied to the state in countries where a Protestant was as rare as the last representatives of a played-out species, she has ever taught and carried into execution the principle of the essential and practical difference between the two powers. Her occasional state-affiliations were accidental, partial, and hard-strained. Now it was precisely the support of this doctrine that has drawn upon the church all these suspicions of disloyalty. Why was an early Christian an enemy of the state but because he repudiated the state's supremacy in spiritual matters? The sovereignty of the Cæsars was absolute over men's property, body, and soul. "Divus Cæsar, Imperator et Summus Pontifex." He was the fountain of all law, civil and ecclesiastical. The *Lex Regia* was thus epitomized: "Cujus regio ejus est religio. Diocletianus Maximus æternus Imperator"; and all was lawful, "omnia et in omnes sibi licere." In religion he was Priest, Augur, Sovereign Pontiff, head of all priesthoods and of all religions, just as in the civil order he was Censor and Prætor. He was judge of all from the deification of a hero or the direction of an army down to the conferring of the senatorial dignity upon his horse. This was the moral tyranny against which the conscience of the church rebelled. In Peter, not in Cæsar, she recognized her spiritual

head, her "Summus Pontifex"; the church fled from the detested concubinage with the state. Christianity, while sanctifying obedience to the civil power, has clearly defined the limit beyond which it must not pass. She has withdrawn from the state's cognizance the whole inner life of man: his intellect, his will, his conscience. She has established herself upon earth as a tribunal above all others of human invention, beyond which there is no appeal. Let Cæsar control the body; the soul of man is beyond his reach. In other words, the church has created Ultramontanism, which in its essence is naught but the absolute independence of religion from the state.

No wonder, then, that the early Christians were called unpatriotic, because they held a teaching that struck at the very heart of imperialism. Therefore their descendants are also disloyal, because they can not, will not turn traitors to the memory of their fathers. The watchword in all their spiritual conflicts has ever been "Church Supremacy," a watchword so well expressed by Pope Gelasius speaking to the Emperor Anastasius: "In all things which are of the public order the bishops obey your laws, and in your turn you ought to obey them in all things which concern the sacred things of which they are the dispensers."

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

After Roman came Byzantine Cæsarism, and in the West it revived again in that long struggle of Gregory VII., Alexander III., and Innocent IV. with the Saxon, Suabian, and Bavarian emperors. Rome was Germany's enemy because she would not be its slave. She had caught the crown of supremacy from dying pagan Rome and would not lay it at the feet of her German invaders. Let historians continue, if they wish, their moanings over the abuses of the church, but a calm observer recognizes clearly that the Reformation was the outcome of this same struggle; the Reformation was a German revolt for German spiritual supremacy. That long conflict of Rome with the Hohenstaufen had accustomed the German mind to defend the state at the expense of the church; Rome lost Germany because she would not become German, because she is Catholic and not national, because she is not the mistress of any state. Therefore not of England either, where that struggle grew even more intense. An Englishman is an Englishman. That is all. Call him Jew, Protestant, Salvationist, Spiritualist, or Puritan; above all and in all he is an Englishman. Everything about

him is English—language, food, church. His superstitious belief in an act of parliament as a panacea for all civil and spiritual ailments would stagger the most obtuse, fanatical devotee—not English; and so parliament regulates the amount of credence to be accorded to saints, to prayers for the dead, and the length of a term in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. An English Catholic, however, though English in all other respects, is of necessity unpatriotic and disloyal—as regards his conscience. He is an Ultramontane! He denies, with that sangfroid with which only a true Briton can deny anything, the reason or justice of the present union of church and state; declines to receive revelation from the mouth of a prime minister; doubts, with all due respect for her other good, amiable qualities and good looks, that H. R. H., Empress of India, is God's representative; and fails to comprehend how the Established Church can at the same time be the spouse of Christ and the leman of Cæsar. For all this he is not a good Englishman, and until a short while ago was, along with Jews, horse-thieves, and other respectable gentlemen, disfranchised; he is an alien, because in conscience he cannot look with complacency upon the nuptials of church and state that have produced such an offspring as Anglicanism, the grandest metaphysical puzzle in the history of the world. His German brother is in somewhat the same condition for the same reason. Some time ago Dr. Falck laid down the general principle: "If the state and the church are equal in the domains of moral power the state must always have the supremacy in the domain of law"; which means, of course, that the church has the benefits of equality in the domain of abstractions on the condition that the state be omnipotent in the domain of the concrete. On this principle the May laws were founded, and the Berlin government attempted to force bishops to swear allegiance to the laws of the country, laws excogitated in bigotry, framed in hatred, and enforced at the point of the bayonet. By their refusal they were disloyal. No wonder! They could not recognize this absorption of church by state. "The bishops are henceforward to swear obedience to the laws of the country, to bind themselves by oath to exhort the clergy and laity to be loyal to the king"; and yet these were the laws that would make the pope cringe at the emperor's feet, and this the king who would have forced one-half of his subjects to be disloyal to their spiritual head.

A COMMON-SENSE QUERY.

But why pursue the subject further? It is absolutely tiresome to find the same old enemy appearing at every epoch with the same words on his lips. Call it Gallicanism, Josephism, or Falckism, it is ever the same Cæsar waging that eternal warfare with the church for spiritual supremacy. "Cujus regio ejus est religio." It is ever Herod seeking the new-born King.

Now let us ask a plain question of intelligent Americans. Towards what side ought they logically to look for danger to this fundamental American institution—separation of church and state—to Protestantism or Catholicity? Compare the two. The history of the latter has been one long desperate struggle against absorption by the state. "This separation (of the two powers)," says Balmes, "was effected wherever Catholicity was established; for her discipline required and her dogmas inculcated it." Though at times her tenets became the law of certain lands whose internal prosperity required ecclesiastical uniformity, she has never yet admitted the law of any land to become any of her tenets simply because it was a law. True to the memory of her Divine Spouse, she has ever indignantly repulsed the treacherous advance of the state. Rather than consent to a disgraceful union with Cæsar, she has suffered persecution to the death; her whole history can be divided and arranged merely according to the varying phases of this conflict; it is inexplicable without the admission of her untiring opposition to state-bullyism in religious affairs. It was indeed a flattering eulogium which the German Emperor unwittingly passed upon the Catholic Church, and a tacit admission of her anti-Erastian attitude, when he justified the Falck laws by asserting a claim of absolute independence from all religious authority—which in reality meant the dependence of the church upon the state, and enmity to Rome who denied it. Now, will she who has so long fought for this American principle prove traitor to it in these latter days? throw a blemish upon her past fair record, and crown a virginal maidenhood with the disgusting weaknesses of elder prime? The danger lies not here. Look for it rather from the side of Protestantism, which here so pompously practices the doctrine of no state interference for the first time in its existence; to that religious body, with its hundred heads, which has ever been the slave of the state; which, while claiming to be the spouse of Christ, has shamelessly prostituted herself before every civil government that

smiled upon her weakness or enriched her poverty. To quote the same writer again: "Protestantism's first step was the abolition of the pontifical authority and the placing of spiritual supremacy in the hands of princes; that is to say, it has retrograded towards pagan civilization, in which we find the sceptre united with the pontificate." She has ever in practice given the state precedence over the church, and is responsible for the now universally accepted dictum that "a nation is a better thing than a church"; that a nation is of all institutions the most sacred, an object of supreme affection and loyalty, whose interests, real or imaginary, are to be consulted even at the peril of the very existence of the church. A doctrine which we boldly term as nothing else than pure, unadulterated paganism! Are facts required? Open the histories of Prussia and England, and every land where Luther's name is regarded a benison, and read there the long tale of her shame: how she has ever exchanged the "portion of the Bride" for the mess of pottage, how the mark of the Moabitess was set upon her brow from her very birth to lead Israel into destruction. Look how even now in that same England or Prussia she is the paramour of the state. No one need blame her for accepting the aid of the state for the establishing of her creed in lands where Catholicism is an insignificant minority, for that is in the nature of things. But it is the absolute surrender of her constitutional rights to the state which has branded her for ever. From the day when the legal Church of England was established the word *liberties*, which till then had always been incorporated in acts of parliament, vanished from the statute book. And now has this sect the audacity to raise the alarm against Rome, to herald forth the doctrine of no civil interference as a Protestant invention? We well know why; it is because she must, not because she believes in it, for to believe in it she must repudiate her acts in every European country, yea, in parts of America where she has gained the upper hold.

ACTS, NOT DEEDS.

It will doubtless be urged in her defence that the Church of England has always taught and still teaches the supremacy of church in all religious matters, and common justice compels us to admit it. Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Laud, and a host of others so taught, be it said to their honor. But a church must be judged by her deeds, not by her professorial declarations. These testimonies merely prove the Church of England to be

doubly guilty by proving how willingly and knowingly she has sinned. Practically speaking, parliament brought forth, nursed, and educated Anglicanism from Henry to Victoria; parliament made its Book of Common Prayer, and always claimed the right to define what doctrines could be legally held in England. Judge men by their deeds, not by their words. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." So, then, blame one not if he dare predict that, if ever this land be polluted with the union of church and state, the first advances will come from that religious body which has always practised it when possible, yea even when her own children cried out in remonstrance, and not from the Catholic Church, which has preferred to be a political suspect under every government rather than be their menial.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CHURCH.

What made it possible for the Catholic Church to so successfully repudiate a union with the state? The answer is, Rome! The Catholic Church can never be absorbed by union with any government simply because she is a universal, a Roman, not a national religion. She is international—the Black International—as an Italian deputy called her. She refuses to be a national church, for she is the unity of all nations in the Kingdom of God. She is independent of the state, exists apart from the state, because she depends upon a power outside the state. That power is Rome. Rome is the surest guarantee against state supremacy, and is therefore, strange as it may seem to say, the surest bulwark of the American principle. Spiritually we are the subjects of a foreign power, we will never acknowledge an American one, and therefore, as far as we are concerned, a desired union of church and state is simply a chimera. It is strange that at least intelligent Americans cannot understand this, that they should set upon Romanism as the great menace to our Republic. In 1849 Lord Lansdowne said, in the House of Lords, that "there was not a country with Catholic subjects and Catholic possessions which had not a deep interest in the pope being so placed as to be able to exercise his authority unfettered and unshackled by *any temporal influence which might affect his spiritual authority*." Here is admitted in the clearest terms that *Romanism*, the dreaded Romanism, is the ægis which has so long and does still protect the church from civil encroachments, from civil unions. Let Americans think well on this. The time

may yet come when the United States will, as Lord Ellenborough puts it, consider the independence of the Holy See as "a matter of great importance."

THE TEPIDITY OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGY.

The struggle must come sooner or later. The Catholic Church cannot expect to find in America the rest denied her, wholly or in part, in every country under the sun. But many would tell us that our apprehensions are groundless. It is said that the better class of Protestants will frown down the roughs that lurk in such societies as the A. P. A. Maybe! But so far have they done this? If as a body they disapprove of such associations, why will they not denounce them before the world? Washington Gladden said a true thing when he asserted that A.-P.-A.-ism would not exist if all Protestant ministers would decry it. But they will not. A large number of them openly welcome this association in their churches, whilst the rest give a tacit approval by remaining silent, or by employing the same accusations—but in better English. If they disapprove of A.-P.-A.-ism, in God's name let them say so, or else accept along with it the avenging ignominy that ever walks after injustice.

We are told, too, that this is an age of liberalism, destined to grow even more and more tolerant until persecution be remembered only as a relic of the dark ages. Be it so. Such we hope it is and will continue to be. But it is a notable fact that the injuries suffered by the Catholic Church have almost invariably been offered in the name of liberalism and enlightenment. That was the excuse even so early as the time of Julian the Apostate. It was the liberalism of the eighteenth century which precipitated the French Revolution, and which in this century framed the May laws. Until a short while ago, in the most liberal country of Europe, Catholics were oppressed by a multitude of petty tyrannical laws which virtually reduced them to a civil condition not much better than that of horse-thieves and defaulters. And from that same classic land of liberty a handful of strangely assorted persons some time ago went on a pious pilgrimage to offer their incense to Bismarck and his penal laws—peers and gentlemen, liberals, preachers of "our glorious Revolution," and of civil and religious liberty, followed soon after by the delegates of certain English cities under the presidency of Lord Russell, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Iron Chancellor in his violation

of religious liberty, which had been so long the special political cry of the same noble earl. It is in the name of glorious freedom that a Jesuit is forbidden to put foot on the soil of France or Germany, that to-day a Catholic priest cannot walk the streets of Rome without suffering the vilest insults, such as an American would blush to offer a Louisiana bayou-dweller.

"SUPPOSITOS IGNES."

Perhaps, however, unqualified religious toleration is in the womb of the future. We hope so. We have accepted the age with its wonderful discoveries, we are in sympathy with its high aspirations, and we will not refuse the meed of praise so justly due it. But before we lay aside all apprehension the age must first assume a less hostile attitude. No one can deny that at least in America we have serious cause for alarm, for beneath the calm of our political life we know that there are moving and concentrating fiery elements, which await only a pretext to burst out in fearful fury. The ruins of a burnt convent are still holding up to the age's contempt the Know-nothing intolerance of Boston. And ruins are not very antique things in America.

To those who desire this conflict, we say without defiance but with the calmness to which past danger has accustomed us, we have no fear for the future. We know that persecution is the mark of a church's divinity. We know that she must always be feeble in the political order in proportion as she is powerful in the spiritual; that she "always bears about in the body the mortification of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in her body." This is her normal state and the law of her existence—yea, of her sovereignty. For victory has always been hers. She who has conquered will conquer again, and conquer to the end.

"Often have they fought against me from my youth, but they could not prevail against me" (Ps. 128).

HANS HOLBEIN.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

TO most of us Augsburg means but the famous Confession and Alliance, and suggests only the Reformation. But in the close of that century, when Germany's brain was inflamed with the discovery of printing and a license which she mistook for the broad road of liberty; when Spain was giving us our new land and the religious order that served more than any other to check the inroads of the formula drawn up at Augsburg; when Italy was in the splendid noonday of art, little Augsburg enriched the world with a child, born about 1497, whose name has been her proudest boast.

Hans Holbein the Younger scarcely needs the title to distinguish him from his father, so completely has his fame eclipsed the elder Holbein, himself an artist of considerable ability.

Holbein is recognized by every one as one of the great masters; to many he is vaguely known as a painter of portraits; others, wiser and more thoughtful, realize his scope, which ranges from the calm dignity, energy, and stateliness of the portraits, through the sardonic designs of the "Dance of Death," to the grandeur of conception of his religious paintings and architectural compositions of his backgrounds. The "Meier Madonna," so called, of Holbein is one of the great Madonnas of the world, rivalling even Raphael's "Sistina," both in the Dresden gallery.

The early part of Holbein's career is cloudy; he left Augsburg when he was about eighteen years old to go to Basle, seeking employment as illustrator of books.

In his case, as in that of all others of the great men of that period, one is much struck by the early age at which a careful and by no means easy training of the mind was begun.

The prevalence of children too clever (in the eyes of fond parents) for anything but the most simple mental diet seems to be reserved for this age of universal education. Are infant minds more delicately constituted than they were? Certainly they show no proofs of greater adult strength for being fed in childhood so exclusively upon the food of infants, and the

results achieved are not more glorious than in those days when lads of eight conned their Latin "horn books," and became at twelve apprentices to the arts or sciences.

It is in the year 1526–7 that Holbein comes out of the twilight of a vague renown into the light of something that seems to us of English tongue almost like personal intimacy. Armed with letters of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, then chancellor of the realm, Holbein came to England in the eighteenth year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, of marital memory.

In that inexhaustible and fascinating field of conjecture as to what would have been had everything been quite different from its actual happening, we fall to wondering what would have been the result had Holbein never made this journey. Perhaps it would have been chiefly negative, but when that blank result includes the loss of the portraits belonging to that interesting period of English history, painted by such a hand, it would have been dreadful enough. However, he went, and has left us a precious legacy of portraits.

With keenest pleasure we find Holbein a guest and retainer of Sir Thomas More in the year 1528. He painted portraits, and the great chancellor struggled with the affairs of state, wrestling with the political tide that should prove for him, as for so many others, a veritable maelstrom. But in the quiet evenings what delightful talks the painter and chancellor must have enjoyed! How the mocking humor of the man who saw so truly (in a broader sense) what artists call "values" must have contrasted with the wide charity and simple grandeur of the God-fearing statesman. Margaret More nestled, perhaps, at her beloved father's feet, turning her true eyes from one to the other as they talked, and Holbein made many studies for the picture which he painted, of which various copies are extant, of the More family. He also made several drawings of his patron's noble head; one is at Windsor, and the painting is owned by Mr. Huth in London.

Sir Thomas More probably presented the painter to the king, whose portrait he executed several times. He was taken into the king's service, for which he was paid thirty pounds a year—a fair sum in those days.

One of his commissions was to go to Milan to paint the portrait of a young princess, niece of Charles V., and widow of the Duke of Milan, the Duchess Christina. Although the king had been deprived of three wives by a disease epidemic among

his queens, the emperor appeared not to be afraid to trust his niece to the flickering tenderness of the English monarch, and recommended the young duchess to the temporary post of fourth wife, which fate she escaped by the breaking off of the negotiations. Happily for her the suggestion of her marriage to the king brought to her Holbein, who has left a full-length, exceedingly interesting portrait of this doubly fortunate lady.

HANS HOLBEIN.

The prosperity coming from these royal commissions and the court appointment shows in the purchase by Holbein of a house in the St. John suburb of London, for which he paid three hundred florins, one outright and two left on account.

We now have reached in Holbein's life the year 1535, when

Thomas Cromwell was at the fore of political matters in England; Sir Thomas More, the artist's first patron, having received his reward at the hands of the king. Holbein painted Cromwell, and through him probably received the further patronage of the court. Henceforth we find him firmly established in what would now be called "good society."

His wife, Elizabeth Holbein, and his two children remained

THE HOLBEIN FAMILY.

in Basle, where, though he was not perfectly faithful to her, he supported her in comfort.

The Duchess Christina having escaped the snares of the royal fowler, Anne of Cleves was selected to fill the position which would have been hers, as fourth wife to Henry.

Whether Holbein was again sent to paint the aspirant's portrait, or not, we do not know, but in the summer of 1539 he

went to Cleves, and did paint the portrait of Anne, which is now in the Louvre, of which Doctor Nicholas Wotton writes to Cromwell: "Your Grace's servante, Hanze Holbein, hath taken the effigies of my Ladye Anne, and the Ladye Amelye, and hath expressed theyr images very lively." We know that the "Ladye Anne" had been described to the king in such "lively" manner as to sorely disappoint him in the original when she appeared and caused him to express that disappointment in no measured terms, but it seems to have been owing to the negotiators of the marriage, who over-praised the lady, that the king was displeased at the first sight of her, and not to an exaggerated painting, a work not likely to have been produced by Holbein, who was notably honest in his treatment of his subjects.

It was but four years after his visit to Cleves, in 1543, when Holbein was not yet fifty years of age, that the ninth plague that had stricken London during the reign of Henry the Eighth claimed the great painter for its victim. He was engaged at the time of his death upon his picture of the king confirming the "Privileges of the Barber Surgeons" (Lincoln Inn Fields). He died between the dates of October 7th and the 29th of November, for his will bears the former date, and was proved upon the latter.

His death occurred in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and he was buried in the Church of St. Catharine Cree. His will was simple, and is interesting as a glimpse of olden time:

"*In the name of God, the father, sonne, and holy gohooste:*

"I, John Holbeine, servaunte to the Kynges Magestye, make this my testamente and last will, to wyt, that all my goodes shalbe sold and also my horse, and I will that my debtes be payd, to wete, fyrst to Mr. Anthony, the kynges servaunte, of Grenwiche, ye somme of ten pounds, thurtene shyllynges and sewyne pence sterlinge. And more over I will that he shalbe contented for all other thynges betwene hym and me. Item, I do owe unto Mr. John of Antwarpe, goldsmythe, sexe pounds sterlinge, wiche I will also shalbe payd unto hym with the fyrste. Item, I bequeythe for the kynpyng (keeping) of my two chylder wich be at nurse, for every monethe sewyn shyllynges and sex pence sterlynge.

"In wytnes, I have signed and sealed this my testament the vijth day of October, in the yere of O'r Lorde God mdxliii. Wytnes, Anthony Luecher Armerer; Mr. John of Antwarpe, goldsmythe, beforesayd, Olrycke Obynzer, merchaunte, and Harry Maynert, painter."

Of Holbein's great Madonna a word remains to be said. The artist had in Basle two patrons named Meier (Meyer).

These were respectively Jacob—"zum hasen" (of the hare) and Jacob—"zum heischen" (of the stag), so distinguished from their places of business. The former—Jacob, of the hare—had been painted by Holbein when he first went to Basle, and it

THE MEIER MADONNA.

was he who gave him the order for the famous picture known by his name as the "Meier Madonna," or the "Madonna of the Burgomeister."

The picture in the Dresden gallery, first attributed to Da

Vinci, which has brought the subject into such renown, is but a copy of the original in Darmstadt, which is stronger and more characteristic than the Dresden reproduction.

There has been much controversy over this composition; it has been considered a votive picture on the recovery of a sick child. Jacob Meier kneels in the foreground, on the right of the Madonna, his sons before him; on the left of the Divine Mother kneels Meier's wife and daughter, and another unknown woman, variously conjectured to be Meier's first wife, or step-daughter. A pretty, sentimental theory of the picture has been suggested, thus set forth and advocated by Ruskin: "The received tradition respecting the Holbein Madonna is beautiful, and I believe the interpretation to be true. A father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them, her own child in her arms. She puts down her Christ before them—takes their child in her arms instead—it lies down upon her bosom, and stretches its hand to its father and mother, saying farewell."

This is a poetical fancy, but it seems more probable, and in accordance with votive pictures in general, that the child standing below is a baby restored to health. The coincidence of both children extending the left arm has suggested that the little human child had had his injured left arm restored by the Divine Baby, looking pityingly down from his refuge in his mother's neck.

However it be explained in detail, the general meaning is obvious, and the tenderest pity is superadded to the beauty of composition and coloring, and while its canvas lasts it will remain one of the world's greatest Madonnas.

DONNA ANNA'S PEARLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

AINT and weak on her pillows lay Donna Anna, Duchess di Cerrato. Her hair of silver white (though barely forty summers had passed over her head) was folded back under her lace cap, and any one who looked at her could plainly see her days on earth were numbered.

By her side sat an aged Franciscan friar.

"Fifteen years since we parted, father," said Donna Anna, "since you went to foreign missions, and you find me changed, do you not? Do you remember how you left me?"

"Yes, my child; you seemed to me one of the happiest of women."

"So I was, father—the beloved wife of the husband I loved, one of the most noble beings that ever lived; and then my child, my boy, my Filippo, he was just seven when you left, father; do you remember him?"

"Indeed I do," said the friar; "a charming, lovely child. He was too young to be an acolyte, but how he used to delight to be at the altar in the little blue cassock you made for him! I remember the last Mass I said before I left, in the Church of St. Anna, that church which your good husband built for our order in honor of your holy patroness. It was a Mass for the holy souls at your particular desire; I remember his childish devotion, and how I saw him secretly slipping alms in the box for Masses for the holy souls."

"O father!" said Donna Anna, while the tears ran down her pale cheeks, "you know how I have always loved the holy souls; it has been a life-long devotion of mine, and I taught it to Filippo and he used to pray for them. He knew the De Profundis by heart, and he would save up his pocket-money to give for them and to put it into that very box. O father! who could have foreseen the terrible, extraordinary change that has come over him since!"

"When did it begin?" asked the priest.

"At college, father—the Jesuit college. At first he was very good; then came a change—the fathers took every pains with him, but all in vain; they begged us to withdraw him to avoid

expulsion. We had private tutors then—he defied them all. Once he ran away; my husband was out all night searching for him and was drenched to the skin with rain; he took a chill and it settled on his lungs, and he had no spirit to resist disease—his heart was broken. He died four years ago."

"And did his death have no effect on Filippo?"

"Not in the least. He is quite unnatural—does not care for me at all. A year ago he came of age; and since he has been his own master he is worse than ever. He has broken *my* heart, father; but as long as I live this house is left untouched. He hardly ever comes here; but when I am gone that check will be removed, and of course all the servants will leave, even our oldest retainers. I dare not ask any one to stay lest I should imperil their souls. Father," wailed the poor mother, "have all my prayers been in vain? Have the holy souls forsaken me?"

"No, no, my child, never think that. Do not lose your faith in their intercession. I went into the cathedral this morning and I saw the new tabernacle which your good husband gave—all of solid gold, and the door is encrusted with pearls, and I was told those were your gift."

"Yes, father; nearly all my jewels are family heirlooms, but those pearls were the first gift of my husband after our betrothal; they were very fine ones. But pearls, they say, are the symbols of tears—so I asked the archbishop to let them be fixed in the tabernacle door, that a mother's tears may ever plead before the Most Holy."

"Those tears will not be in vain," said Father Francisco, as he rose to take leave, "and I repeat to you, my child, do not lose your trust and confidence in the holy souls. Let these words be often on your lips, and let them be your consolation: '*Because with the Lord there is mercy, and with him plentiful redemption.*'"

II.

A few weeks after this conversation Donna Anna passed away.

As she had foreseen, after her death Don Filippo (as the young duke by Spanish custom was always called) set no bounds to his career of iniquity. All the old respectable servants fled, and the castle was filled with a motley crew.

The chapel was closed and religion set at naught.

One day the curate of the parish in which this castle stood was delighted to receive a message from the duke asking him to come and anoint one of his retainers.

This seemed to the good priest to be a sign of grace, so he went in all haste with the holy oils, and was conducted by the grinning servants to the side of a sick dog.

This incident excited the strongest indignation in the city, and from henceforth even the wildest young men of rank would no longer associate with Don Filippo. So his society was made up of the vilest and most degraded people. Report said he had joined a gang of brigands, and it was certain these gentry frequented the castle and were often hidden there when sought for by the soldiers.

One evening Don Filippo sat at supper and his companions were the captain and lieutenant of the brigand band. Don Filippo threw himself back in his chair: "See here, captain," cried he, "I am getting tired, I am bored; I want a new sensation, I want a new sin. It seems to me I have exhausted all the sins. Can't you find me out a new one?"

"Really, Don Filippo, that would be difficult," bawled the captain, who was half-tipsy; "but stay. I did hear of a thing the other day; 'tis unknown in Spain I'm sure, but a man told me it had been done in other countries."

"What in the world is that?" cried the duke eagerly.

"To violate the tabernacle," answered the brigand.

"Captain," cried the lieutenant, "are you mad? Such a thing in Spain would cost you your head for a surety."

"Never mind that!" exclaimed the duke; "that only gives zest to the matter. No fun without a risk. The idea is delicious. It gives me new life, and your skins will be safe enough, my friends. Only have a ladder at one of the cathedral windows; I'll get in and do the job. That cathedral has property of mine. My stupid mother actually robbed me of the finest pearls in Spain, and set them in the tabernacle door. I fear I can't get them out, but I can take revenge by breaking them to bits with a hammer and scattering the Hosts under foot." He gnashed his teeth with rage. "I remember hearing it said," he continued, "that the cathedral was left very unprotected at night and some one remarked that Spanish faith was its shield and buckler. They shall soon see what that shield and buckler are worth. So we'll do it to-morrow night, comrades; there is no moon these nights, and that will serve well."

III.

A black, calm night—not a leaf stirring, not a star visible, and the streets deserted. In those days of unlighted cities no

one went abroad during the night. So the solitary figure wrapped in a large cloak, with the hood drawn over his head, went on his way undisturbed. Suddenly he stopped short. On his ears fell the sound of chanting—a low, wailing chant. Who could be chanting in the streets at night? Then the singers came into sight—a long procession of Franciscan monks, headed by a cross-bearer and followed by three priests in black vestments attended by acolytes and thurifers.

Don Filippo rushed up to one of the monks and asked rudely: "What does this mean?" The monk turned on him a pale and ghastly face with hollow eyes and answered: "It is the Requiem Mass for the soul of Don Filippo, Duke di Cerrato."

The procession passed on to the Church of St. Anna. Don Filippo was dumb with astonishment. What could it mean? Was not he the last of his house?—not another of his name in all Spain. He entered the church. The altar was draped in black. Before it stood a coffin on its bier covered with a pall of black velvet and embroidered with gold. The monks gathered round the coffin. Again Don Filippo seized upon one: "What does this mummery mean?" cried he furiously. Again a pale face met his gaze and answered: "The Requiem Mass for the soul of Don Filippo, Duke di Cerrato."

Then a strange chorus filled the air and the voices rose as of those of a great multitude, and all cried together: "The last grace—the last grace—for the soul of Don Filippo, won for him by the holy souls because of his mother's love for them, and because of his childhood's alms. The last grace—*the last grace* for the soul of Don Filippo." The priests ascended the altar steps; the monks began to chant the De Profundis, and the words came echoing through the church: "Quia apud Dominum misericordia: et copiosa apud eum redemptio." Don Filippo, mad with rage, sprang forward, pushed away the monks, snatched the pall from the coffin, and saw therein—HIMSELF!

IV.

Next morning an insensible form was found lying before the closely-barred gates of the Church of St. Anna. It was that of Don Filippo. He was carried to his castle, where he recovered consciousness and, as his servants supposed, went into delirium. Without ceasing he cried out, in tones of keenest agony: "*A priest, a priest; for the love of God, a priest!*"

This went on till at last it could be plainly seen it was not

the cry of delirium, but of a man in mortal anguish. Some strange disease had stricken his body—he could not move; he lay there impotent to work his will, but crying perpetually: "A priest, a priest; for the love of God, a priest!"

At last some of the servants went to the priests—but one and all refused to go. No one paid the slightest credence to the story. "The castle crew," as they were called, were known never to speak the truth, and all felt sure the duke had hatched a plot of some kind against the priests. Father Francisco was dead, and the general sentiment about Don Filippo was that of horror and dread. So the servants returned home baffled, and all through the night went on the tortured cry: "*A priest, a priest; for the love of God, a priest!*"

That night the father rector of the Jesuit college could not sleep. He was not given to fancies, yet he did really think he saw a shadowy form in his cell, and he certainly heard, as if it were spoken into his ear, a pitiful cry: "A priest, a priest; for the love of God, a priest!"

"I will go," he said, starting from his bed; "it *may* be true—who can measure God's mercies?—and if it is only a plot to insult and humiliate me, what matter? My Master bore shame and contumely for my sake. I will go." So in the early dawn he set out, crucifix in hand.

The servants with scared faces met him. On the very threshold he heard the hoarse shriek of the dying man. He was led into the very same room where years before Donna Anna had received Father Francisco.

The duke lay not on a velvet couch but on the floor; he had pushed away the rich carpet, and lay on the bare ground writhing in anguish of body and soul.

He looked up as the priest stood by him. "Father, the torments of hell are begun in me. Is there any hope—any possible hope? No, there cannot be—I am lost—lost for ever!"

The priest held out the crucifix and said: "My son, you may hope, *because with the Lord there is mercy, and with him plentiful redemption.*"

V.

A few hours later Father Rector sought the archbishop to tell his tale. Don Filippo desired to make restitution and reparation to the utmost of his power. A notary had already been sent for to execute a testament by which he left all his property to the archbishop for the good of the poor, charging

him first to repair, as far as possible, the injuries Don Filippo had done to others by robbery, fraud, and calumny.

"He is truly penitent," said the rector, "and I have absolved him; but I come to know your grace's wishes as to the other sacraments."

"Return with all haste, reverend father," said the archbishop, "and anoint him. I will bring the Viaticum, accompanied by my clergy."

So the door of the Tabernacle, shining with the "*mother's tears*," was opened wide, and the hidden God came forth with his heart of perfect tenderness, forgiveness, and love.

The archbishop was accompanied not only by his clergy, but by two-thirds of the population of the city. Such a sight had never been seen before.

An old Dominican father, too lame to walk in the procession, stood on the cathedral steps and watched the scene.

"What do you think of all this, father?" said a lay brother at his side.

"I think," answered the father, "that to-day our Lord has called together his friends and his neighbors, and is saying to them, *Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost.*"

Don Filippo received the Holy Viaticum and soon afterwards expired. His death was made known to the people as they returned to the cathedral, and all with one accord began to say the *De Profundis.*

And like the rustle of the leaves in the forest, stirred by the summer breeze, sounded the murmur of the multitude as they declared:

"Quia apud Dominum misericordia: et copiosa apud eum redemptio"—Because with the Lord there is mercy, and with him plentiful redemption.

And Donna Anna's pearls are lustrous to this day—a constant witness of the power of a mother's tears and of the exceeding gratitude of the holy souls to those who help them in their hour of need.

THE CATHOLICS OF RUSSIA.

By Bryan J. Clinch.

OF all the nations of Europe the Russian Empire is the least known in this country. In nothing is this more evident than in the ideas commonly entertained even by educated Catholics about its religious condition. It is known that the Russians reject the authority of the Holy Father, but a good many seem to think that nevertheless the Czar's government is friendly towards Catholicity, and even disposed to reunite with the Catholic Church. Only a few months ago a distinguished ecclesiastic publicly stated that negotiations were actually going on for that purpose, and promised a speedy and favorable result. To one acquainted with the actual state of Catholics in Russia to-day such an event is somewhat less likely than that the British Parliament should make Catholicity the state church of England. The ruling class of Russia is not only schismatic in its religion, but it regards the spread of the Russian state creed and the Russian language as the great means of making Russia the leading power of earth. The policy of the empire has not changed since the time of Peter. It has been to absorb the neighboring countries by force or fraud, and then gradually to Russianize their inhabitants by the work of a centralized administration.

Toleration of all forms of religion was proclaimed by Peter, who even boasted of the erection of a Catholic church in St. Petersburg, and it is still professed by his successors, but it is a toleration for strangers or newly-acquired subjects only. The Russian by race who should venture to follow his conscience in the choice of a religion would be at once banished from his native land. Every Russian who becomes a Catholic, if his family are members of the state church, has to leave Russia. Such was the case with Prince Gallitzin and Madame Swetchine. A foreigner settling in the empire may retain his own creed undisturbed, and in official theory the same privilege is allowed to the inhabitants of the various countries that have been added to the empire during the last two centuries. With the latter, however, this toleration is only intended to lead to gradual absorption into the state church. In this respect the Catholic Poles,

the Lutheran Germans, and the Mahometan Tartars stand on an equal footing in the eye of the Russian government, and each in turn has been forced to contribute contingents to the ranks of the state church. In 1839 Nicholas, by a stroke of his imperial pen, declared a million and a half of Lithuanian Catholics members of the state church. For them the right to profess Catholicity ceased then. Similar measures on a smaller scale have been adopted by the successors of Nicholas, and indicate that the policy enforced by him still rules the councils of Russia.

In one point there is a difference between the persecutions employed by the Russian government to abolish Catholicity and those of other powers. Russia makes no public declaration of hostility to the church, such as the Protestant government of England used to make down to Catholic emancipation. The czar maintains an envoy at the Vatican and professes high respect for the Head of the Catholic Church. It is on political not religious grounds that Catholic churches are closed, Catholic priests exiled, and Catholic property confiscated. It is hard to say whether this form of persecution, veiled under the forms of respect for the church, is not more dangerous than the open brutality of an Elizabeth or an Oliver Cromwell.

POLISH NATIONALITY AND CATHOLICITY.

The number of Catholics in the Russian dominions is greater than in the whole British Empire to-day. It amounts, by the census, to between ten and eleven millions, not including the Uniats who have been enrolled as schismatics by the government. The immense majority of the Catholics in Russia are of Polish race. In fact Catholic and Pole are equivalent terms in the Russian civil or military service. The Poles, however, are very far from being confined to what is now known as the Kingdom of Poland. The old Polish state, which was dismembered last century by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, was larger than the German Empire, though less populous. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Polish territory which Russia seized about one-fifth was formed into the constitutional kingdom of Poland, with Warsaw as its capital. The rest, including Lithuania to the north and Volhynia, Podolia, and Kief to the south, were officially incorporated with Russia.

LATIN AND UNIAT CATHOLICS.

While Poland was still independent the great majority of its fourteen millions of people were Catholics. They were pretty

evenly divided between the Latin, or Western, rite and the Ruthenian rite, which uses the old Slavonian language in its Mass and liturgy, and permits the ordination of married men as priests. The Poles and Lithuanians generally belonged to the Latin rite, and the Ruthenians to the Slavonian. From its first conquest of Poland the Russian government set itself to separate these two classes of its subjects, the more easily to rule both. By successive persecutions under Catherine, Nicholas, and the present czar the whole Uniat population has been enrolled officially in the state church. The government is now trying to root out Catholicity among the eleven millions of Latin Catholics subject to its rule. Faithful to its old Machiavelian policy, it does so by dividing them into different classes, and grading its toleration accordingly.

GERMANS, POLES, AND LITHUANIANS.

Besides the Poles there is a certain number of Catholics in Russia whose ancestors came there as settlers. Catherine II. planted several colonies of Germans in the south of Russia after her conquest of Crim Tartary. Among them were some Catholics, and their descendants retain their faith. A diocese (that of Tirapol) was established for their benefit in southern Russia by the late Pope. These Catholics of the south have been but little troubled in the exercise of their religion up to the present. In the kingdom of Poland, where the great majority of the population is Catholic (nearly seven millions out of eight), the interference of the police with Catholic affairs is considerable, but it is kept in check to some extent in ordinary times by the fear of driving the population to exasperation. In Lithuania and the other west Russian provinces, where the Uniats, having been enrolled as schismatics, the Catholics form a minority of the population, the government scarcely conceals its desire to extirpate their worship. The toleration enjoyed by Catholics in Lithuania to-day is scarcely more than that granted to the Irish Catholics by the Penal Code of the last century. We shall briefly go into the condition of each class.

THE HIERARCHY IN RUSSIA.

The Catholic hierarchy of the Kingdom of Poland consists of one archbishop and six bishops. The rest of Russia is divided into an archbishopric, that of Mohileff, and four dioceses. Those of Wilna and Samogitia embrace the greater part of old Lithuania, that of Zeitomir includes Volhynia, Podolia, and Kief, a

territory as large as New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, and Saratoff takes in the German and other colonies of foreign origin in southern Russia. The metropolitan archdiocese of Mohileff includes all the rest of the Russian Empire to the Pacific and Northern oceans, but the majority of its Catholic population is in the districts forming part of the former Lithuania. . . . No bishop can be appointed to any diocese except by consent of the emperor, who proposes candidates to the Holy See when a vacancy occurs. . . . If the government candidate be not approved of by the Holy Father, the diocese is frequently left many years without a bishop, and confirmation, ordination, and all episcopal functions are entirely suspended for the Catholics within its limits. To such an extent is this system carried that no less than ten dioceses had to be filled in by the present Pontiff in 1883. The Archbishop of Warsaw had been exiled without trial in 1863, and all through those twenty years the capital of Poland had been left without a bishop.

RELATIONS WITH THE VATICAN.

Though the Russian government recognizes the right of the Holy See to appoint the Catholic bishops within its dominions, it claims for itself the right of offering the candidates exclusively. What makes the task of choosing suitable bishops under these conditions specially difficult for the Sovereign Pontiff, is the law which forbids any communication between the Catholic clergy of the empire and the Holy See, unless through the government. No matter who the candidate offered for a Catholic diocese may be, neither priest nor bishop may offer any information of his character to the Sovereign Pontiff unless such as the government chooses to transmit. The instances in which unworthy bishops have been thus imposed on the Catholic populations are unfortunately not few. The first Archbishop of Mohileff during his half-century of administration was all but independent of the Holy See. He introduced condemned theological works into his seminary and became a member of a Protestant Bible Society in defiance of the commands of the Pope. A still worse case was that of Liemasko, who, when appointed Uniat Bishop of Lithuania, formally apostatized in 1839, with his two suffragans, after taking a hypocritical oath of fidelity to the Pope and the church's doctrines. The dangers of such nominations make the task of the Holy Father in providing fit bishops for the Russian Catholics almost impossible. If he refuses the imperial nominees, the church is left without

pastors; if he accepts them, he may be giving another Liemasko or Cranmer an opportunity to lead a diocese into schism. It often requires many years before the government will consent to the consecration of a bishop of suitable character, and thus there are almost always several vacant sees. . . . As the average Catholic population of a diocese in Russia is about six times as great as in this country or Ireland, it may be imagined what difficulties are thus thrown in the way of the practice of their religion for the Catholics of Russia.

ARCHBISHOP FELINSKI'S EXILE.

The history of the last thirty years is sufficient to show how the government has used its power in keeping the Catholics without bishops. In 1862 Mgr. Felinski, a professor in the Catholic academy of St. Petersburg, was consecrated Archbishop of Warsaw on the nomination of Alexander the Second, who had a high regard for his moderation and talents, and regarded him as eminently fitted to reconcile the Catholics of the Polish capital to the Russian *régime*. Felinski, by the czar's instructions, wrote to him a full account of the scenes enacted in his diocese in 1863, which culminated in the insurrection of that year. His report gave grave offence, and in consequence both he and his coadjutor were carried off prisoners to distant parts of the empire.

There was neither accusation nor trial. An order for the archbishop's deportation was issued by the governor-general of Poland, and immediately carried into execution. Monsignor Felinski was kept a prisoner until 1883, and during all those years the Catholics of Warsaw, a city equal to Boston in population, were left without any episcopal services. The czar even went further, and declined, during that time, to allow any Catholic bishop to be appointed in his dominions. It was not until 1883 that the present Sovereign Pontiff succeeded in concluding a concordat for the nomination of bishops in the Russian dominions. There were then actually only three bishops in the exercise of their functions for the whole eleven millions of Russian Catholics. The czar's conditions for even this concession were most exacting. He required the Holy Father to suppress three dioceses absolutely, namely, Podlachia in Poland, Minsk in Lithuania, and Kamienietz in Podolia. He further required that the Archbishop of Warsaw and his coadjutor, and the Bishop of Wilna, who was also in exile, should be removed from their sees. This the pope declined to do as

a matter of justice, but the prelates themselves sacrificed their personal rights and resigned their sees for the sake of peace to their persecuted country. They were allowed to leave Russia on small pensions. Another bishop had also been exiled, but as he was fully ninety years of age, the government graciously consented to allow him to retain his office on condition that he was changed to a new diocese. Nine new bishops were appointed after these changes. The nonagenarian Bishop of Luck Zytomir died the following year, and the new Bishop of Wilna was banished in 1885, like his immediate predecessor. It was not until 1889 that the Russian government consented to allow successors to be appointed in any of the then vacant dioceses. Since that there has been but one consecration, that of a Primate of Mohileff and his coadjutor in 1891.

RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS POLICY.

It is easy to understand the policy of the Russian government in thus alternating concordats with the suppression of dioceses and outbursts of persecution. Its object is to gradually extirpate Catholicity so as to replace it by its own state-approved creed. To proscribe absolutely the religion of ten or eleven millions of Russian subjects would be a perilous undertaking even for the power of the emperor. He could indeed exile every Catholic ecclesiastic, and close every Catholic church in his dominions; but the consequences that might follow such a measure are altogether too formidable even for a despot whose life is daily threatened by Nihilist conspirators, and who cannot tell what accession would be brought to their ranks by the destruction of the influence of Catholicity. Hence the policy of slow destruction of the church now going on. It is similar to that adopted towards the Uniat Catholics of the empire during the past century. Catherine II. began the work by enrolling the Uniats of Podolia and Volhynia in the state church, but the Latin Catholics of those provinces were allowed the practice of their religion for the time, and even many of the Uniats were allowed to declare themselves Latins. Fifty years later, in 1839, Nicholas, with the help of apostate bishops, forced the Uniat Catholics of Lithuania into his own church, and forty years afterwards the solitary remaining diocese of Chelm, in Poland, suffered the same fate under Alexander. As the Lithuanian Uniats still continue to frequent Catholic churches, the government is suppressing the latter, one by one, in the expectation that the Latin population will be gradually

absorbed in the state church, or, in the official language, be "Russianized." It is easy to see the drift of this course, but it is cruel to find Catholic writers and speakers occasionally talking of the good dispositions of the czar towards the church which his officials are doing their little best to destroy.

Even when a bishop has been placed in his diocese with the full approbation of the government, he is by no means allowed to exercise his functions without fresh authorization from the minister of the interior, the governor of the province, and even the police. He cannot leave his diocese without special authorization from the minister, he requires the governor's passport even to make a visitation of his own parishes, or to address pastoral letters to his clergy or people. He cannot call his priests together, and even for solemn functions the number that he may assemble to assist is limited to three beyond the regular pastors of the parish. Diocesan synods and retreats of the clergy are strictly forbidden. A bishop may not denounce or suspend an unworthy priest without the consent of the governor of the province, which is given or withheld at will. A similar permit is required for ordinations or the admission of students to the ecclesiastical seminaries. Any neglect of these ordinances renders the bishop liable to fine or banishment without trial, at the discretion of the minister of the interior.

THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

The general regulation of church discipline, such as in other countries is regulated by provincial councils, is reserved in Russia to a body known as the *Roman Catholic College*, which is directly subject to the minister of the interior, and must have his approval of any of its acts before it can be published. This body is modelled on the pattern of the Holy Synod (so called), which is, under the czar, the ruling body of the Russian Schismatic Church since the days of Peter the Great. That monarch found the authority of the Patriarch of Moscow (who formerly was the supreme head of the Russian church, though a nominee of the czar) too great for his absolutist policy. He therefore left the patriarchal office vacant, and appointed a board of ecclesiastics, removable at his own pleasure, to exercise his functions. Catherine II. founded a similar body for the government of the Catholic Church in her dominions, and it has been since maintained. The members are delegates from each diocese who are named by the bishop, but must be approved by the government and are removable at its pleasure. It need

not be pointed out that such a system is wholly inconsistent with any real liberty of the church.

THE PAROCHIAL CLERGY.

Catholic priests are no more free from interference, even in their most sacred functions, than are the bishops. The governors suspend or remove priests at will without even notifying the bishop of the diocese. Catholic convents and monasteries, once so numerous, have been suppressed, with the exception of three or four, which are retained by a fine stretch of tyranny as prisons for the clergy. If a priest incurs the displeasure of the authorities by a sermon, or even by any remarkable zeal in instructing his people, or if he should violate any of the ordinances put forward by the governors or police to regulate ecclesiastical discipline, he is liable to be heavily fined, or sent for an indefinite time to one of those prison monasteries. If the governor consents, the bishop may appoint another priest to take his place; but if not, as frequently happens, the whole Catholic population is left without Mass or sacraments. It is a serious crime for any priest to leave his parish without a special permit. If there is no local priest, a dying Catholic must not seek any spiritual aid beyond the parish limits. If children are born, they must go unbaptized until such time as it may please the local despot to remove the ban on their pastor. Nevertheless, the Russian government not only boasts of its tolerance towards Catholics, but proclaims itself as pre-eminently Christian. Its official creed proclaims the necessity of baptism and absolution for sinners as clearly as does the Catholic Church, but its practice regards both the lives and the future salvation of its subjects as alike subordinate to the emperor's will.

PROHIBITING CATHOLIC BOOKS.

It is hardly necessary to say that the number of priests who are allowed to live in Russia is closely limited by the police regulations. It is never allowed to increase, and is frequently diminished either by the suppression of parishes or by reducing the number of students in the seminaries. In January of last year the diocesan seminary of Kelce, in the Kingdom of Poland, was ordered closed for four years, and several of its professors were imprisoned in the citadel of Warsaw. The only cause was that in a midnight perquisition, instituted by the police, some copies of the well-known devotional magazine, the *Apostleship of the Sacred Heart*, were found among the books of its mem-

bers. No Catholic work unauthorized by the police may enter Russia.

CHURCH-BUILDING.

In nothing is the hostility of the government to Catholic worship shown more clearly than in question of building or repairing the Catholic churches. Neither may be attempted by either clergy or laity without police permission. Indeed, for the erection of a new Catholic church anywhere permission must be received from the minister of the interior at St. Petersburg on the request of the governor of the province. This permission is seldom granted without difficulty and is often arbitrarily refused. It is common to couple the privilege of repairing a Catholic church with the obligation on the Catholics of building a schismatic one at their sole cost. In the so-called West Russian provinces no Catholic churches have been allowed to be built since 1888. The Catholics of these provinces number three millions. As a consequence entire districts in the country parts of these wide regions are deprived of all opportunity of public worship. They may not even receive the sacraments, unless by stealth from travelling priests. It would be an offence of the gravest kind in the eyes of the law for a priest to hear a confession, to baptize, or to say Mass outside his official parish limits. Within the past year the representative of the diocese of Wilna in the College of St. Petersburg, Father Bierzynski, having asked permission to visit his own diocese, was only allowed to do so on giving a solemn engagement to perform no priestly function except Low Mass in his own cathedral. This fact shows the jealousy with which, under the mask of respect, the Russian government and its officials regard every act of Catholic worship.

THE KROSCHE MASSACRE.

The Lithuanian Catholics, in spite of their knowledge of the consequences, are not always ready to allow their churches to be seized or closed at the will of the local despot. They sometimes attempt resistance and drive off the police agents. The vengeance taken in such cases is terrible. The butchery which occurred at the village of Krosche, in Lithuania, a little before last Christmas is an example. It was reported at the time by the German and Polish papers and has since received no contradiction. In the pursuance of its usual policy the provincial government decided that no Catholic church was needed in the

village and ordered the closing of the existing one. The congregation refused to submit to this order, and for upwards of a month the building was guarded night and day. The local police were powerless against this resistance, and on the 10th of November the prefect of Kovno in person brought forty troopers to the church by night and suddenly attacked the Catholics there assembled with whips and swords. The church bells were rung, and the whole population assembled and repulsed the Cossack police. The prefect fired repeatedly on the people, but he had to retreat before their determination. The next day three hundred Cossacks, armed with rifles, swords, and knouts, the terrible wire whips of the Russian police, surrounded the village on all sides. A detachment then charged at full gallop through the crowds, cutting and spearing without mercy, till they reached the church. They dismounted and rushed among those inside, cutting them down and shooting them until the floor was covered with blood in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament itself. The Catholic priest was driven in at the lance's point to remove the Sacred Host in its monstrance, after which the Cossacks dragged out the dead and wounded and threw them pell-mell into a cesspool. The fugitives from these scenes were intercepted by the second detachment, and many were so terrified that they threw themselves into the river and were drowned there. The entire population of the village was then gathered in the market-place, where all, men and women and children, were stripped naked and made to lie down on the ground while a double row of Cossacks inflicted on each the number of lashes with the knout prescribed by the prefect. The victims were then driven in a body to the prison, leaving their homes deserted, as well as their church. The Krosche massacre is by no means a solitary though it is the latest instance of the means by which Russia is now striving to exterminate Catholicity within her limits.

ANTI-CATHOLIC LAWS.

While such are the means by which the Russian police punish any open resistance to their decrees, those decrees themselves are such as would seem to make the continuance of a Catholic population impossible wherever it pleases a governor to exercise his powers against it. In Lithuania, Volhynia, Kief, and Podolia the governors at present are freely exercising their powers. Though a limited number of priests are still allowed to minister to their flocks, it is in a fashion which renders instruction almost impossible. No sermons may be preached

which have not been previously submitted to official censorship; and it is strictly forbidden to assemble the children for religious instruction of any kind, or even to teach them the Catholic catechism. If they will grow up Catholics the government is determined they shall at least be ignorant of their faith. At the same time it is a crime, punishable with from six to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, to utter any words in a public place in any way against the state church. To write against it is punished by exile to Siberia. To convert any one from the state religion incurs the same punishment, and any attempt to prejudice a schismatic against his belief is punished with a year's imprisonment. It is easy to see how little room is left for even the most elementary freedom of conscience by those laws which are now in force for forty-seven years.

FORCING MEN INTO SCHISM.

It is not merely the professed members of the state church, however, that are thus guarded from any possible instruction in Catholic doctrines. The larger part of the population of Lithuania and its former provinces were Catholics until a generation or two ago, when they were declared to be members of the state church without any choice of their own. Many of them still seek to obtain the sacraments from Catholic priests, and in such cases, when discovered, imprisonment or perpetual exile is the punishment for both. This atrocious system goes further. In other days many Catholics passed from the Uniat to the Latin rite. These changes were especially numerous when the design of the government to destroy the Uniat Catholic Church became evident to the public. Of late years the Russian authorities have decided that such changes were illegal, and on that pretext any Catholic whose ancestors were Uniats is at once enrolled as a member of the state church. Freedom of conscience has no existence for him, and his only alternative is to leave the country or give up all external practice of religion. Even the children in the Catholic orphan asylums are the objects of this outrageous law. The official organ of the Russian Archbishop of Warsaw lately announced that, by order of the sub-prefect of the district of Grojec, seventy inmates of the Catholic orphanage of Warsaw, in Poland, had been compelled to receive their first Communion in the Schismatic Church during 1892. The reason given, of course, was that some of their ancestors might have been

Catholic Uniats, and that therefore they had no right to be Catholics.

THE CHURCH IS THE CZAR AND THE POLICE.

Such in brief is the toleration which Russia to-day affords to Catholicity. Her government says in effect to its Catholic subjects: We have no objection to your religion, but you must practice it according to the wishes of the czar. We acknowledge the importance of your sacraments, but you must approach them only in subordination to our police regulations. You may confess, if the government allow, to a priest near you, but you must not leave your parish to do so, even if there is no priest there. You may attend Mass, but you must not build a church for its celebration. You may keep the doctrines of your faith, but you must not speak of them where they differ from the state religion. You may rear your children Catholics, but we cannot allow them to be instructed in their faith by a Catholic priest. You may recognize the Holy Father as your infallible guide, but you must on no account attempt to consult him on any point without the permission of the government. Subject to those points our tolerant emperor grants you full freedom of conscience, provided it is not your fate to be descended from any one who was once either a Russian or a Uniat, in which case you must conform to the state church or be exiled to Siberia, where you will have no need of any church whatever. The mockery of toleration thus offered is really all that is allowed to the eleven millions of Catholics in Russia at the present day.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Those familiar with Irish history cannot but be painfully impressed by the resemblance of the present condition of the Polish Catholics, especially in Lithuania and Volhynia, to that of their Irish brethren in the faith during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The letters of the martyred primate, Oliver Plunkett, describe his relations with the Protestant viceroys of Charles II. in terms which apply almost exactly to the recent concordats between the czar and the Holy Father. A friendly viceroy might tolerate the appointment of a few bishops, provided they were men not likely to give any umbrage to the foreign rulers, but any outburst of bigotry in England would be followed by an order for the immediate expulsion of all "Popish" bishops and dignitaries. Convents, missions, and

public religious instruction were banned by the law in Ireland as they now are in Lithuania, and a state church, the creature of the English government, had to be supported by the Irish Catholics, as the Polish Catholics to-day have to raise the churches of the schism at their own expense. In each case nationalism was opposed to Catholicity on political more than religious grounds. Protestantism was deemed necessary to make the Irish people English, as the schism is held essential to the Russianization of Poland. At the time it seemed as if the church must succumb to the power of the conqueror, who was bent on its extermination and had crushed all open resistance to his will. Yet to-day Cromwell and Charles and William and the Penal Code have passed away, and Ireland is not only still Catholic, but the leaven of Catholicity for the whole English-speaking population of the world. We may hope that a similar lot may be reserved for the persecuted Polish Church, and that in the Russian as in the British Empire the blood of martyrs will be the seed of Christians.

THE LESSON OF "THE WHITE CITY."

By Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.

AN interesting and instructive little book by an author not very well known to fame contains a description of the effect produced on the mind of the heroine of the story by a view of the London "World's Fair" of 1851. Our motive in quoting it will appear in the sequel:

"The year 1851, to which this true narrative belongs, was not an ordinary year. It will for ever stand marked in our chronicles as that wherein, by the will of the sovereign and the genius of Sir Joseph Paxton, fairyland came back to England, and the great commercial capital became a city of enchantment. Since that date, great exhibitions and Crystal Palaces have become things so common and vulgar that no one would dream of assigning them a place in the pages of romance; but it was otherwise with the sparkling fabric which that year arose as by magic in the heart of the vast Babylon. Thither, all through the long summer and far into the autumn, flocked, not Great Britain alone but Europe and the world.

"Those who entered the palace entered into dreamland. They walked through its nave and galleries in a state of semi-consciousness. You passed from India to Paris, and from Paris to Morocco; you gazed at wondrous tissues from Oriental looms, and at trees of gold, whereon hopped and warbled golden birds sparkling with rubies and diamonds. Strange beasts grouped themselves around you, that seemed alive and busy, as surely none but beasts stuffed by German fingers ever busied themselves before. Then the great nave opened to you, with its groups of statuary; and as you sat down to rest your bewildered senses, there broke on your ear organ music so deep and thrilling it seemed to cleave your very heart in twain; while a strange and nameless perfume floated in the air, making the very atmosphere of the place an enchantment.

"A sensation seized on Norbertine's heart to which she could give no name—a something wherein the ecstasy of admiration mingled with horror unspeakable. Horror of what she knew not, but, as it seemed, of a viewless Presence which filled the building,

and was making known to her a revelation of things whereof as yet she had never dreamed, and from which her whole soul shrank back. Beauty, indeed, but not the beauty of 'earth and Heaven'; rather a beauty from which God seemed altogether divorced, as though she found herself in some new world that was not his world, and had not been made by him; whose enchantment, of which she was all the time fully sensible, would lead her, did she yield to it, to some awful and unfathomable abyss. . . ."

"What would you say to a prophecy of which to my thinking this scene is the fulfilment?" asked Mr. Payne. "I mean, a prophecy in sober earnest; at any rate a description which would serve admirably for this very place, written more than eighteen centuries ago, and by no less a person than St. John the Evangelist. You will find it written in the 18th chapter of the Book of Revelation. But first please to remember what this building contains; just cast a glance around you, at these representatives of our gay, glittering London world; and then listen to how St. John seems to have beheld and described them:

"'Woe, woe, for that great city of Babylon! Woe for that mighty city! for in one hour is her judgment. Woe for her with her merchandise of gold and silver, and of precious stones, and of pearls, and of fine linen and purple, and of silk and of scarlet; and all thyine-wood, and of all vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of precious stones, and of brass, and of iron, and of marble. And her cinnamon, and her odors, her ointments and frankincense, and her wine and oil, and fine flour and wheat, and sheep, and beasts, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and—here he indicated the heaving crowd with a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, and dropping his voice to yet a deeper note, concluded, and—*the souls of men.*'"

"But you don't really mean," said Annette, "that you think those words were meant as a prophecy of the Crystal Palace?" "Not precisely," said Mr. Payne. "But I think they were meant as an epitome of Babylon; and that by Babylon, we may understand the great seething world of commerce, riches, and prosperity, which we all love so dearly. And I never enter that huge building yonder without feeling that somehow *it* also is an epitome of Babylon. It seems to bring into visible shape and color *the world*, and the spirit of the world; the world in all its most gorgeous outside finery; not letting us forget for

a moment, either, that this same world is dragging about with it *slaves and the souls of men.*" "But, surely," persisted Annette, "you don't mean that we ought to think the exhibition wrong and sinful? I don't understand it." "Certainly not, my dear young lady," said Payne, "no more sinful than riding on horseback is sinful, and yet I can fancy that if you were to take the prophet Elijah to Rotten Row, some fine afternoon in the midst of the season, he would regard it as a picture of the world of fashion, and perhaps say something strong to the riders. I take it there was nothing wrong or sinful in any one of the things the Apostle spoke of; but I suppose that in his mind they just stood as figures of Pagan Rome, and implied the existence of other things that were excessively bad, pride and covetousness for instance, and a great deal more which makes up what we call *the world;* a thing which you know, when we stand godfathers and godmothers, we hear set down in very doubtful company." *

I have made this long quotation, because it says much better than I could express it what I wish to bring into view respecting "The White City."

This wonderful creation was a scene of enchantment far surpassing the London exhibition, and the Crystal Palace. It was an embodiment of all that is marvellous, beautiful, and fascinating in the secular and material civilization of the age. Not only by its fairy-like splendor, but also by its fragility and its deceptive mimicry of the solid and enduring structures of architecture and of works of art in sculptured stone. It was like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, and fitly enough vanished more suddenly than it arose, leaving nothing behind it but ashes.

I shall not be understood as condemning the Chicago Exhibition, since I have employed that imaginary person, Mr. Payne, to express my real sentiments on the subject. Nor do I condemn the grand achievements in every kind of material science and art of our modern civilization, the world of the present age, as evil and wicked. I make no pessimistic lamentation upon the state of humanity in its actual condition of intellectual, moral, political, and social development, as an apostasy and a diabolical kingdom in its essential elements and positive constituent principles. We have the authority of Holy Scripture for the statement that "there is *no kingdom of hell* on the earth" (*Wisdom* i. 14). My contention is this: not that there is evil, but

* *Aroer, the Story of a Vocation*, by the author of *Uriel*, p. 220. Both these stories are warmly recommended to all our readers.

that there is a total shortcoming in all this grand and splendid civilization. It does not suffice; to say nothing of the spiritual and eternal good, the *summum bonum;* for the truest and most genuine temporal and earthly welfare and happiness of nations and of *the people*, for whom all political and social order is, or at any rate ought to be established, and to whose benefit all achievements of human genius in the intellectual, moral, and practical spheres are subordinate.

The history of the world teaches us, that the welfare and happiness of *the people* have been to a great extent sacrificed to the selfish interests of that small minority in whose hands power and wealth have been concentrated; and even more, that a large portion of the people have often been doomed to endure a heavy burden of oppression and misery. At present, there is a loud and universal demand throughout Christendom for the recognition of the rights of the people. There is a deep and widespread sentiment that the true and good civilization must have for its chief end to make the whole mass of the people as happy and contented as the conditions of human life on the earth render practically attainable. The statement is continually repeated that there is a great tide of what is called *democracy* setting in, which must prove in the long run to be irresistible, and which is destined to sweep away many of the mighty fabrics of past ages which are still partly in existence and retaining much of their ancient solidity and strength.

To a considerable extent I share in this belief of a great popular upheaval of the political and social order, and sympathize in the sentiment which is favorable to it. It is, at all events, unavoidable; it is impossible to resist and turn it back; and the only hope either for the cause of true civilization or that of true liberty, is in the right direction and guidance of the movement.

This is the great question at issue, Can civilization and liberty be reconciled and united, and if so, in what way? Lord Macaulay expressed the fear that they would come into serious collision and conflict, to the great detriment of whichever side should be the undermost. I should say, that it would be to the fatal injury of both. A form of civilization which can only exist and thrive on the ruin of liberty is not that genuine and adequate civilization which is necessary for the welfare of nations, and of the people who are the principal, the most valuable, and the most important part of every nation.

There is a great conflict now in some European countries

between their dominant civilization and parties among the people hostile to some of its constituent parts or to its foundations. The most extreme of these enemies of the existing order of things, nihilists and anarchists, have become so violent, reckless, and dangerous that repressive measures of a most stringent character are thought necessary in self-defence. But there is a much more serious cause for anxiety and foreboding of coming evil in a deep and widespread discontent and disaffection among the masses of laboring men.

In our own republic, we have as yet had very little to suffer or to fear from anarchists. The outbreak in Chicago was happily suppressed in a summary manner. We have had to deplore two atrocious crimes similar to those which anarchists have perpetrated in Europe, the assassination of two of our Presidents. But these were not the outcome of secret and desperate conspiracies for the overthrow of our government and the abolition of all law and order. Nevertheless, our troubles have been serious and are threatening; and at bottom they are the same with those popular movements which are making the great sea of the civilized world to heave and swell.

The people are uneasy and restless, and as a certain kind and amount of knowledge, a capacity and activity of thought and reasoning, an increased sense of the power which they possess through the generally diffused elective franchise, permeate and penetrate more and more the great mass of the people, the problem of reconciling civilization with liberty becomes more and more difficult.

It is a notorious and a sad fact, that the preservation of law and order in our own country, for the last twenty-five years, not to speak of the riots of an earlier period, has depended on the employment of military force. The great Columbian year, with its enthusiastic celebrations, its magnificent pageants, its magniloquent congresses, its "White City" for which language fails to find an adequate epithet, ended with financial disaster, distress of labor, alarm of capital, the Chicago outbreak, and the signs of a more general and destructive earthquake throughout the country, in the midst of which the White City went up in flame and smoke.

I do not pretend to pass any judgment on the causes of these disturbances, on questions of politics, sociology, commerce and manufactures. I make no judgment on individuals or corporations. I leave all these matters to statesmen, publicists, teachers of ethics, and others who are, or who think they are, competent

to discuss them. Some things are, however, clear to my mind, as obvious in the light of common sense, and of the first, most certain principles of political and social ethics. One is, that riotous and violent assaults on property, persons, and the operations of business and commerce, all resistance to law and its officers in the legitimate discharge of their duty, are criminal. Another thing is, that the possession of despotic authority over large organizations of men, by individuals, who have no such authority from the law, is mischievous, utterly undemocratic, and anti-American. The violence of mobs and the conspiracies of the enemies of law and order must be put down by all the force which any government possesses, and so far as necessary by the imprisonment or execution of offenders, by the bayonet, the rifle and the cannon. The rights of individuals, of corporations, of property, of commerce, of the community, must be maintained and protected, at whatever cost of money and blood, even though some innocent persons may unavoidably suffer with the guilty.

I think that every patriotic American citizen ought to regard with grateful approbation the wise and firm conduct of the President, and the high civil and military officers acting under his direction, in suppressing the incipient rebellion at Chicago and elsewhere. The same praise is due to several governors of States for their conduct in some previous disorderly outbreaks. Assuredly, the French and Italian governments are justified in adopting all the stringent measures which are necessary, in a temporary emergency, for the suppression of anarchism.

Here, the late crisis has happily passed by, and it is matter of congratulation that there has been so little bloodshed or destruction of property.

But the serious question arises whether our national and state governments must permanently depend on military force; whether law, order, and civilization are to be perpetually sustained by the bayonet, the rifle, and the cannon. If this be so, the objections to a constant employment of the militia in arduous military service are so numerous and weighty that the present number of our regular soldiers must be at least quadrupled. If this be necessary, let it be so. If peace and order cannot be maintained in Europe without the vast armies which are such a burden on the nations and are regarded as such a great evil, it is necessary to submit. If liberty must be restricted as a safeguard against lawlessness and anarchy, this is a lesser evil

than the destruction of civilization. Liberty is worthless, and the world is worthless considered from a worldly point of view, without civilization. It is impossible for civilized nations to relapse into any kind of barbarism except that which is the most degraded and odious. Lawlessness and anarchy would make the world a desert. Oriental despotism, the iron rule of the Roman emperors, the autocratic monarchy which the Stuarts strove to establish on the ruins of the liberties of England, would be preferable to the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution made permanent.

But, would it be possible to maintain for a long time such a despotic form of civilization, depending on military force, and in despite of the will of the people? The soldiers must be taken from the people. They either enlist voluntarily, as here and in England, or they are forced to serve, as in other countries. How, in the long run, can an army taken from the people be made an instrument of enforcing an unwilling subjection to a thoroughly unpopular government? If compulsion must be used in order to keep up an army, it is only by the army itself that the force can be applied to the mass of the people for recruiting the army. And suppose that the army itself, composed of soldiers drafted against their own will into service, should revolt, what becomes of the power of despotic coercion?

Although, therefore, that military despotism which Lord Macaulay forebodes and predicts for this country, and which there is just as much reason to forbode for the whole civilized world, would be a lesser evil than anarchy, it is an impossible alternative. That is to say, in the sense of a stable, orderly, and permanent organization of civilized, prosperous, and flourishing nations.

It is impossible that those nations of Christendom where a reasonable amount of true liberty has gained possession, can continue to exist and prosper, by the sacrifice of their liberty to their civilization. Even that empire which is the most despotic of all, the Russian, especially if it should, in alliance with France, become a still greater Power than it is, must seriously modify its autocratic institutions.

Constitutions and governments cannot have any other stable and solid foundation upon which they can continue to repose securely, and to build for centuries to come, than the consent, the will, the cordial and patriotic devotion of *the people*.

I cannot endorse Lord Macaulay's gloomy prediction for

America, or believe that our glorious and beloved republic is doomed to see its starry banner go down, either in the abyss of anarchy, or in the gulf of despotism.

Neither can I believe that the great nations of Europe are doomed to be shattered in pieces during the next century by the shock of the conflict which is supposed to be impending between civilization and liberty.

Where lies the opposition between these two great powers? It is necessary to examine each one more closely, in order to answer this question.

And first, what is that great rising tide of popular movement, generally called *democracy*, and what its aim and tendency? Is it a gradual and slow revolution directed against that monarchical and aristocratic system which succeeded the feudal system at the end of the mediæval period, in order to establish in every nation a republican form of polity based on popular suffrage, similar to that which exists in America and in France? Is it probable that this end, which undoubtedly many who lead or follow the democratic movement have in view, will be accomplished in the future? If it is accomplished, will the people be content, and political and social order be established in peace? Where, then, is there any cause of war between liberty and civilization?

There can be no doubt that political power, to some extent in actual exercise, and to a greater extent latent, has passed into the possession of the people, within the last two centuries, and thus that democracy has encroached on the ancient domain of monarchy and oligarchy. Political constitutions have been modified and are likely to be still further modified by an increase in the relative strength of the democratic element. The nations of America are republics and must remain republics. France is a republic, and the day of monarchy is, so far as we can see, over for that country. Belgium is essentially a republic. England is practically a republic, with some remnants of the ancient monarchy and aristocracy still surviving, but the real and ruling sovereignty actually in the people represented by the House of Commons and the Ministry. Italy, which is now in the same category, may probably become formally a republic, or a confederation of republics, without prejudice to the civil rights and the independence of the Pope. What the future has in reserve for Germany, Austria, and Russia can only be matter for conjecture, so far as their form of civil polity is concerned. Only one thing can be predicted with cer-

tainty; viz., that their stability and prosperity will depend on the loyalty of their people, which can only be secured by administering the government for their good and giving them a large share in it through a judicious extension of the right of suffrage, a right which they already enjoy in a certain measure in Germany and Austria.

It is no adequate explanation of the great movement of the people to call it a movement toward a democratic or republican form of civil polity. The form is not the essential thing. The ultimate and permanent seat of sovereignty is in the *political people*, constituted by an organic law. It is hard to say which are the most absurd; the theories of ultra-monarchists or those of ultra-democrats. There is no direct natural or divine right of sovereignty in kings; neither is there any in the numerical multitude of men alone, or of men and women together. The sovereignty of kings proceeds originally from the organic law of the political people, and so also does the equal right of all citizens, where it exists, to exercise their elective franchise. Every legitimate government has a divine sanction, and the President of the United States has just as much of a divine right as the Emperor of Germany.

The welfare of a nation and its people does not absolutely require in every case and always, either monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy. Either one of these forms of government is capable in its own nature of being a good polity. Aristotle says that the only bad kinds of rule are irresponsible tyranny, and ochlocracy, *i.e.*, mob-rule. Practically, the best form is one in which the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical elements are suitably mixed and combined. In particular cases, that form is good which is well suited to the age and country, and the best is that which is best suited. For us, there can be no doubt that we have the best and the only possible political constitution; which may God preserve from the tampering hands of demagogues and doctrinaires.

It is on the good administration of government that the welfare of the people depends, and from maladministration, the abuse of power, that their miseries have in great part proceeded.

The meaning of the great popular movement, therefore, is chiefly a striving for relief from the neglect or abuse of power and privilege, to the detriment of the people, and for securing their rights and their welfare. Now, if republican forms are alone sufficient to secure this end, why is it that there is dis-

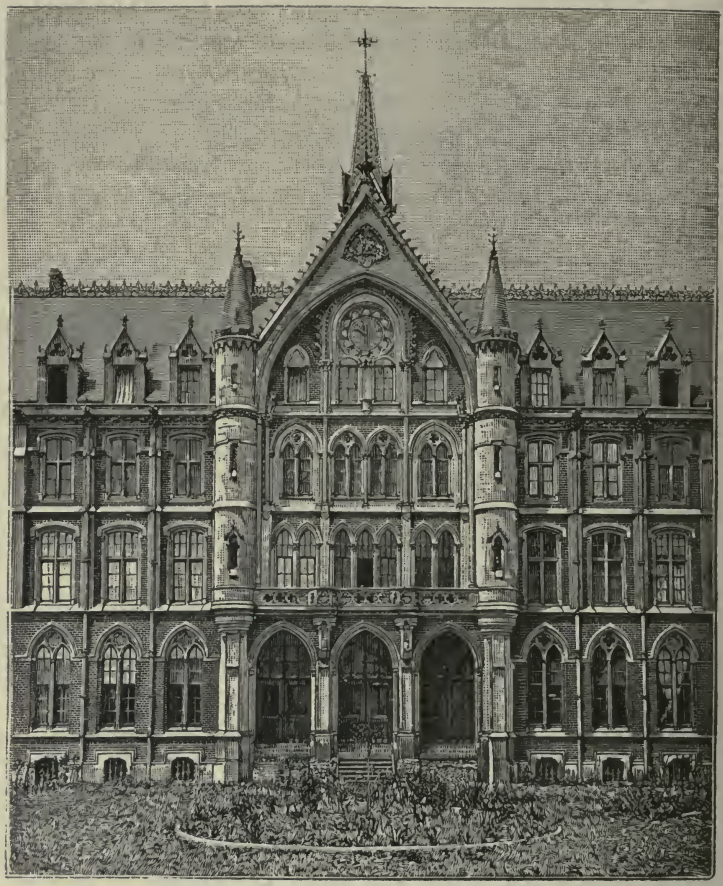
content in our own country? Why is anarchism rife in France, as well as nihilism in Russia? What is the matter with Italy, over whose brilliant prospects such a trumpeting was made, when Rome was captured and made the capital of the united kingdom, with the king enthroned in the Quirinal? Why was a bomb thrown into the hall of the French legislature, Carnot assassinated, and an attempt made to assassinate Crispi?

We must turn our attention now to the civilization with which anarchism is engaged in a *deadly* warfare. Is there anything wrong in this civilization? Is it in any way a cause provoking this deadly hostility?

A more fundamental and important question is this: Is there anything in modern civilization giving at least a plausible reason for an opposition and a conflict on the part of *the people?* Is liberty rightly understood, is the popular movement considered in those principles and ends which have at least some appearance of being good and reasonable, in opposition to civilization and irreconcilable?

Surely, the cause of true liberty, the cause of the people, in so far as it is a just cause, ought not to be in irreconcilable opposition with that civilization which is genuine, and adequate to its end, the welfare and improvement of the people, of nations, of the state, of society, of humanity in general.

I have, at the outset, expressed the opinion, that the material and secular civilization of which *The White City* is a symbol is radically defective and inadequate. I have no space left in which to explain and advocate this opinion. I must therefore break off abruptly, and leave my readers to think out this very grave and important matter for themselves, with the help of what others have written or may write on the same subject.



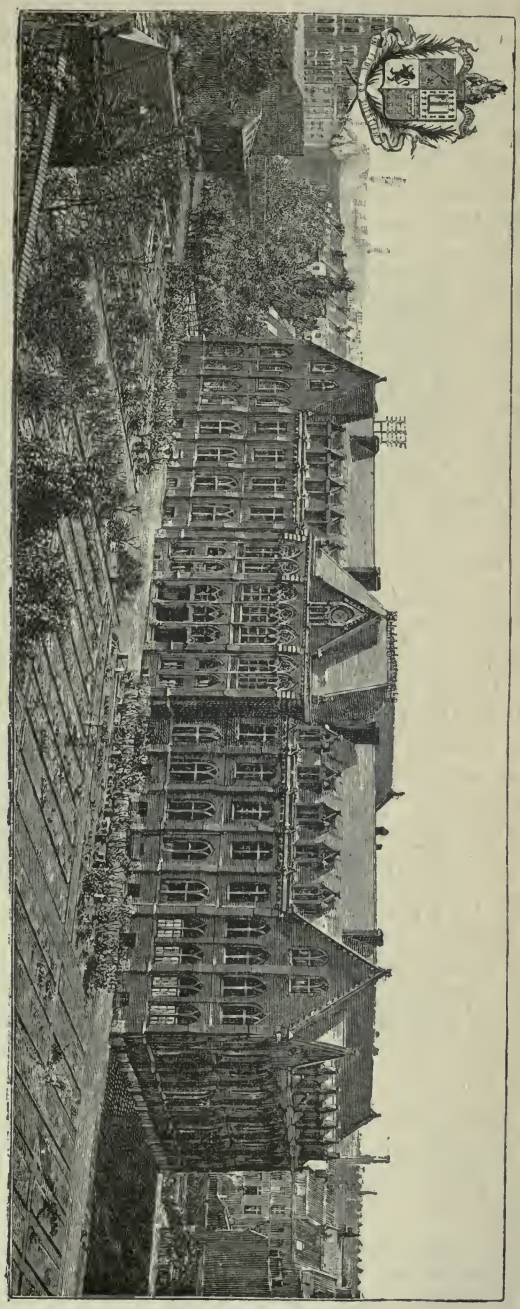
CENTRAL VIEW OF THE ACADEMIC HOTEL.

AN HEIRESS UNIVERSITY.

THE halo of glorious memories which surrounds the name of Douai will never pale. For a time it had been dimmed and obscured by the cloud of irreligion, but it is again gleaming in the aurora of a happier day in France. Lille is the heiress of Douai, and formally nominated by the highest spiritual authority to carry on the work of that fine old Alma Mater. She inherits the treasure of four centuries of renown. The aroma of illustrious decades suffuses the heirloom; the light of the greatest council of the church flashes resplendently

over the valley of Time as we look back on the old foundation. Let us salute Lille, and wish her length of days, and riches of learning, and wisdom, and holiness, in her new departure as the heiress and successor of queenly Douai!

For the inauguration of a brighter day for religion in France the Catholic world is indebted to the broadly enlightened policy of the present great Pontiff. He has convinced the French government and people that there is no hostility between the church and the form of government which the people have chosen, and so removed all grounds of distrust. Events have spoken with stern and incontrovertible logic in favor of the cause of religion. Even the most obstinate and unyielding agnostics



Faculty of Medicine and Pharmacy (front view).

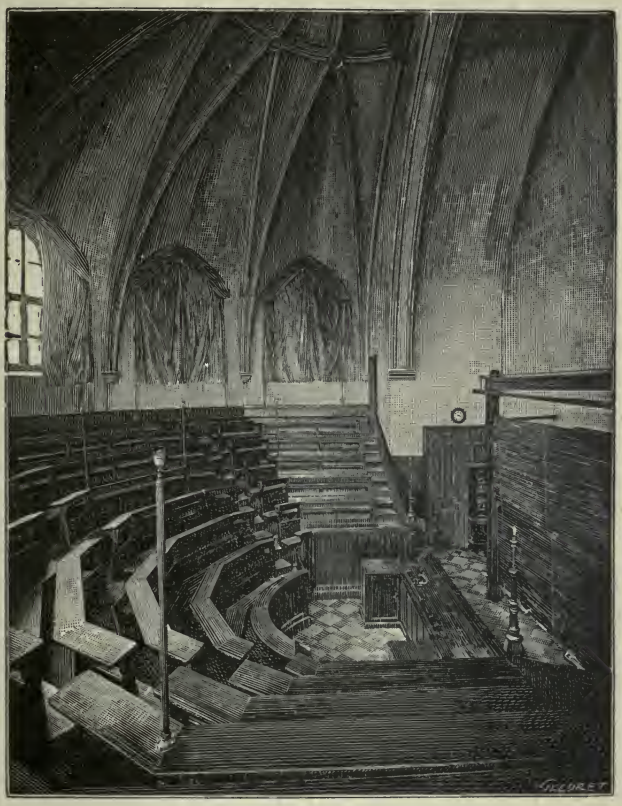
have confessed that a policy of irreligion is a fatal one for the safety of the Republic. Like Danton, they find, if there were never really a God, the necessities of human society would demand the establishment of one. "Although I am not a member of any sect, religious or irreligious," said the French Minister of Public Worship, M. Spuller, the other day, "I regard the present Pope as a man worthy of the deepest respect. The Republic must no longer lay itself open to the charge of interfering with freedom of conscience; the new spirit that must guide us is that of charity, humanity, and toleration."

In view of such declarations as these—declarations accepted by the overwhelming majority in the French Chambers, moreover—is there not reason to anticipate a great future for Lille? and not only for Lille, but for the four other universities which may almost be called Catholic in France? And what a marvellous change do we not find from the cast-iron methods of Napoleon and the glacial period of the secular University which succeeded, in the new conditions which environ the struggle for higher Catholic education in the country foremost for Catholicity, foremost for infidelity, of all the nations! When we consider that barely one century has elapsed since her twenty splendid universities went down in the awful tornado of the Revolution, in one dismal wreck, we must own that the back swing of Time's pendulum has not been long delayed. The lesson afforded is the value of patience and the steadfast pursuit of truth and justice as the twin stars of human policy, despite all dangers and all provocations to the contrary.

It was to the break-down of the military system of France, in 1870–71, that the first concession was due. The pride of the human intellect was never on a pinnacle so high as in the French university system. It was here that science and philosophy met to say their last word to the human race; this was the *ne plus ultra*. All learning was concentrated here, to devolute and flow down and permeate every lower grade of the body politic as the will of the intellect of France, uncontaminated by any contact with religion. But what an awful awakening! Never had human presumption so tremendous a setback. The whole system crumbled at the touch of stern reality, when the crash came. It was the superior education of the German armies, officers and men, which caused the defeat and humiliation and dismemberment of France; and this superior education was not imparted in antagonism to, but in conjunc

tion with religion. It took a long time to make the discovery, and a still longer time to confess it. Vanity is still the most potent factor in the French national mind. But it appears to be dawning on that mind at last that there is nothing to be lost by the admission of religion, something perhaps to be gained.

It is at Lille that the new spirit of the time is being most favorably felt. Much of this is due to its origin and locality.



Amphitheatre, Faculty of Medicine.

Its proximity to Douai gives it the prestige of inheritance. Its location amidst the pious and steadfast Catholics of Flanders, some of the staunchest and most devoted children of the church, secures it a generous loyalty of support.

"Les Facultés Catholiques de Lille" have already taken their place, not only alongside the University of France, but even among the institutions of higher Catholic education, no

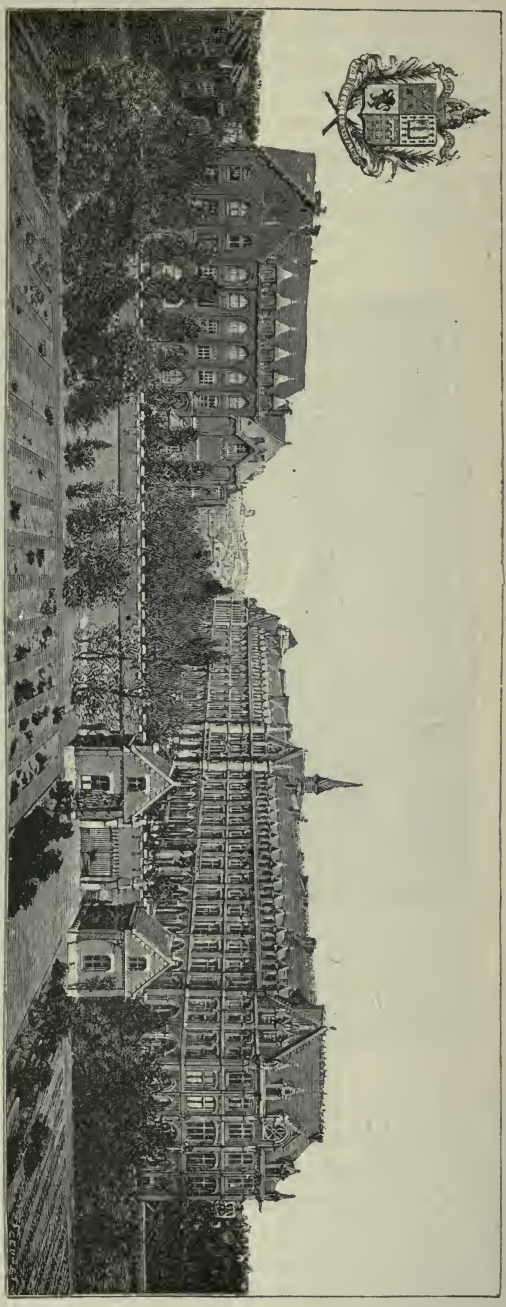
matter where. By reason of its intrinsic worth the university merits more than the casual inspection of a tourist, but its unique position as the only fully equipped Catholic university in France, and especially as being the successor of the old schools at Douai, entitles it to attention.

Lille was established in 1877. With it, and after a lapse of eighty years, Catholic universities began to revive in France. In 1793 the anarchical force of the Revolution destroyed the university of Douai. It was one of the last of twenty-three French Catholic universities given over to the demons of destruction. Then began the long period in French history which, though glorious in many ways, has been sad and disastrous for the faith in the country. Napoleon centralized all; the school as well as the church lost its autonomy. Education fell into the hands of the government, and in the course of time, whatsoever may have been its exterior form, the government became the possession of the Masonic lodge. The violent separation of theology from all other branches of learning attempted by the Revolution in the beginning was widened and perfected by the subsequent acts of the government. The church and the school were made strange to each other, for education was godless, and the educated hardly less so. New schools of literature and science rose up, rich in ardor and erudition, but pagan. Soon, however, those who sought to civilize by instruction alone found that their error was grievous. The discoveries of science and the masterpieces of literature conspired to demolish the very civilization that through them the new schools sought to establish. In presence of that want of morality there were ever a few great souls who called upon the Chambers to return in a greater or less degree to the church. Their influence, and the disinterested pages of some writer or scientist whose study and reflection led him to recognize the church as the one body able to cope with anarchy and revolution, and the liberty of education as the only means to do it, induced the jealous government to deal out tardy and parsimonious justice to the body of Catholic agitators. In 1833 primary education was declared free, and in 1848 collegiate instruction ceased likewise to be a monopoly of the government.

After the Franco-Prussian war the struggle entered upon a new phase. The Catholics, hitherto indifferent or discouraged, while applauding the individual efforts of a Lamennais, a Lacordaire, or a Veuillot, did nothing together. But in 1872 there

was, so to speak, a unanimous uprising, and the success of the agitation depended no longer on the gracious indulgence of a patron in the opposite camp. The government yielded to the imperious exaction of a strong party, and in 1874 Catholic France hailed the complete emancipation of education.

At present Lille may be described as in a state of gradual development. In November, 1874, the first course of law was established at Lille. On the 12th of July of the year following Marshal McMahon, then president of the Republic, proclaimed the following law: "Instruction in the superior grades is free." This sounded well, but afterwards followed modifying clauses that restricted this liberty considera-



FACULTY OF SCIENCES AND THE ACADEMIC HALL.

bly. For instance, in the conferring of degrees in secondary grades the state reserved all power to itself. In regard to higher instruction it reserved the right of a moral surveillance, the privilege of arranging the programmes of studies, and the presidency and preponderance of the mixed jury before which the candidates for degrees were to be examined. Such legislation seemed discouraging. Nevertheless, by the active co-operation of the dioceses of Cambrai and Arras, and by private subscription, over seven million francs were soon at the disposal of the commis-

CHAPELLE MAISON DE FAMILLE, ST. LOUIS.

sion, besides rich collections of books, amounting to more than eighty thousand volumes.

On the 18th of January, 1877, the formal organization took place. The Cardinals of Cambrai and Mechlin presided at the imposing ceremony, and in a papal bull were conveyed the congratulations and recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff. In a letter addressed to Cardinal Langénieux, in 1888, Leo XIII. makes this emphatic declaration: "I consider the cause of the University of Lille *my* cause, and those who oppose it injure the apple of my eye."

Lille now possesses the five complete faculties of theology,

law, medicine, philosophy and letters, and science. In the comparatively few years of its existence a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes has been founded, and buildings erected to the value of four millions of dollars. These buildings are situated on the finest boulevard of the city. In architecture they follow somewhat the new Flemish style, and,

The Library.

besides being fire-proof, are fitted with all modern improvements. Four hospitals, a botanical garden, and an immense medical and anatomical museum are at the disposal of the medical students.

Among its professors may be mentioned first of all the Rector Magnificus, Mgr. Baunard, well known even to Americans as the author of many works, among which are several

famous biographies; the Very Rev. Canon Didiot, not less celebrated as a littérateur than as a theologian, now occupying the chair of moral theology; Dr. Moureau, dean of the university, and Dr. Quillet, professor of dogma; in the faculty of medicine Dr. Henri Duret, whose reputation as a chirurgeon and biologist is international; M. De Labroue in the department of law; M. De Margerie in that of philosophy, and M. Jules Chautard as a scientist.

The students of theology live in the seminary and are under the direction of the Lazarist fathers. The dormitory system for the other students is quite unique. Three immense buildings have been constructed and fitted with all the necessaries, as well as billiard and amusement rooms. Here the student can hire rooms, take his meals, and live the quiet life of a collegian. If he prefer, however, and his parents do not object, he may choose his own boarding place in the city. These "Maisons de Famille," as they are called, are under the immediate supervision of the university authorities.

A few words about the exterior and location of the university. As one descends the aristocratic Boulevard Vauban he is struck as the Gothic city, composed of the university buildings, comes into view. The idea of a university to an English-speaking person is associated with that of grand structures set apart in a handsome park, with trees and gardens round about. It is not so on the Continent. The grand names so familiar to us, Louvain, Innsbrück, the Sorbonne, and, in fact, all the old universities, have their material realization, so to speak, in cold, uninviting buildings that cause no little disappointment to the pilgrim from "outremer." Not so at Lille; turrets, fantastic gables, sculptured windows and porticoes, are profuse on the Gothic buildings of the university. One passes them all—the big academic hotel, E-shaped, with the chapel and the aula maxima still in projection, wherein law, letters, and theology are lodged; the library, with its 180,000 volumes; the faculty of sciences and the industrial schools; three colleges—maisons de famille, as they are called—for the accommodation of students; the faculty of medicine, which in a period of ten years, with money collected in devoted Flanders, saw six large establishments rise up and form a city in themselves, viz., the faculty building, with its dissecting hall and large amphitheatre, surrounded by the botanical gardens; the hospital St. Camille, for men; St. Ann's Maternity Hospital and the Midwifery School; the Dispensary St. Raphael and St. Anthony's Children's Hospital.

There are two other establishments, more or less in connection with the medical department: the city hospital De la Charité and the Insane Asylum, in the suburbs. There are at present eighty professors and six hundred students at the university. The number increases rapidly from year to year with the growing name of the institution. They are from all parts of the country, while the strangers in attendance represent Canada, the United States, and half the nations of Europe.

In a speech at Paris before the Catholic Congress in 1892, Mgr. Baunard, answering a reproach of rashness in the establishment of the university, said: "We Catholics of the north have only one excuse to offer—faith. We have faith in God, and all is grandiose, for it is for him. We have faith in our friends, and all is noble, for their charity is such."

Statistics show that the proportion of successful candidates in law, medicine, science, and letters from Lille, at the state examinations, is higher than that obtained by any of the official universities.

"Lille will live and will prosper," declared the renowned Catholic orator, M. Chesnelong. "God has not aroused the enthusiasm of a noble and generous people, he has not provoked so many efforts and encouraged so much sacrifice, nor gathered together so many noble buildings, in order to raise up a tomb for the Catholics of the north of France."

THE PEST.

By J. L. Spalding.

(From the German of Hermann Lingg.)

HUDDER, O World! I am the Pest:
I visit every land,
On every home my seal is pressed,
In my dark eye Death is expressed,
And murderous is my hand.

From Asia's strand forward I sweep
Through murky heavens flying:
In Mecca, where the pilgrims keep
Their vigils, I my harvest reap,
And watch the living dying.

O'er hill and vale and mountain high
With palmer's staff I go,
Turning about my hungry eye:
Wherever human dwellings lie
I make a house of woe.

The greatest of Death's captains I,
The fatal foe of all:
Famine and war follow my cry,
And mother's wail when I pass by,
Throwing on earth a pall.

There is no help. To fly is vain,
I am more swift than wind:
My breath blows over the wide plain—
Lo, countless multitudes are slain
And in their coffins shrined.

The merchant brings me in rich wares
To deck his blooming wife;
He laughs and drinks, for nothing cares;
Then from his satin-cushioned chairs
I rise and take his life.

No rock-built castle is too high
For me, no hut too low:
Upon youth's downy cheek I sigh,
And with the bloom of health forth fly,
Leaving behind Death's woe.

The eye on which my shadow falls
Will never more see light:
The wine I pour is flat and palls,
My food is meat for cannibals,
And all I touch I blight.

In Tartary I slew the khan;
In India's perfumed isles
Killed negro prince and Mussulman;
And through the night in Ispahan
The dog the corpse defiles.

In the far north amid hoar frost
A noble harbor lies:
There I a ship with storm uptossed
And made of all a holocaust,
Glutting my cruel eyes.

In all the streets lie dead on dead,
While days and months go by;
As from the desert, life has fled.
In after years it shall be said—
Death's city here we spy.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER V.

Students' Missionary Society.—"A Heathen Chinee."—An Oriental Bishop.—A Bishop to the Orientals.—Kip's Heroes.—Henry Martyn.—Heber.

THE opening of my second year at the seminary found me in many respects unchanged from what I had been twelve months before. In regard to the diversities of faith and opinion which existed among Episcopalians it would have been hard to classify me. I could no longer be called an Evangelical. The scales had fallen from my eyes. Luther was no longer a hero. The reading of D'Aubigné's history had left him mirrored to my mind as an ambitious, restless, and dogged man, but one whose loud professions were shamed by duplicity, while his private life showed grovelling instincts inconsistent with a man inspired by a divine influence. And so it was in some degree with all the other reformers I knew of. Whatever good there might be in them, they shone no longer like stars in my sky, and with me they carried no authority. Nevertheless I was still Protestant, and in my eyes the Reformation continued to wear a certain providential character. It had proved, I thought, a good broom. The same hands that wielded the broom had also moved away much useless furniture.

Some of the Tractarians in England loved to call themselves "Apostolicals," and there was a good deal about their movement which seemed to be apostolical. William George Ward, one of the leaders of this stamp in England, in his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, proposes as a practical test to show whether a church is apostolical or not, to load the existing framework with all possible good. "If it will bear it, all is well. If not, God himself has solved for us the question and the system breaks down of itself."

I had long felt a strong calling to missionary work. If the Anglican Church lent itself zealously and generously to missionary labors, it afforded at once a strong test of her genuineness and opened to me a field in which I could joyfully labor. The

General Seminary had its missionary society. I had joined it at the beginning of my course, and I commenced this, my second year, with a new interest in its meetings. I was elected president of this society. Its members took much pleasure in reading such accounts as they could procure concerning church missions in foreign parts, and we discussed them at our meetings.

At one of these meetings we were favored with the attendance of a church missionary from China. He entertained us with an account of that country and of the wide field there opened to missionary enterprise. He had little, however, to say of any actual converts made, or of any very tangible influence exerted upon the inhabitants. He had brought home with him, at the expense of the Church Missionary Society, a Chinese who was, he told us, a man of note in his own country, a scientist and of remarkable intelligence. This yellow gentleman, he acknowledged, was no Christian and gave no evidence of any tendency in that direction. He made some disturbance during the missionary's address by his restlessness. Our meeting was in the seminary chapel. The organ there excited the curiosity of the Chinaman, and, without any apparent sense of discourtesy, he left his seat among the auditors to examine the organ, looking over and sounding the keys with great care, and kneeling down behind the box to scrutinize the pipes and the complicated action. Under these circumstances the lecture could not last long. We were all collected very soon about him, much amused by his movements. He laughed with great delight, and made various signs to show how well he understood the character of the instrument and how its work was done.

In point of fact this Chinese philosopher on exhibition at our meeting had nothing whatever to do with missionary labor in China. Any Chinese curiosity in a show-box would have answered the same purpose. When the missionary wanted audiences he helped to draw. It paid him also to lend his services in this way, yellow skin, slanted eyes, and pig-tail, to the Church Missionary Society. It was not a little disappointing to many earnest minds in our society, that this sight of a Chinaman was about all that our memories could retain of the lecture on missionary experience in China.

The Church Missionary Society, however, scores a better point against other Protestants, or thinks so, when a live bishop of any kind whatever appears from the East. It was about this time that Mar Yohannan, a Nestorian bishop from the moun-

tains of Ooroomiah, was introduced to the notice of American Protestants. He came over to this country under the auspices of the American Board of Missions, and was received with great acclamation by pious Presbyterians everywhere. He was no convert to anything, but he hobnobbed very comfortably with his new friends and made a good thing of it. I saw him at Saratoga. He spent some days at our house, on my father's invitation, and was a great curiosity. My mother was quite delighted to receive him as a guest. It seemed to her a blessing to have him. His friendly connection with foreign missionaries was in her mind an all-sufficient guarantee. Everything about him seemed right to her, except that he was an inveterate smoker. She abominated smoking as something irreligious at least, if not wicked. He was quite satisfied, however, to pass the greater part of his time on the front piazza, where he could smoke freely. His Nestorianism did not seem to need repairing, but his clothing did, and the girls of the family set themselves to work to make him a new outfit. I remember well the great glee with which they surveyed the immense amount of blue cloth necessary to sew up into trousers.

A theory was started that Mar Yohannan and his people were descended from the lost tribes of Israel, and this was a great boom for the American Board. These, it must be remembered, were the days of Charlotte Elizabeth—"Old Crazy Bess," as McMaster was pleased to call her in his irreverent style. She was then still living. Her writings were in wide circulation, and Protestant piety had been excited to the highest pitch of interest in all that regarded Israelites, and everything that looked forward to the conversion of the Jews. Episcopalian Protestants also, at least those of the high-church school, were much interested in Mar Yohannan for peculiar reasons of their own. He was a bishop, and, although schismatical in worship and heretical in faith, had an undoubted succession from the Apostles. Several of their bishops sought out interviews with him and endeavored to draw from him some expressions recognizing a fraternity of this kind. So far as I remember their efforts were unsuccessful. Mar Yohannan knew very well on which side his bread was buttered, and either evaded their questions or put them to confusion by replies more consonant with the Evangelical tone of the Presbyterian missionaries with whom he consorted.

The greater part of the students at the seminary were not merely Episcopalians in name, but strongly attached to that

feature of church government which divides their organization into dioceses with a bishop at the head of each diocese, with presbyters and deacons under these as distinct orders of the clergy. The majority of them, indeed, believed this feature of their church to be not only a thing of divine institution, but necessary to constitute a true Christian ministry. They believed in the necessity of an apostolic succession. To constitute this succession it is necessary that a bishop's official right to represent Christ should be traceable back to the Apostles, through an uninterrupted series of ordinations. This taken alone, without an historical union of belief and a visible brotherhood in obedience to one rule, is, to be sure, a very slender thread. It separates them very little from the confused crowd of Protestants with whom in doctrine they agree so closely. It assimilates them very slightly to the ancient church from which they differ so widely. On the other hand, their difference from all Oriental schismatics is as wide as ever. There is no community of faith between them, and yet Episcopalians are well known to be proud of a certain supposed unity with these ancient Eastern churches.

What I have said is enough to account for the general interest taken by Episcopalians in Dr. Southgate, who became a very prominent figure in the religious world at the very time when Tractarianism was at its height. He was sent to Constantinople as an Episcopalian missionary in 1840. He was called home and sent back again in 1844, with the valuable title of bishop attached to his name. It was hoped by this means to establish an alliance, or at least to manifest some sort of unity, between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Greek churches of the Eastern world.

We students of the seminary became much interested in Dr. Southgate, and particularly those of us who belonged to the missionary society at Chelsea. It seemed to present high hopes to all those of us especially who looked forward to a missionary life as one that might become our own. Dr. Southgate was made ready to appear at Constantinople with all the prestige attaching to the rank of bishop. We, too, might soon follow, and under the shadow of his apostolic powers gather in Greeks, Armenians, Nestorians, to—well, it is hard to say what! These Oriental churches had a real antiquity, and an acknowledged episcopate, which we had not. If they took us into partnership it would set us up. In return for this brotherly embrace we could communicate to them that superior spirituality which we had derived from Protestantism.

All this seems to me, of course, very foolish, very dreamy and very unpractical now. In our seminary, however, at that time, it did not seem so. There was plenty of matter in this mission to Constantinople to excite young hearts to a high enthusiasm. I do not remember that Carey, McMaster, or Everett, or any advanced Tractarians, took much stock in it.

I may as well at once say here by way of anticipation that Bishop Southgate's mission to Constantinople proved to be a great failure. He was not recognized by Eastern Christians as a bishop, or as differing essentially from other Protestant missionaries. He only succeeded in raising a war of recrimination between himself and Presbyterian or Congregational missionaries who had preceded him in that field. And this war was fought over again before the American public. I will give the history of it. It helped to hurry forward some anxious hearts on their way to Rome.

It has already been said that Bishop Southgate began his missionary labors at Constantinople in 1840, at which time he was a priest. From October, 1840, he continued his services there as bishop. In 1850 he resigned his charge and returned to America. We know of no mission since to replace it. No mention is made of any in the *Church Almanac and Year Book for 1892*. It will throw light upon the hopes and disappointments of many hearts, both in the seminary and outside of it, to give some little detail of the position of Dr. Southgate at Constantinople, and of the circumstances that made his mission fruitless. Much of its history can be found in printed pamphlets of the time. One of these is entitled *A Vindication of the Rev. Horatio Southgate*. This pamphlet, issued for the information of members of the bishop's own denomination in the United States, contains not only a vindication of his conduct against charges made by the American Board of Foreign Missions, but also counter-charges against the Presbyterian missionaries in that city. In answer to this was published a "Reply" reviewing the whole history of the quarrel.

According to the bishop's statements the Congregationalist missionaries at Constantinople had so far concealed their real character that an impression generally prevailed among the Armenians that they were clergymen of the English Church and were for some time supposed to be bishops. This impression was strengthened by their assuming the Episcopalian clerical dress, using the Common Prayer Book, making the sign of the cross in Baptism, and other like practices unknown to Congregationalists at home.

These charges are not denied by the missionaries in their "Reply" as facts, but they repudiate the motive given, that they wished to pass themselves off for Anglican ministers. They allege as a counter-charge that a great change had taken place in Dr. Southgate's demeanor towards them upon his returning to Constantinople as a bishop. Upon his first coming to Constantinople he was very cordial and friendly. He sat down at the communion table with them, received the sacrament from their hands, and took part with them also in the administration of it. He attended public service regularly with them on the Sabbath, sometimes preaching for them and sometimes listening to their preaching; and often had he bent the head together with them in prayer, he taking his turn without book or stated form.

After his visit to America, from which he returned to Constantinople as bishop, he was entirely metamorphosed, and determined to act on the most exclusive high-church principles. As a man he professed to be ready to live with them on terms of civility; but as a Christian, and especially as a Christian minister, he seemed to wish to have no visible relations with them. He would not consent even to have a prayer-meeting in common which they formally proposed, lest it should be supposed by others that he recognized them as true ministers of Christ, equally with himself.

The hopes founded by Episcopalians upon Dr. Southgate's appearance in Constantinople, and the apparent motives for his changed demeanor towards the missionaries of the American Board, may be seen in great part in the fact that he brought a letter, signed by seven bishops of his church, addressed to the Greek and Syrian patriarchs, in which the proposition is formally made for a certain kind of friendly alliance and co-operation.

Another point of missionary policy is to be noted here. On the one hand, it seemed all-important to Bishop Southgate's mission to Constantinople to make him appear as much as possible like an Oriental bishop. On the other hand, it would never do to have him mistaken by the Orientals for a Roman Catholic bishop. It was for this reason that the Rev. A. F. Hewit, now a Catholic priest and Superior of the Paulists, was not allowed to go with him, as he desired. Hewit was known at that time to have strong inclinations in favor of Roman Catholic doctrine. He was already very much of a Tractarian and of a character too frank to hide it. Appleton's *Cyclopædia of Ameri-*

can Biography puts this in still stronger language. It says of Hewit: "He was selected to accompany Bishop Southgate as a missionary to Constantinople, but the missionary committee refused to ratify the appointment on the ground that Mr. Hewit held beliefs that were distinctively Roman Catholic."

The committee were wise in their generation. Hewit was too earnest a Christian to play the part of a *via media* man very satisfactorily, or impose himself upon Orientals for anything but what he really was. In 1846 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and is well known in that Church for a long, strongly marked, and most successful missionary career.

Failures of missionary enterprises like this of Southgate do not suddenly and completely extinguish the hopes that lie in faithful and ardent hearts or destroy their confidence in the organizations to which they belong. What matters Constantinople or all the ancient Eastern churches on a map of the world? So Anglicans sometimes say both in England and in America. Have we not a great missionary history to show in Hindustan and in the rest of our Indian empire? In order to counteract any dangerous inferences that might be drawn from his praise of the "Early Jesuit missions in North America," Bishop Kip says of them: "There is not a recorded instance of their permanency, or their spreading each generation wider and deeper, like our own missions in India." This bold statement is in singular contradiction to actual facts.

In 1869 Sir William Hunter was entrusted by the Indian government with the statistical survey of India. According to his report the census of India for 1891 opens to us the following statistics: The total number of Christians in all India, including Burmah, is 2,601,355. Of this number about 700,000 are Protestants of one or other denomination, rather more than 300,000 are Jacobites, who hold the doctrines of the Eastern Church, and 1,594,901 are Catholics. Of these latter 221,000 are Syrian Catholics, in communion with Rome but having their own rite and clergy, and the rest are Catholics of the Roman rite.

How bold, bald, and untruthful is Dr. Kip's boast in face of these documentary facts! Even India herself, that country so thoroughly and terribly subjugated to British rule, that golden mine of British wealth, that fairy field of Anglican labor, has harvested far less to the English Church than to the influences of the Catholic religion, all poor and unsupported as it

is. Sir William Hunter says that "the Roman Catholics work in India with slender pecuniary resources." He also allows that "the priests of the Propaganda deny themselves the comforts considered necessaries for Europeans in India. They live the frugal and abstemious life of the native, and their influence reaches deep into the life of the communities among whom they dwell."

These facts were not so well known to the seminarians of my day at Chelsea; not even to those of the missionary society, who were best informed in these matters. There prevailed amongst us, however, much suspicion of the actual truth, and much gloomy foreboding in regard to the future.

In comparing Anglican missionaries with the early Jesuit missionaries of North America Dr. Kip says:

"Our own church has equally her *Acta Sanctorum*. . . . The annals of no church give a loftier picture of self-sacrifice than that furnished by Henry Martyn, when he abandoned the honors of academic life and exchanged his happy home at Cambridge for the solitary bungalow at Dinapore—the daily disputes with his Moonshee and Pundit—or the bitter opposition of the Mohammedans at Shiraz. And nowhere do we read of a nobler martyrdom than his, when he lay expiring at Tocat, without a friend to close his eyes or a sympathizing voice to address him. So, too, it was when Heber left the peaceful retreat of Hodnet, to suffer and die under the burning heats of India."

Far be it from me to decry the merits of Martyn or of Heber, or of other pious ministers in the Anglican fold or any other. It is, nevertheless, neither true nor edifying to put these estimable men on the same platform with Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, Brébœuf, Lalemant, Rasle, Daniel, Junipero, Abella, and a host of others who literally left all their natural friends to dwell in perpetual danger amongst savages, ending their lives in torturing, starvation, or violent death. A room called the chamber of martyrs in the college of the *Missions Étrangères* at Paris is full of mangled remains, of instruments of torture, and other tragic mementoes of missionaries of the same heroic mould, who in our day have ended their lives in China.

Neither Martyn nor Heber can be set down as martyrs. Whether either can fairly be considered as a confessor for his faith is very questionable. That they were both very estimable and pious Christian men is to be admitted freely.

Henry Martyn was a real missionary, and constantly during

his whole career in India and before that, while dwelling in England, and waiting as a candidate to be ordered to his field of labor, showed signs of a true zeal for the conversion of the heathen. The best evidence of this zeal is the fact that, refusing to take up his abode in Calcutta or any other large town, already crowded with Europeans and with clergymen ministering to Europeans, he clung firmly to his station at Dinapore, where he was in the very midst of a heathen world. There, also, although made safe against danger by the presence of British soldiers, he was deprived of nearly all such social life as could naturally be agreeable to him. There was much of privation and voluntary sacrifice in this. There was much also of missionary work, the most congenial and agreeable of which was his literary labor in translating the Bible and Common Prayer Book into Hindustanee and Persian. How nearly such a life approaches to the heroic must depend upon that degree of courage and endurance which one attaches to the idea of heroism. What seems to detract most from the heroism of such a career as Martyn's is a weakness of love-making, in which we find him engaged while in England, kept up until the very time of his departure; and the fact that some years after, while at Dinapore, he writes home to this old love, whose name we only know as L——, offering her his hand in marriage. This offer was declined. The marriage of a man involves many duties, and these not a little engrossing. Duties not only to the wife who has received his vows, but to a family of children, which will in the course of nature form about him. To a missionary devoted to his work as a divine and special vocation, this married life, however attractive, is incongruous. It must necessarily interfere with the engrossing demands of apostolic labor. It is difficult to harmonize it with a life of missionary heroism.

Martyn would probably have done much better where simple heathenism only existed, unsupported by any learned philosophy. He himself was little provided with liberal learning. Quite deficient in anything like systematic theology or philosophy, he was unable to cope with the trained minds he encountered even at Dinapore. His task was still more difficult at Shiraz. There he came in contact with Mohammedans, Brahmins, Buddhists, Jews, and others, many of them well trained to philosophic distinctions. It seems strange that once when closely questioned by Mohammedan teachers in regard to the person of Christ, he should have endeavored to explain the

Christian doctrine of the Incarnation by saying that *we did not consider his human nature eternal* (see Sargent's *Memoir of Martyn*, chap ix. p. 321). This was very satisfactory to the Mohammedans, as well it might be.

Mrs. Heber, widow of the bishop, in her biography of her husband, gives us his estimate of Henry Martyn as follows:

"Many of Martyn's sufferings and privations he saw were caused by a peculiar temperament, and by a zeal which, disregarding all personal danger and sacrifice, led that devoted servant of God to follow, at whatever risk, those objects which would have been more effectually attained, and at a less costly sacrifice, had they been pursued with caution and patience."

I give this estimate for what it is worth. I have not been criticising the wisdom or patience of Martyn, but his title to rank as a hero among missionaries. Whatever his title in this roll of honor may be, he cannot be classed as a typical Anglican, or as in any way an example of piety or virtue deriving its source from the Church of England. Although holding orders in that church, he was in all his religious views and in the spirit and tone of his piety an Evangelical Puritan. This shows itself in a certain disagreeable technical dialect found everywhere throughout his diaries, journals, and letters, which belongs to Puritan piety, and is in no way characteristic of Anglicanism. This is not at all astonishing, since the books which he most delighted in for pious reading were, after the Bible, the works of Baxter and John Newton, while his chief model as a missionary was David Brainerd.

Bishop Heber cannot rightly be classed with Henry Martyn. It is difficult to look at the bishop as being a missionary at all. However gifted with other qualities which entitle him to respect, his vocation to heathen lands came when the British cabinet gave him the appointment of Lord Bishop of Calcutta. His appointment found him officiating tranquilly as rector at Hodnet. He sailed for India with his wife and child in 1823, and remained in occupation of his diocese until his death in 1826. This death was caused by imprudently taking a cold bath after a day of labor and exhaustion. He visited his vast diocese faithfully, as every faithful bishop must, confirming and otherwise ministering not only to Europeans, but to native converts, when such fell in his way. There was no special privation or self-sacrifice in this. The whole crowd of Englishmen who flock to Hindustan meet the same inconveniences and dangers. To be Lord Bishop of Calcutta was to rank high in

India, second in importance only to the governor-general himself. When setting out to visit his vast new diocese, in the second year of his residence in India, as he himself tells us, he started on his journey up the Ganges with three vessels, two besides the one in which he and his domestic chaplain, Rev. Martin Stowe, travelled.

"One of these," he writes, "is a cooking-boat, the other for our luggage and servants; . . . twelve servants are thought a very moderate travelling establishment for myself and a single friend; and that the number of boatmen for the three vessels amounts, I believe, to thirty-two."

On leaving his boats to travel by land at Allahabad his train or caravan consisted of twenty-four camels, eight carts drawn by bullocks, twenty-four horse servants, including those of the archdeacon and Mr. Lushington, ten ponies, forty bearers and coolies of different descriptions, twelve tent-pitchers, and a guard of twenty sepoys under a native officer." All, servants and sepoys, were heavily armed. At every settlement where he arrived he was met by British officials, and was received with distinction by rajahs, princes, and native kings.

This is all very right. We only mention it to show that Bishop Heber's vocation in India was not one of a nature to rank him among the heroic missionaries of history.

Bishop Heber undoubtedly ranks high among Christian poets. He could not have united the spirit of a Christian with the lofty conceptions of a poet without being able to appreciate the highest type of a Christian missionary. One is not surprised, therefore, to find amongst his poems this beautiful tribute. I give only one stanza of one of his best hymns:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train."

That Dr. Kip should have instanced Bishop Heber as a specimen of this class of heroes must be attributed to the fact that he is the author of that celebrated hymn, the opening words of which are familiar throughout the world—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand."

I do not give any more because all the beautiful lines that follow are known by heart to so many thousands. A poet's special vocation, however, and his inmost character, are not necessarily indicated by a single hymn however widely spread. Bishop Heber is also author of the following beautiful lines addressed to his wife, who remained at Calcutta while he was visiting his diocese:

"If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Benagla's palmy grove
Listening to the nightingale!

"If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea."

There are seven more stanzas in the same strain, all beautiful poetry and all coming undoubtedly from his innermost heart.

The reader may perhaps wonder that in these reminiscences of a seminary life I should linger so long upon details concerning missionaries not connected with our institute at Chelsea. I have done it for a special purpose. In the first place, I have wished to show that Episcopalians are not behind other Protestant Christians in their appreciation of missionary work. In the second place, this work in their church puts on some special features of its own. These features are suitable to its own peculiar pretensions. It claims an ancient and apostolic character. It claims also a certain sort of Catholicity, something which binds it to all ancient churches throughout the world. These two claims are founded upon their supposed apostolic succession. All this, as I hope, will serve to show how amongst candidates for orders inclined to Tractarianism, but earnestly anxious to save their confidence in their own church, there grew up a yearning after a life of missionary monasticism. This last point will find its development hereafter. This yearning led to hope. This hope led to a break-up. Patience, good reader. Land ahead!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CONTEST.

I.

Francis and Poverty.

RIDE glared before him, clawing at the earth,
And Avarice sucking life from Italy;
The beasts that Dante saw—the horrid three
That barred his path, and others of vile birth—
Were rampant near St. Francis; no sweet mirth
Was heard from those he loved in poverty.
His dearest poor were hopeless—slaves, yet free
To curse and die;—their lives had little worth:
"Christ gave Himself, and thou thyself must give,"
Said the Low Voice to Francis. "Give thy all;
Not richest silks, nor pearls and gems that shine,
But all thy soul and body—that may live
The poor who perish; hear thy Lady's call!"
And Francis answered, "Lady, I am thine."

II.

Frederick and the World.

Rose-light and perfume and the flash of gold,
Most splendid raiment and the metred song,
And Lady Luxury and a venal throng
Of cringing courtiers, easy bought and sold,
Yet glib with Eastern lore. The curved sea rolled
Beside the marble terrace, while along
Danced sirens singing for the thronèd Wrong,
Sicilian Frederick, subtle, sensual, bold.
"Wealth rules the world, and rules the world with me;
Knowledge is mine, and learning deep is power;
Ah, Galilean! I will grasp thy part."
Thus spake the Emperor of Sicily.
The fight is done; the world and culture's Flower
Were vanquished by St. Francis—and a heart!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE PORTRAIT OF A NOBLE LADY.

By Marie Louise Sandrock.

FROM the many church-towers of Genoa the noon-day Angelus had sounded, and, true to the unwritten law of Italian custom, few pedestrians or loiterers encumbered the narrow, winding streets through which a cab, carrying a party of four, was slowly making its way. A fact quite evident to the chance observer was, that three of the four were American girls. In a hundred ways the American girl unconsciously confesses her nationality to the dullest of Europeans. And as for these three, did they not give a shriek of delight, largely blended with home-sickness, when they suddenly came face to face with their own Columbus, to whom the Genoese have recently given a very fine monument? Besides, were not two of these girls attired in the navy-blue costumes which, to foreign eyes, infallibly imply a loyal allegiance to the stars and stripes? Their nationality was not to be questioned, and it was not at this moment a subject that interested them greatly. They were "doing" Genoa and enjoying the process as it can only be enjoyed in a first experience, before one has ceased to realize that the first hour or two spent in a strange town is always replete with a vague but most positive charm. If one analyzes this charm, one finds in it two elements, viz., curiosity, half gratified at that moment when the mind's interest is most keenly awakened, and the half familiar of our historical memories of the town put face to face with the wholly unfamiliar of its actual appearance. But these travellers may have believed that a pleasure analyzed is a pleasure lost; for certain it is that they had no thought beyond the enjoyment to the utmost of this delicious charm of first acquaintanceship. Their cab kept on its tortuous way without pause or hindrance except when the temptations of a wayside lemonade-stand became too strong for resistance, and the damsels dismounted eager for the delight of beholding their "*limonata*" manufactured before their eyes from the lemons they themselves selected from the pile of golden fruit covered with vine-leaves. After this trifling interruption they continued their course through other streets, dirty and picturesque as those

they had already passed through, till they reached a little, alley-like street, back of the hospital of Pammatone, where stands the church of Santa Caterina.

Few strangers find their way hither, for the little edifice is not one of the sights of Genoa. It is only the pilgrim who walks under the archway with its faded frescoes, and up the steep steps to the ancient brick courtyard upon which the pure sun blazes in uncompromising fervor, as also upon the plaster walls, ugly and plain enough looking, of the church itself, to which is attached a Dominican monastery. The bit of blue sky showing above is a welcome refreshment to the eyes. After they have made sundry ineffectual attempts to open any of the big doors, the cabman takes pity on these three Americans whose devotion is scarcely proof against the intense heat and the vexation of waiting, and comes up from the street to give three or four huge knocks on the dilapidated, green-painted door. Immediately steps are heard, the bolt slides back, and a head appears, followed, after a comprehensive survey of the party has been taken, by the rest of the person of a smooth-faced, curly-haired lad, handsome enough to have been a Roman, who gesticulates and smiles, and, with an air of perfect unconcern, explains that the church is closed till three o'clock, when, if the ladies return, they may behold the body of the saint. His musical syllables, incomprehensible to these ignorant Yankees, are translated into French by the accomplished and obliging Jehu. The pilgrims are deeply exasperated and relapse into a very unpilgrim-like frame of mind. "This locking of churches in the middle of the day! Was there ever such a custom heard of before?" These and various other remarks, of like amiability, they make to one another with scorn unlimited, till some trifle, too unimportant to remember or to chronicle, occurs that tickles their Yankee sense of absurdity, and restores them to good humor.

Promptly at three o'clock the same cab and the same party again make their appearance. This time the blistered green door is hospitably open, and the travellers are speedily within the remotest recesses of the old church, which, like the other Genoese churches, is rich in frescoes, paintings, marbles, side chapels. Truth compels the statement that the altar decorations, as is the case with a great many foreign churches, are in wretchedly poor taste. Mounting several staircases, under the conduct of a benevolent-faced, bare-footed, brown-robed, cowled, and white-girdled Dominican, these modern pilgrims found

themselves in a little oratory or chapel. Another flight of narrow steps brought them to the shrine, above the rear of the altar in the chapel, where rest the mortal remains of the noble and holy Genoese lady whom the church has for many years honored with the title of *saint.* Exposed to view through the glass of the reliquary is the skeleton which the years have not ventured to crumble into dust. It is covered with a rich mantle and hood, and the bones of the long, beautifully-shaped digits are covered with jewels. Magnificent rubies, sapphires, and diamonds flash from those fleshless fingers. Their glitter seems to reiterate that old wisdom concerning vanity and vanities which comes home to us all occasionally. A better wisdom, that of peace and prayerfulness, comes upon these pilgrims in the few moments they spend before this shrine.

When they descend into the street the member of their party who has the misfortune not to be of the Catholic faith glances curiously at the old monk who follows meekly and afar off. Curious to her is this veneration given to the mortal remains of that strange personage—a saint. She, too, has subject for reflection while the others, still influenced by that contact with departed holiness, let their thoughts wander back to the days, four centuries ago, when those fleshless bones were the living frame of the soul of Catherine de' Fieschi.

In those old days none was so daring as to question the right of the city to the title of Superb, and none could question the large share the noble family of the Fieschi had had in making the assumption justifiable. Brave were the men and fair the women of this race. Great men had sprung from them. They had given two sovereign pontiffs to Rome, Innocent IV. and Adrian V. Illustrious cardinals, archbishops, magistrates, and captains were numbered among them. Their riches were great, their magnificence unbounded. Could the famous old Street of the Palaces, now "fallen from its high estate" to the title of the Via Garibaldi, give us its memoirs, conspicuous in them would rank these brilliant and arrogant and hot tempered Fieschi, of whose birthright and inheritance the family feud was as much a part as though they had been of the Capulets or Montagues, the Bianchi or Neri. Splendor and generosity, strife and merry-making would these memoirs tell us of. Something, too, we would hear of that James de' Fieschi, so prudent and so valorous that René, king of Sicily, appointed him viceroy of Naples. Not only was he favored of earthly kings. A higher Ruler than the sweet-tempered René of Sicily saw fit to honor James de'

Fieschi by making him the father of the child whom future generations were to venerate as St. Catherine of Genoa.

In 1447 this child was born. The sweetness of her disposition and the exquisite beauty of her face and form were remarkable in her childhood and increased as she grew into girlhood. But the little maiden whose charms were remarkable even in comparison with the beautiful women of her family cherished no vanity in her clear and transparent soul. Her life was a harmony of perfect simplicity and obedience towards her parents, of the most severe and tireless mortifications towards herself, and a zealous desire to perfectly accomplish the commandments of God and his will.

At the tender age of eight her austerities began. From that time on her couch was a bed of straw, her pillow a block of wood. By the time she was twelve years of age she fervently desired to give herself entirely to God in the life of the cloister. Indeed, she had already taken a tentative step towards being received in a convent of the city, *Notre Dame des Grâces*, in which one of her sisters was already professed. To this plan her parents, who were ambitious for her worldly advancement, emphatically refused their consent. Catherine submitted to their will, and four years afterwards became the bride, in obedience to her parents' wishes, of Julian Adorno, a Genoese gentleman of a family nearly as celebrated as her own. It was doubtless in the cathedral of San Lorenzo that the ceremony took place. Gay crowds of friends and relatives filled the church, whose marble pillars and arches were festooned with red brocade as even to-day the custom holds in honor of a festival. Feasting and revelling filled the palace of the Fieschi, for greatly contented were the two families and their friends over this alliance of nobility and wealth. The face of the bride shone with a beauty more than of earth. In her heart dwelt prayer and resignation and submission.

The bridegroom can be summarized in four adjectives: he was young, rich, handsome, profligate. Nowadays this sort of marriage furnishes the *motif* for tarnished French novels and the divorce court. In all times has it been the fruitful germ of tragedy and of heart-break. But in those days women accepted the possibility of the former consequence with an indifference born of acquaintance with strife and bloodshed; the latter they rebelled less against than does the modern woman, because they accepted more docilely than she the fact of their being the "weaker vessel." They knew that whatever their marital woes

might be, their tapestry, their missal, and their almsgiving would go a long way towards consoling them. They accepted a husband as a fact in life, but not by any means the supreme fact. The modern woman in gaining intensity has lost the placid philosophy of her mediæval sisters. However, neither modern thoughts nor modern women have aught to do with the wife of Julian Adorno. Nor, indeed, can she be judged by the purely human standard of any age. She was one of the chosen ones whose outward speech and act perfectly correspond to the voice of the Spirit commanding inwardly. Her marriage brought her no happiness. Once tired of her beauty, soon irritating to him because it was so spiritual, Julian made no pretence of loving his saintly wife. He gave her neither kindness, courtesy, nor confidence, those unpretentious but excellent substitutes for passionate affection. Neglect and unkindness he heaped upon her. He was a spendthrift, and squandered her fortune. Her patience was greater than Griselda's, but as patience implies silence, and there is nothing more exasperating to the one who injures than the uncomplaining silence of the injured, Julian's dislike of his wife smouldered morosely.

For the first five years of her married life Catherine bore her crosses in solitude as well as in silence. Her days were spent in prayer and meditation, in the cares of her household, in the unostentatious doing of the charities within her reach. She left the house only to attend Mass. If the influence of her pure and holy life crept out into the world, it was as unconsciously as the breeze wafts the faint and exquisite fragrance of a pot of hyacinths upon a cottage window-ledge out into the busy street for the refreshment of the passers-by. But Catherine felt in her soul sometimes the sadness which is the lot of all noble souls to whose desire for action and self-sacrifice Opportunity has never extended her gracious hands. It is a species of *ennui* which the touch of the world dissipates for awhile. Therefore Catherine, at the end of these five years, permitted herself to yield to the entreaties of her friends and to occasionally appear in the festive gatherings of the Genoese world of rank and fashion. She began to take pleasure in the society of the young and gifted ladies of her own rank with whom she had begun to mingle. Perhaps, also, she found a not altogether distasteful amusement in the distractions of dress and finery, for a woman must have travelled the path of perfection a very long while ere she lose her in-

born love of pretty things. Although there was no Monsieur Worth to dictate to them in those days, the ladies of Genoa were as undeniably bound together in the common worship of exquisite gowns as their sisters of to-day. The Queen of Sheba herself could scarcely have excelled those noble dames in gorgeousness of apparel. We are not told that Catherine excelled in this respect. It is scarcely to be doubted that her attire and her manners were equally distinguished by simplicity.

Five years again passed. Catherine Adorno grew weary even of this rare contact with the outside world. The influence of her sweet and noble soul had wrought much good in the circles she frequented. But the pleasure she had taken in this innocent gayety was no longer possible to her. An exceeding desolation filled her soul. The sight of every human being and the thought of all earthly consolations became so distasteful to her, that she vehemently demanded of God a three months' illness of so virulent and exhausting a nature that she would be placed beyond the possibility of seeing or communicating with any one. The depth of her anguish drew this petition from her almost involuntarily. The next day, as, filled with regret for her impatience, she fell on her knees in the confessional, her life assumed a new phase. At that moment her heart received the wound of divine love which made of her soul a fire of sacrifice and fervor, ever burning and never consuming. Her mind was illuminated by the touch of the Spirit. She saw all things as they are, and God above all. Crushed to the ground by this tremendous experience, and becoming in one instant perfectly detached from sin, from the world, from every creature, she cried aloud from the depths of her inmost being: "No more of sin, no more of the world, no more of anything but God!"

II.

In the gallery of the Corsini Palace in Rome there hangs an impressive canvas representing a scene in the life of Catherine Adorno. In the foreground is the figure of Christ bearing the cross. The blood from his wounds streams upon the floor. His hands are outstretched to Catherine, who kneels before him, and whose face, uplifted to his, glows with an ecstasy of love and sorrow. In the background there are the figures of two or three women who peep wonderingly at the saint through the uplifted drapery of the doorway. The noble figure of Catherine, whom the artist represents as belonging to

the rare and distinguished type of golden-haired, blue-eyed Italians, absorbs our attention to the exclusion of all minor details. We too gaze wonderingly at her, and, for a moment, we envy those ardent spirits, poets, painters, and preachers, to whom it has been given to read and reveal to others the soul of a saint. Not in uncomprehending and uninflamed lines of prose should this noble lady of Genoa be written of. Verse kindled from the flames of her zealous heart or from that other Heart whose fire communicated itself to hers; pictures such as the great masters of color and inspiration have created in honor of that other Catherine whose mystic marriage is ever a fascinating theme to the Christian artist—only these methods would be commensurate with the portrayal of the soul and the life of Catherine Adorno. Hers was a soul in perfect union with the Divine Will—love, the passion which the philosophers tell us is made up of desire and delight, so enkindled her heart for her Saviour that "her life became," says one of her biographers, "a union of paradise and purgatory."

The delight of this heavenly love made of her soul a paradise. The ever-increasing desire to be freed from the veil of flesh that hid from her spirit the perpetual contemplation of the Beloved of her soul made of her days so continual a purgatory that she was well fitted to write the treatise *On Purgatory* which has been a storehouse of treasures to many modern spiritual writers. Her other principal work is entitled *A Dialogue*, and is replète, like the other, with the teachings of mysticism and sublime perfection.

After the miracle of divine grace which set Catherine's feet upon the mountain heights of the life of perfect mysticism and contemplation, of unmerciful self-mortification and active charity, her husband grew more impatient than ever at sight of the heroic virtues of the woman he was so unworthy of. But her charity towards him was of the order that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Her patience and her prayers were at last rewarded by his conversion. He became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, led a life of sincere penitence and died a holy death. Catherine availed herself of her freedom to consecrate herself perpetually to the service of the sick in the great hospital of Pammatone, near which her mortal remains are still preserved, as if Providence wished the blessing of her presence to dwell for ever with the sick and suffering ones whom in life she had so loved.

Many incidents are related to us of her unlimited charity towards the afflicted ones to whose service her days were entirely given. No suffering however terrible, no sickness however appallingly repulsive, dismayed or repelled her. The same grace and delicacy of manner that in her youth had won her the admiration of all who met her, served now to attract to her the hearts of the suffering and unhappy, whom she then led to God.

Her devotion to the sick was not more admirable than her perfect management of the funds and business affairs of the hospital. Every duty she attempted was perfectly fulfilled. In her character were exquisitely blended the activity of Martha and the devout absorption of Mary. Her austerities, from her childhood remarkable, became constantly more severe. For twenty-three years before her death, during the seasons of Advent and Lent, she tasted no other food than the Blessed Sacrament, which she daily received. During these seasons a glass of water mingled with vinegar and salt served to quench or to aggravate the violent thirst which constantly consumed her. Her longing for death was so intense that only her complete submission to the will of God, her hatred of the very word *me* as showing that her own corrupt will still existed in her—only this gave her strength to continue her earthly life. Many bodily sufferings she endured, particularly in the mysterious malady which seized her nine years before her death, and which brought her continually to the portal of eternity only to cast her back into further suffering upon earth. Her illness baffled the ablest practitioners of the time, who all concluded that it was not owing to natural causes but to a divine operation. "In fact," says a biographer, "the true source was this devouring fire of holy love by which she was ever consumed."

During the last year of her life her sufferings grew more intense. The martyrdom she endured was the actual annihilation of her own nature and an active participation, in soul and body, in the Passion of our Lord. The last weeks of her earthly life were replete with marvellous spiritual favors, with intense happiness and intense agony. Paradise and purgatory had for many years dwelt together in her soul, but the hour finally came when the fires of purgatory died within her and the burning Heart which had so long been the source of her delight and her desire drew her soul for ever within the mystic flames that consume, in union of perfect bliss, the soul and its Beloved.

It was on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1510, that Catherine went to her eternal reward. The attempt to comprehend, to view in its entirety, the life of this noble and holy woman, forces one to read and re-read and lingeringly ponder the beautiful sentences penned, when the sands of Catherine's earthly life had scarcely begun to run their course, by a humble monk in a German monastery. Into his own soul, a soul akin to the saint of Genoa, and like hers strengthened and illumined by grace, he looked and, with exquisite grace and fervor and humility, related all the phenome na he observed there. In the pages of *The Imitation* can we learn the key-note of St. Catherine's life. It is there we are told that—

"The love of Jesus is noble and generous; it spurs us on to do great things, and excites us to desire always that which is most perfect.

"Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or on earth; for love proceeds from God, and cannot rest but in God above all things created.

"Love will tend upwards, and is not to be detained by things beneath.

"Love watches, and sleeping, slumbers not.

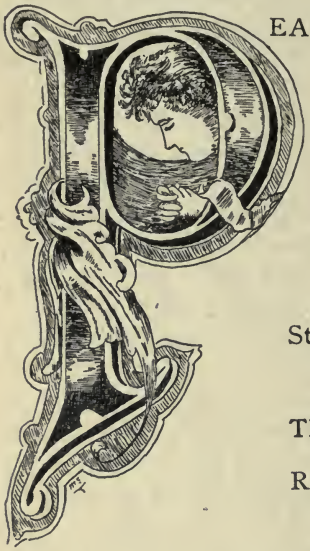
"When weary, is not tired; when straitened, is not constrained; when frighted, is not disturbed, but, like a lively flame and a torch all on fire, it mounts upwards and securely passes through all opposition.

"Whosoever is not ready to suffer all things, and to stand resigned to the will of his Beloved, is not worthy to be called a lover" (*Imitation*, book iii. chap. v.)

THE ONE THING NECESSARY.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

"The Lord said to her: 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary.'"—*St. Luke x.* 41.



PEACE! eager soul, O peace!
Thou canst not all attain,
Nor were it always gain—
Bid thy desire to cease!

Still! busy hand, O still!
Much must be left undone.
Toil but for God alone—
So may'st thou all fulfil.

Stay! restless feet, O stay!
All paths may not be trod:
Keep that which leads to God—
The safe and lowly way.

Rest! weary heart, O rest!
Love not the passing day:
Love that which is alway—
So hast thou gained the best!

A CITY OF SPIRES: CAEN.

By Comtesse de Courson.

THE tourists whose wanderings have led them through the smiling pastures and orchards of the ancient province of Normandy are struck, not only by the fertility of the country but also by the exquisite relics of architecture scattered here and there among the beauties of nature.

Rising from the emerald green meadows, on the banks of the sparkling rivers, or else half hidden away among the apple-trees, are splendid specimens of Norman and Gothic architecture. There is scarcely a village church that has not a quaint or rare bit of carving to boast of, and many a lowly hamlet possesses a pointed steeple of which even a city might be proud: evidently the mediæval builders of Normandy had a keen artistic instinct to guide them in their work of love.

Among the large towns of lower Normandy Caen more especially glories in its splendid churches. As seen from the high ground to the west, it is truly a city of steeples and spires, rising, fair and stately, from the green pastures that are watered by two small rivers, the Orne and the Odon. This first impression is confirmed by a closer view; with its churches and convents, its quaint wooden houses and their carved figures, pointed gables and latticed windows, with the old-world aspect of many of its streets, Caen has a singular charm of picturesqueness and poetry. As we wander down its by-ways we here and there catch a glimpse of old-fashioned "hôtels" standing among flowering shrubs. The rush and hurry of life seem to die away on the threshold of these silent mansions, where many generations have come and gone, where the traditions of the past still exercise a more potent spell than the restless, enterprising spirit of our own age. Further on we enter the half-opened door of some quaint old church, and kneeling on the well-worn stone pavement, where hundreds have knelt and prayed in bygone days, we realize how, amidst the changes of men and things, the shifting scenes of history and politics, the atmosphere of God's house remains unaltered.

The churches of Caen are numerous, and nearly all of them

are well worth a visit. Many of the finest, after having been desecrated at the Revolution, are now used as granaries and warehouses. Such has been the fate of St. Etienne le Vieux, St. Gilles, St. Sauveur, St. Nicolas; the noble proportions and carvings of these abandoned shrines tell a melancholy tale of departed glory. Their beauty, however, although striking enough to attract the tourist, is eclipsed by the majesty of two grand edifices which, rising opposite one another at the two extremities of the city, recall the memory of William of Normandy, the real founder of Caen, and of his wife, Matilda of Flanders.

Caen owes its prosperity to the Conqueror; it was he who built its castle, fortified its ramparts, developed its industry and importance. He desired to be buried not in England, the kingdom he had conquered, but in his own native duchy and within the walls of the city which he considered more particularly as his own creation. With this object in view, he built the Abbey Church of St. Etienne, commonly called "l'Abbaye aux Hommes." It was begun in 1066, the year of the conquest of England, and finished in 1077, ten years before William's death. St. Etienne presents a magnificent specimen of Norman-Romanesque architecture, with a slight mixture of early Gothic. It strikes us chiefly by its massive grandeur; it has not the lighter and more graceful beauty of a purely Gothic church, but its solemn and severe simplicity is more in keeping with the stern character of him whose tomb occupies the centre of the choir.

The character of William was a mixture of great gifts and glaring vices. He was cruel, vindictive, and grasping, but he had the faith deeply rooted in his heart, and, as he lay on his death-bed at Rouen in September, 1087, his conscience reproached him with his many deeds of injustice and violence. In particular, the remembrance of his cruelty to the English filled him with remorse and fear. "I rushed upon them like a raging lion," he exclaimed; "thousands, old and young, of a race most fair, have I, alas! destroyed." On the 9th of September the sound of a church-bell struck his ear. On being told that it rang in honor of Our Lady, the dying Conqueror stretched out his arms: "Then to Our Lady, the dear Mother of God, do I commend my soul," he cried; "may she reconcile me to her Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." And with these words on his lips he breathed his last.

A strange scene took place when the remains of William

were brought to Caen, to be laid to rest in his own Abbey Church. Around the bier were assembled prelates, monks, knights, and courtiers; the solemn dirge of the office for the dead echoed through the lofty building; it seemed as though, after his restless life, the Conqueror had at last entered into the realms of peace. Suddenly a faint rumor was heard in the church, murmurs of surprise and indignation grew louder; a man, poorly clad but with a pale, resolute countenance, was seen forcing his way toward the bier. He reached it at last, and, raising his hand, stopped the proceedings.

"That man was a robber," he cried; "the very ground on which you stand he took unjustly from my father!"

We may imagine the consternation of those present, the confusion that followed. Then and there the affair was examined, and the intruder's claims having been proved to be just, he was paid the value of his land by the assembled prelates. "Alas!" says the Saxon chronicler, after relating the humiliating episode that closed a successful career—"alas! that any man should think himself above all other men. May God," he adds, "have mercy on his soul!"

From King William's stately "Abbaye aux Hommes" we pass to the church of the Holy Trinity, or "Abbaye aux Dames," erected in 1066 by Matilda of Flanders, the Conqueror's beloved consort. It stands on rising ground, above the river Orne, and is an almost perfect piece of architecture. The church is not so large as St. Etienne, but lighter and more graceful, as befits the offering of a woman and a queen. The small galleries that surmount the aisles, the noble Norman arches between the pillars, and the circular arches above them are gems of artistic beauty. Matilda's tomb is in the portion of the choir parted off for the use of the nuns who still occupy the monastic buildings. The queen-duchess died in 1083, before her husband, and her grave, after having been violated first by the Huguenots, then by the Revolutionists, was finally restored in 1819.

The adjoining convent has now become a hospital served by nuns; it was formerly an abbey of some importance; the noblest families of France were represented among the religious, and the abbess was named by the king.

An incident of some interest is connected with the "Abbaye aux Dames" during the last days of its splendor. In 1780, nine years before the Revolution, when Madame de Belzunce was abbess, there came to live on the "Butte St. Gilles," close to the monastery, a family from Argentan, whom matters con-

nected with a lawsuit obliged to spend some years at Caen. The family consisted of a father, mother, and four children. The father, Jean François de Corday d'Armont, was a gentleman of ancient lineage, but in reduced circumstances. He had lived hitherto in a small manor-house near Argentan, and he seems, from all accounts, to have been a grave, gentle, somewhat saddened man. His wife, Charlotte Godier de Menneval, died in 1782, two years only after arriving at Caen, leaving her husband with two sons, whom, at the cost of great pecuniary sacrifices, he sent to a military school, and two daughters, the eldest of whom was only fourteen. The desolate condition of her neigh-

L'Abbaye aux Dames.

bors touched Madame de Belzunce, and she offered Monsieur d'Armont to undertake the education of his motherless girls, although, as a rule, pupils were not received at the abbey. He gladly accepted and returned to his country home, leaving his daughters to the care of the kind-hearted abbess. We are told that the eldest of the two children, Charlotte, was a quiet and thoughtful girl, very determined under an appearance of gentleness; ardent and enthusiastic in spite of her reserve, and already carried away by the alluring theories of liberty and equality, that were so generally discussed at the period.

Strange indeed is the contrast between the innocent, peace-

ful youth of the child and the tragic destiny of the woman, and it is hard to believe that the fair-haired maiden who once

L'Abbaye aux Hommes.

played in the grand old cloisters became the murderess, Charlotte Corday.

In 1791 religious orders were suppressed throughout France,

and the nuns of the Abbey of Caen thrown back upon the world. Mademoiselle d'Armont, as Charlotte was generally called, returned to her father's house near Argentan; but after some months we find her again at Caen staying with an old relation, Madame de Bretteville. She was then, wrote a friend who knew her well, a strikingly handsome specimen of a Norman maiden; tall and strong, with a brilliant complexion, abundant, fair hair, and beautiful eyes. Her republican opinions somewhat shocked her friends, who were all ardent royalists; but while reproving her theories they could not help loving the misguided generosity that made her embrace what she thought was the cause of right and justice. She was utterly devoid of vanity, cared little or nothing about her appearance, was affectionate towards her friends, and, though professing very advanced opinions, she never lost her feminine gentleness and reserve. Her voice was so soft, says one of her girl friends, that it sounded like music. But underneath these appearances lay hidden an unbending tenacity of purpose. Unfortunately, too, the motherless girl, in spite of her convent training, had studied the free-thinking philosophers of the century, and their dangerous doctrines had poisoned her mind, distorted her sense of right, and confused her notions of truth. Even to those who loved her best the proud and reticent maiden was an enigma.

We are told how, on one occasion, at a dinner-party given by her relative at the beginning of the Revolution, she aroused her friends' indignation by refusing to drink to the health of the king. A lady present, who had a real affection for the girl, bent towards her. "My child," she whispered, "why do you refuse to drink the health of a king so virtuous and so good?" "I believe that he is virtuous," was the reply; "but a weak king, who does not prevent the misfortunes of his people, is not a good king." Nevertheless, a few days after the execution of Louis XVI. we find Charlotte writing to a friend:

"After the terrible crime that has just been committed every generous heart ought to weep tears of blood!" The excesses of the Revolution had destroyed many of her illusions: "Those who were to have made us free have murdered Liberty," she says in the same letter.

As time went on and the general terror and confusion increased, Charlotte became more and more isolated; her friends had taken refuge in England, her father and sister were living near Argentan, her brothers had joined the army of the *émigrés*. A deep sadness seems to have taken possession of her,

and she brooded unceasingly over her country's sorrows. The tyranny of the Revolution made her heart burn with indignation, and it seemed to her that Marat, the leader of the Jacobin party, the purveyor of the guillotine, was, above all others, the evil genius of France. The idea took a strong hold of the girl's mind, her philosophical readings had warped her sense of right, a misguided feeling of patriotism did the rest, and she decided that to rid the world of a monster was a noble and a holy deed.

Our readers know the sequel: how, on the 9th of July, 1793, Charlotte left Caen for Paris; how, on the 13th, she stabbed Marat in his bath; and how, on the 17th, she herself was executed. She died with a calmness and courage worthy of a better cause.

Did any vision of her innocent girlhood, of its lessons and examples, flash across the mind of the Norman maiden ere she ascended the scaffold? Pure and proud, devoted and yet criminal, this noble soul, framed for heroic deeds, presents strange contradictions, and the halo that her youth, her beauty, and her courage have cast around the memory of Charlotte Corday cannot, alas! cancel her guilt.

Around the abbey buildings extend large gardens and shrubberies belonging to the nuns. A fine view of Caen may be had from the high ground within the precincts of the convent gardens; below us, as we gaze, are the steeples and spires of the old Norman city; beyond, far away, the fertile plains and green pastures extend as far as the eye can reach; above is the clear blue sky—

> ". . . and oh! the calm
> Of the blue heavens around yon holy spires
> Pointing, like Gospel-truths, through calm and storm,
> To man's great home. . . ."—*Bulwer.*

Among these "holy spires" the most remarkable is the fairy-like spire of St. Pierre, said to be one of the finest in France.

Less pure and severe in its style than the two royal abbeys, the church of St. Pierre ranks, nevertheless, among the chief monuments of Caen. It stands in the very centre of the town and is surrounded by a public garden. Its spire of pierced stone-work, surrounded by eight small turrets, rises from a twelfth-century tower, the lancet windows of which are of the purest Gothic. The interior of the church strikes us chiefly by the pendent fringes of its groined roof; both within and with-

out ornaments abound; flying buttresses and towers, exquisite carvings and charming bits of architecture, combine to form a whole in which certain faults of taste and harmony may be found, but whose general effect is striking and beautiful.

Following the Rue St. Pierre, in the direction of the "Abbaye aux Hommes," we reach a long, wide, open space, called the Place St. Sauveur, in remembrance of the church of that name, now used as a market, but whose towers may still be seen rising above the surrounding houses. To the ordinary tourist the Place St. Sauveur is commonplace and uninteresting enough, but to those who know the tales and traditions that lend a deeper meaning to the thoroughfares of the ancient city it has a pathetic interest. It is here that the guillotine was erected during the Reign of Terror, and among the victims whose blood watered the spot was a holy priest, deeply respected at Caen.

A curious incident is told of his early childhood. He was called Toussaint Marin Gombaud, and was born and brought up in the Rue St. Martin, close to the scene of his last struggle and death. A Prémontré monk of the Abbey of Ardenne, situated a few miles from the town, used frequently to pass near his parents' house, and it was noticed that the white-robed friar would stop and look on at the merry group of children who, in the long summer days, used to play under the shadow of the quaint old houses. Little Toussaint Gombaud seemed, from some mysterious reason, to attract the monk's attention in a special manner. He would call the boy to him, lay his hand upon his head, and gaze into his face long and sadly; he was even observed to shed tears as he watched the unconscious child, whose parents wondered curiously at this display of emotion. They at last ventured to inquire its cause: "That boy will die on the scaffold," replied the monk. To the honest citizens "to die on the scaffold" meant to die as a criminal, for the days had not yet come when the noblest and purest blood of France was to be poured forth like water under the knife of the guillotine. Shocked and frightened, they decided that to keep their boy from the evil ways that were to bring him to so untimely a fate they must educate him for the priesthood. Accordingly, he was sent to a seminary, where he made rapid progress in science and in sanctity, was ordained a priest, and finally became curé of the old church of St. Gilles, situated on the "butte," or height, of that name, close to the 'Abbaye aux Dames." His piety and charity made him much

beloved, but when the Revolutionary storm burst forth his very virtues laid him more open to suspicion, and he was forced to fly from the country. On his way to the coast, where he intended to embark for England, he passed through a village called Mathieu; here the peasants recognized him and betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. As a reward for this base deed they received a sum of one hundred francs, the price of blood, but a local tradition asserts that a curse rests upon them to this day. The curé of St. Gilles was tried, condemned for the crime of his priesthood, and executed on the Place St. Sauveur. Some gabled houses and the now desecrated church still remain, mute witnesses of his brave and holy death. His execution took place at mid-day; a few hours later, in a distant part of the town, on the banks of the Orne, the wife of an obscure citizen, named Garcel, gave birth to a boy. The execution of the morning had caused a certain stir, the streets were unusually noisy, and, struck by the sound of men hurrying to and fro, the young mother inquired what was going on. When she heard what had happened, she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven: "O my God!" she said, "thou hast called a saint to heaven; grant my prayer, and let my new-born babe take his place upon earth!"

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction; years went by, and in due course of time the baby boy, born on that dark day of the Reign of Terror, became in his turn curé of St. Gilles. Those who knew him say that he inherited his martyred predecessor's zeal and piety, and, above all, his loving charity towards the poor.

We must now bring our wanderings to a close. Before leaving Caen let us notice the tiny port where English and Norwegian vessels are occasionally to be seen, for the sea is only ten miles distant; the wide, green pastures extending round the town, and where the shady trees form a pleasant resort. But, though charming in its way, the "Cours," as these avenues are called, strikes us less than the mediæval aspect of the quiet streets, the quaintness and charm of the wooden houses and their dormer windows, the old-world aspect of the churches. All these things, around which hang memories heroic or pathetic, give a warm, human interest to the ancient city; these are the pictures which we carry away most deeply engraved on our minds as we turn away from the City of Spires.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

MAPLEVALE.

THE Methodist minister was in the audience on Sunday afternoon at our opening, the Baptist minister attended Monday night, the Campbellite minister Tuesday night. Then we expected on Wednesday to be favored with the Free-will Baptist minister, who is a lady, for it looked as if the "resident clergy" intended to honor by turns. But she did not favor us, and instead of her we had an alarm of fire. The size of our audiences had not come up to our expectations till that same Wednesday night, and I was just getting ready to address a large gathering when ding-dong went the loud alarm-bell, and out rushed the entire audience—men, women, and children, Catholics and Protestants—and ran to the fire. It was fortunate that we had not begun, though we were on the very point of doing so. But the fire was not a large one, and after our audience had inspected it, and had admired the heroic achievements of the fire company, back they came and took their seats again. I know not what St. Francis Xavier could do under such circumstances, but I never yet knew a missionary who could hold a mixed audience in a country village from running to view the conflagration of an old barn.

Perhaps it was to chasten our pride that we did not draw our usual big crowds every evening here. Hanwell and Flowerville were enough to spoil one, and so Maplevale was given us as a bundle of myrrh. We did not attract three hundred any night, and sometimes were several score below that number. But the quality was good. Deadly bigots got started coming, and continued through the entire course, and expressed themselves accordingly. The majority were nearly always non-Catholics, our little congregation not counting forty families, all told. Two Protestant school-mistresses drove in seven miles for every lecture, and the same or a longer distance was travelled by other Protestants.

After the fire on Wednesday night we were in a fair way to have fine audiences, but it happened that the Oddfellows of this county came trooping in on Thursday to celebrate their

seventy-fifth anniversary, and *they had two brass bands.* They turned the village upside down, wore the people out with parades and banquets and other social festivities. It was enough for one day. Our hall was "comfortably filled" only as a press fiction, for we had too evident a surplus of unfilled seats. The next night was our closing and it rained hard, yet we had many Protestants, including two ministers. All through the course our non-Catholics were of the most intelligent class, were deeply attentive, and carried away plenty of food for thought, both oral and printed.

The hall cost us three dollars and a half a night. It is the monument of a defunct Universalist society, being their church fitted up as a pleasant little theatre.

Our own people showed the greatest possible interest, drumming up recruits, and the farmers driving in with their Protestant neighbors many miles, and every way displaying their worthiness to be the nucleus of a larger congregation.

The Protestants here, though not very religious, are still a church-going people, supporting Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Free-will Baptist, and Campbellite churches; all this with a population of eighteen hundred in the village, and a fairly well settled farming country round about. The Universalists organized a society and built a church, and then failed to hold it. The Episcopalians have services every three months in a little church of the "carpenter's Gothic" style, and though not quite dead are yet barely alive.

The worst bigot in town attended every night, and his verdict was, "I know now there is no danger of a Catholic uprising, and I have a good idea what Catholics believe, and I am very favorably impressed with their teaching." He has been heretofore an open and active enemy of the church.

PREBLE.

We followed a travelling doctor in the use of the hall in Preble, and as we assembled Sunday afternoon some of his boxes still remained in front of the stage, looking like cases of muskets. "What's them?" asked a country youth. "Them's guns the Catholics is going to kill us with," answered a rural wag. Upon which the boy ran straight out of the hall. One dollar a night is our rent here, this being the town hall.

As soon as the Sunday afternoon lecture was done an elderly man came to me and said, "I read your advertisement only at noon to-day, and my wife and I concluded to come.

I'm a farmer, five miles out." "What is your religion?" "My wife's a Methodist." "But yourself?" "Well, I can't deny it, I ain't anything. But I liked your lecture and I'm coming every night." He introduced me to his wife, a noble-looking old lady, whose keen eyes measured me up and down and seemed trying to read my soul.

The hall was full at the opening lecture, the usual assortment of representative men and women being present. Conspicuous among them were the most prominent members of the A. P. A. to the number of eight or ten. The attendance soon overflowed our space, many Protestant families driving in from the country. "The town is full of rigs," said my good host to me one evening as I entered the hall, "and you will have a large audience." Now, if the Apostolic Church wants any better opportunity than this reveals for spreading the glad tidings I should be sorry to know it. Much of our success was due to my zealous pastor's thorough advertising.

This being a station visited one Sunday in the month, and the Catholics numbering but seventeen families and most of these farmers, we have no choir to give us our usual supply of singing. But the choir of the Maplevale church drove over on the opening Sunday, and gave us good music at Mass and at our first meeting in the hall. For the rest of the meetings we had excellent music from "local (Protestant) talent." I must confess to having had some curious sensations while speaking on such subjects as confession, and spending an evening wholly Catholic in the exclusive sense of the term, and being helped out by the really beautiful music of the Protestant young people.

Monday night while answering a question about the Papacy I was interrupted. A handsome man, with a blond moustache and spectacles, rose and said, "Who was Pope when there were two claimants?" *Answer:* "Whichever one was rightful claimant, of course. Who was entitled to be President when Hayes and Tilden were both claiming to have been elected? In such cases it happens that many honest people are simply in doubt and must get along for awhile without any pope or president. But the vital question is not whether this one or that one is real pope, but whether there be such an office as the Papacy founded by our Lord. Uncertainty as to who is lawfully elected pope is not doubt as to whether or not there be a supreme head of the church. After all the troubles of the Papacy, no such difficulty as a disputed election has arisen for four hundred years."

After the meeting I learned that my interlocutor was the Presbyterian minister.

In this village there are, besides the Catholics, the following societies with churches: Presbyterians, Methodists, Disciples (Campbellites), Free Methodists, Universalists, and Seventh-day Adventists. The Latter-day Saints of Jesus Christ, as the Mormons call themselves, have made some converts recently and worship in a private house. The first four denominations named have resident ministers.

The fallen-off Catholics, found in nearly all country places, are singularly affected by these missions, as was the case with some families here. They are generally among the most regular attendants at the meetings and most deeply interested. This shows that they did not have far to fall when their mixed marriages or their isolation from church and clergy finally involved them in Protestantism; if they were conscious apostates they would not be so ready to welcome Catholic lectures. Of many of this class you may rather say that they have fallen out of Catholic influence than away from Catholic faith, which many of them really never had.

I heard here from Protestants what I have heard everywhere: "We never knew Catholics held such doctrines"; meaning the atonement and the necessity of divine grace, the inspiration of the Bible and the good of constantly reading it, and the like. This shows the universal need of emphasizing the essential doctrines, those which all must know. We have all heard sermons on devotional subjects, the material drawn from devotional books, and containing only an implication of the deep, underlying dogmatic truths. Such discourses are only for the initiated. If all stated sermons fitted the general public, the general public would gradually find itself drawn to attend our churches in greater numbers.

The fact is that our American people, taken generally, will listen with equanimity to any exposition of religion, and will even help to get it a hearing, as long as there is no attack, no condemnation of differing views; and this is our golden opportunity. Our final purpose is to communicate truth, and must be so, rather than to refute error; to refute error never can be more than preliminary to giving truth. State and prove the truth to begin with, and the result will be to disinfect the hearer's mind of error unconsciously. It is better for one to give up error involuntarily, and therefore without effort, than to do it under compulsion of the conscious and humiliating

surrender of cherished opinions. To remove the crust of error from a mind you have but to saturate it with truth, for this has the property of disintegrating, dissolving, and cleansing. This treatment is wiser than insisting on the use of the knife. Only the few heroic souls can endure losing their skin for the sake of being freed from stain.

The following are some of our questions:

Question. If the laws of this country should interfere with any rite of the Catholic Church would Catholics obey the law of the country in preference to that of the church?

Answer. Catholics would obey their church in such a case, and so would Protestants. Suppose the State of Michigan should forbid baptism by immersion; do you suppose Baptists would not resent and disobey such tyranny?—and with every right on their side. But the American state disclaims all competency in such matters; on the contrary, guaranteeing liberty of conscience to all.

Question. If Catholics are a law-abiding people, why do they not accept our civil law in regard to marriage as valid?

Answer. Do you accept it? Do you agree that a lawful marriage can be entirely dissolved by a year's desertion of one of the parties? or by the party accused simply making default of appearance when summoned to the trial? or because of "incompatibility of temper"? Not only the Catholic Church but all the Protestant churches denounce our divorce laws. I venture to say that the questioner does not believe in the infallibility of his own church; does he believe in the infallibility of our legislatures?—Upon this I gave a brief statement of the Catholic grounds of the indissolubility of marriage.

The following queries may seem curious to the reader, the first four being all by the same furious interrogator:

Does auricular confession bring peace to the soul?

Isn't the dogma of auricular confession a sacrilegious imposture?

Does God compel the Church of Rome to confess the abomination of auricular confession?

And should auricular confession be tolerated among civilized nations?

Where in the Bible are we commanded to confess our sins *through a lattice-work?*

Is it the soul or body that sins?

Why do Catholics call their priests "father"?

Why do Catholics dislike members of the A. P. A.?

1. Why do most all Catholics vote the same party ticket?

2. Was the late James G. Blaine a Catholic?

What is "Peter's pence"?

Will you tell to this audience if St. Patrick was a Catholic or a Protestant?

The mission at Preble was fruitful of much consolation, many hopes of conversion, some persons of the best apparent dispositions seeking private interviews and going over the Catholic claims in a spirit of inquiry as fair as it was earnest and practical. But, oh! how far back must we not begin to start this deceived and deluded people towards the true religion.

HENDRIK.

The pastor here, a priest of exceptional attractiveness, displayed an amount of courage that amazed me. He positively requested the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Congregational ministers to announce the lectures from their pulpits!—and the last named one actually did it. The Methodist minister had perception enough to refuse, and did so with emphasis; the Baptist hemmed and hawed, and let it go at that—yet afterwards he publicly praised the lectures to his people.

A large audience, mostly Protestants, assembled the hot Sunday afternoon of our opening. There were nearly four hundred persons present, and upwards of two hundred and fifty were non-Catholics, the Baptist minister among them, with a leading member of the A. P. A. sitting beside him. This same Baptist minister questioned me copiously every night, to my great joy, giving abundant opportunity to go over nearly the entire ground of dispute between the church and her opponents.

A man of property and influence drove us from the hall to the pastoral residence after the opening meeting. As we got within doors the pastor said: "Do you see that man? He was one of our 'hickory' Catholics, never attending church, and many years without the Sacraments; but the very Sunday after the first meeting of the little A. P. A. lodge here he came to Mass, and now is a regular communicant." Such is the effect of even a shadowy persecution, like the present anti-Catholic movement, on a high-spirited people.

The weather was unfavorable throughout the entire mission, and doubtless kept home most of our country people and their Protestant friends, but the towns-people came in spite of the rain and filled the hall, being generally at the rate of three Protestants to one Catholic—an attentive, inquiring, and fair-

minded audience. To make a Catholic out of a Protestant is, as a rule, a work of patience, and has its period of dealing with chaos, incipient mental ordering going before the division of truth from error; but if one could desire better material to work with than our own non-Catholic fellow-citizens I should like to know where he could find it.

Among the questions were the following:

Question. Are not the pomp, rich robes, and ornaments of the Catholic Church opposed to the simplicity of the Gospel?

Answer. The simplicity and poverty of our Saviour's life is not a precept to be obeyed, but is an example to be followed by those to whose souls the Holy Ghost brings it home as a personal vocation. It is in the nature of a counsel or exhortation, and multitudes of Catholics follow it by giving up all things to the poor for Christ's sake, both as members of religious communities and individually. This question reminds me of an old Protestant lady who complained to a priest of the richness of the Catholic worship. "The Saviour," said she, "was born in a stable." "Madam," answered the priest, "were you born in a stable?" Our Saviour never condemned the magnificence and costliness of the Jewish worship, which indeed his heavenly Father had commanded even in its minutest details, and which he himself regularly frequented. And the Catholic Church by means of her beautiful ceremonies lifts the souls of men to thoughts of heaven, and brings to their minds the events of our Saviour's life, his suffering and triumph and teachings.

Question. Is the Catholic Church as a body in favor of free schools? If not, why not?

Answer. The Catholic Church requires all her parochial schools to be free where this is possible. The education of the whole people is the earnest wish of the church. The present public-school system, as being free and as undertaking to teach all the children of the people, is right and is so far applauded by the church. I saw lately in a reputable Catholic journal that Catholics are now forbidden to attack the public schools; and such is practically the effect of recent action of the Pope on this delicate matter. But we all know that Catholics desire daily religious instruction for their children and will endeavor to have it where possible, thus improving on the public schools. Yet it would be better not to have the state pay for this—better, under our circumstances at least, to keep the state quite apart from religious teaching. But can we not allow parents to provide religious lessons for their children in the public schools

and pay for it themselves? Can we not do as well in this respect as Protestant England or Catholic Austria?

Question. If Peter and the Apostles had power to remit and retain sins, they also possessed miraculous power. Should not the priests of the present day possess the power of working miracles as evidence of their power to forgive sins, which is itself a miracle? If you can perform this miracle you ought to be able to perform some other. Do so, and the writer of this question will renounce his Protestantism and become a Catholic at once.

Answer. The gift of miracles is rightly demanded of the true Christian ministry, but may not be required from every member of it. The power of working miracles is undoubtedly in the Catholic priesthood, and I have known of many cases of its exercise, proved indubitably. But to demand it of every one of us is not reasonable, not scriptural. And I fear that my friend would back out from his pledge to enter the church if I gratified him with a miracle worked to order, or he would explain it away to his own satisfaction. Our Saviour himself, with even his miracles, was not always successful in persuading men of the truth of his teaching.

The following questions gave me golden opportunities for instruction, as will be obvious to the Catholic reader:

Is the Catholic religion founded on the love of God and his creatures?

Who was the first Catholic priest?

Why does the priest preach in Latin when the congregation cannot interpret it?

"To purchase heaven has gold the power?" If not, how is it that the priest prays the soul out of or through purgatory for a price?

Why do Catholic priests wear such queer robes on the altar when Mass is going on? and why do they make a smoke on the altar sometimes? and why do they use candles at a funeral?

Some conversations with teachers, doctors, and others after the lectures gave me much pleasure. Always they expressed their thanks for being set right about the Catholic faith, generally acknowledged the value of the lectures to religious minds of all opinions, and universally exhibited a tendency further to listen to Catholic claims.

LAKESIDE.

Some days before arriving at this mission I received the following from the pastor:

"In reply to your letter, I will state that I have had 3,000 of the hand-bills you sent me printed. I told the people to paste them up everywhere; and now as I go along the roads, for miles on all sides the name Rev. Walter Elliott stands out in far greater prominence than did ever the famous name P. T. Barnum, as far as this neighborhood is concerned anyway. Rest assured the crowd will be there if the weather is at all favorable."

And the crowd was there, though the weather was by no means favorable. It rained every night except the last one, yet we packed the hall at every meeting but one; the rain came down in torrents that night, and still we had two hundred persons—as many non Catholics as Catholics—no small success when it is remembered that not a score of the audience live in the village. It is a pretty little summer resort, at this early date of course quite vacant of tourists.

Seldom have we had so hearty a welcome. The hall was given free, being the large ball-room of the big hotel; and the landlord, a Protestant, wanted to board and lodge us on the same terms. Every evening but the very rainy one our hall was packed with four hundred stalwart countrymen and their wives, and their big boys and girls, more than half being Protestants. Each meeting was entertained with singing by the local glee club, Protestants all, and very excellent singers. The best Protestant people for five miles around drove splashing through the mud to hear the lectures, and eagerly accepted and read the leaflets given them.

I do not remember ever to have addressed a more attentive audience. They were especially interested in the discussion of the contents of the Query Box, the non-Catholics being amazed at the easy answers to the "posers" placed there. As I would read a question the stillness became absolute, and if the answer was delayed but a minute the suspense was oppressive. Meantime nearly the entire field in dispute between Catholics and Protestants was covered by this means.

The corners and wainscots of the room, as usual in rural missions, were occupied by our farmer-boys, Catholic and Protestant. It did one's heart good to see them listening to the lectures—noble fellows, brown with sun and wind, their clothes

spattered with the mud of their journey; most of them, I trust, as innocent as they are manly. God send that as my farmers went back to till their fertile fields the Holy Spirit of truth may give rich increase to the good seed sown by the lectures as well as by the printed truth distributed!

Our church is five miles south of the village, and is absolutely rural, having no "neighborhood" whatever except the adjacent farmers' houses, and their smiling fields and orchards and groves, now musical the live-long day with the birds of spring. So we drove five miles and back for each lecture, every night but the last in the rain and through the mud. This was no small discomfort, but easily borne when we saw such numbers of both Catholics and Protestants driving along through the swimming roads, and even trudging afoot through the rain to listen to us.

Let me mention the hymn-singing again, it was so very well done. In many places we have this feature of our missions, excellent singing by wholly Protestant choirs—sometimes even timidly asking leave to assist us with their voices. Besides helping the evening's entertainment with hymns of unexceptionably orthodox sentiment, these honest Protestant coadjutors compel from the lecturer the largest possible amount of kindliness towards our erring brethren. Could you rail and rant at Protestants when Protestants thus help to gather and entertain your audience? But more: who would wish a more hopeful apostolate than one in which the Protestants furnish the music and set the step for the march towards Catholicity? "Glad to sing for you, father," said the leader of our Lakeside quartette, a fine old veteran with a white moustache and a noble bass voice—"glad to sing for you, father; we're not bigots around here."

From an early hour in the evening till we "opened with prayer" there was a hubbub and clatter everywhere in the hall and in the broad corridors, the people "visiting" with one another. And the moment we had "closed with benediction" the entire audience renewed the visiting, and added a lively exchange of views about the lecture and the questions.

By such social intercourse Catholicity has only to gain, supposing it to be in a vigorous and aggressive condition already. And such is the normal condition of the true church. The right policy of the Lord's army is not so much building entrenchments for the defenders of religious truth to seek safety in, as in forcing the exponents of error thus to cover

themselves. Hiding in a ditch is proper for error and falsehood, and has only been the policy of truth when its exponents were recovering from disaster.

Among our questions was the following:

Question. Why do you baptize babies in your church? Isn't it unreasonable to give them something which they know nothing about when they are receiving it?

Answer. Well, as to that, why do you feed babies, giving them something which they know nothing about? Don't it do them good all the same? And shall not God be allowed to do people good unless they know all about it? And pray tell me how shall infants who die before the use of reason ever enter heaven except by the grace of God, and do you know any evidence that they have received the grace of God except by means of baptism? Is heaven given to any but the regenerate, those "who are born again of water and the Holy Ghost"? Then followed a brief statement of the theory of natural beatitude for unbaptized infants.

The following questions are thought curious and suggestive—a few among many of the kind. The last one was, I am sure, honestly written, and voiced the sentiment of the majority of the non-Catholics.

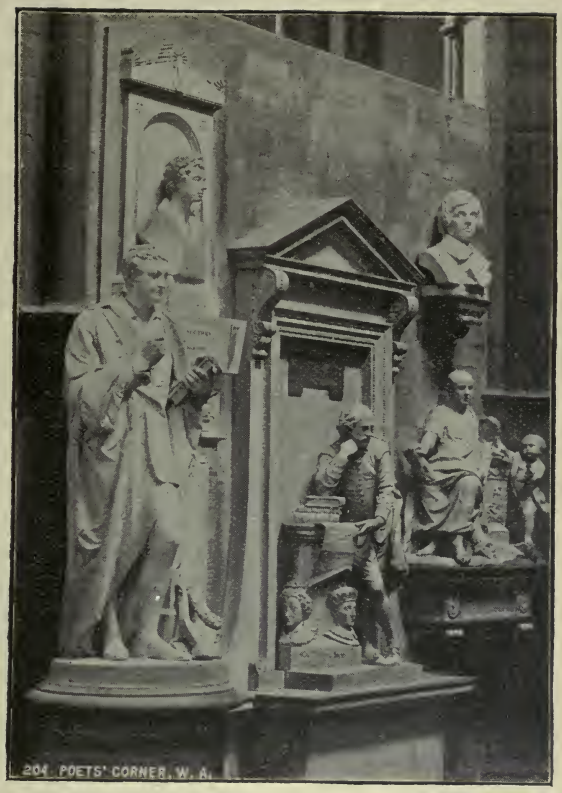
Isn't it claimed that St. Patrick, who civilized the Irish, was an Episcopalian?

Don't Catholics imagine, because Columbus discovered America, they ought to own it?

Is it true that Catholics are arming to kill the Protestants?

Rev. Mr. Elliott: You have pleased us very much by your talks those nights. I wish all men of God could talk so, to make religion better respected. Will you ever come here again? FROM A MEMBER OF NO CHURCH.

God send that not only these honest Protestants, but all of their brethren in the entire country, may have the privilege of the spoken and printed truth, and that at frequent intervals.



MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.

THE VALHALLA OF ENGLAND'S POETS.

BY REV. JOHN CONWAY, A.M.

THERE may be a luxury in woe; there is a pleasure in a certain species of melancholy. Westminster Abbey invariably awakens a melancholy pleasure in the sensitive soul. The grand old minsters of England are mean as compared with it. No other pile in that country can call forth such a splendid crowd of historical associations. You hear the monotonous prayer of the monks of the olden time; you see the frowning splendor of kings and the stately grace of queens; you look at the proud faces of the nobles and the stern aspects of the war-

riors; you gaze on the meek mien of the martyrs and the costly adornments of the court beauties; you listen to the glowing eloquence of the orator and to the argumentative periods of the statesman; you learn law, theology, philosophy, history, science, and literature from their many able exponents whose bones lie mouldering in the dust of Westminster Abbey. But as poetry is the soul of literature, so the soul of the abbey is Poets' Corner. The dim lights, the shadowy distances, the painted windows, the clustering pillars, the numerous chapels, the multitudinous memories of the past have a forcible fascination for the pilgrim to the abbey. Still he turns aside from all and willingly wends his way to the south transept, or Poets' Corner. He is ready to postpone the pleasure arising from those stately elegances which speak so eloquently of the greatness and the littleness of man until he has made a meditation upon the soul of the abbey.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE.

What is the attraction? The pilgrim may not be fond of poetry; he may not care about reading it at all. Most people prefer to read of poets to reading poetry. Nevertheless there is a poetic spirit in every man, be it undeveloped as a chrysalis, be it shrunken as a withered leaf. He is drawn to the necropolis of the poets by a strong touch of nature. He may have seen the two greatest pageants on earth—the Pope giving an audience in the Vatican and the Queen holding a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. These things dazzle or delight or dismay according to the temperament of the spectator. They are too artificial to teach man much of human nature. On the other hand, a pilgrimage to Poets' Corner leads up to the study of men whose follies were superlative or whose virtues were heroic, for poets are almost invariably men of extremes.

A visit to Poets' Corner is eminently valuable as a means of awakening enthusiasm for the study of poetry. He who visits the Holy Land and treads the paths that Jesus trod, and sees the scenes of the Saviour's earthly career, and studies the history of the period in the light of its local surroundings, is thereby prepared for a more profitable perusal of the Sacred Scriptures. So with the pilgrim to Poets' Corner. Not that all the great poets of England lie buried here, but the twelve or thirteen English poets who remain to us as the selected glories of five centuries are either buried or in some way commemorated in this sacred spot. Addison's remark, published in the *Specta-*

tor many golden years ago, still holds good: "In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets." He might have added that there are some buried or commemorated here who are not poets even in name. Such, for instance, are Grote, the historian; Thirwall, the theologian; Garrick, the actor; Taylor, the architect; South, the preacher; Handel, the composer; and Dickens, the novelist.

SOME INTRUDERS ON POETS' GROUND.

It is not easy to find a valid reason why this Corner should hold the dust of Anne, queen of Richard III., or why it should have a monument to Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of Henry VIII. One Mary Hope has an inscription on a tablet in Poets' Corner because she was a young married woman with a beauteous form, and one Thomas Parr is buried there because he lived to be one hundred and fifty-two years old and his life ran through the reign of ten princes.

In the dim past, perhaps, it was not very difficult to secure a burial or a memorial in the abbey. It rests with the dean to decide who shall be buried or otherwise honored there, but of course he always conforms his judgment to the wishes of Windsor Castle. A grave or a memorial in the abbey is looked upon as a high honor in England, higher perhaps than membership in the Academy is held in France. In England no more appreciative tribute can be paid to the memory of a man than to give him some recognition in Poets' Corner.

AMERICA'S INTEREST IN POETS' CORNER.

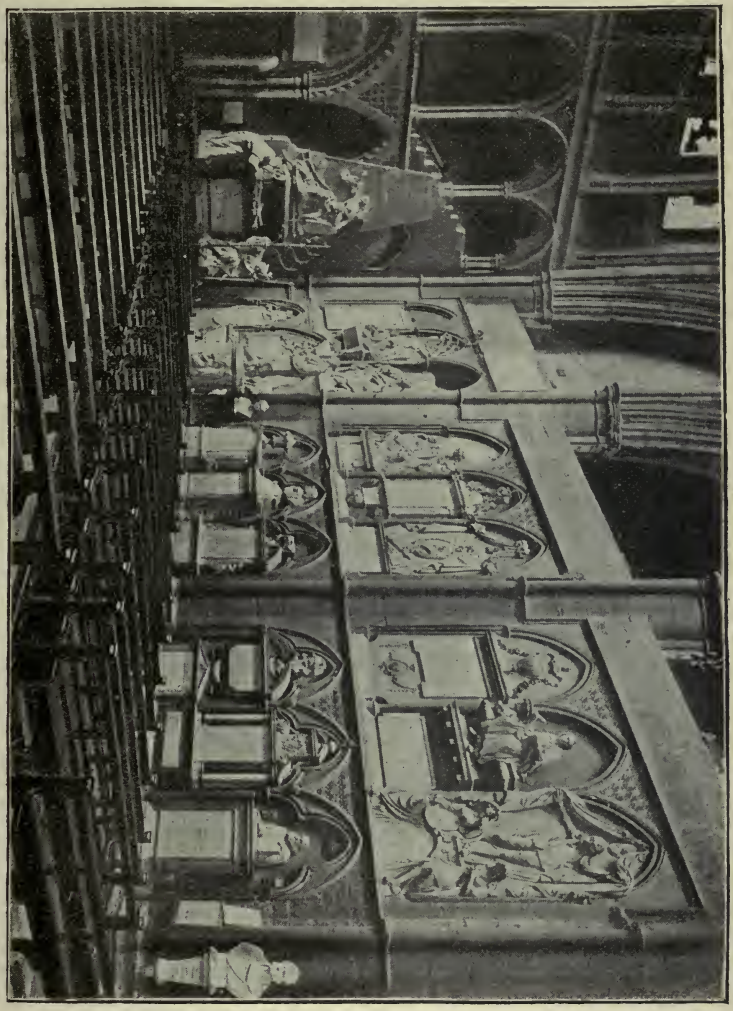
The spot has a special claim upon the attention, and makes a tender appeal to the affection, of Americans. For whilst there is a memorial window representing a sun setting in the far west, in memory of an English minister at Washington, and whilst there is a gift from America in the shape of autumnal leaves over the monument of André, and whilst the abbey itself has been the temporary resting-place of more than one distinguished American, and the national temple wherein public services have been held in honor of our deceased great ones, nevertheless Poets' Corner is the place of our predilection since a bust of Longfellow was unveiled there in 1884. As Englishmen thought it proper to pay such a pleasing tribute to an American writer it is well that they selected the best known of our poets, the nearest approach to being the people's poet, the sweet singer of the do-

mestic affections, the man whose muse is national rather than provincial, and cosmopolitan more than national. The bust with its inscription is a model of taste, recording with becoming modesty a few useful facts of him who was born of republican simplicity. On the pedestal we read: "This bust was placed among the memorials of England by the English admirers of an American poet. Born at Portland, U. S. A., February 27, 1807. Died at Cambridge, U. S. A., March 24, 1882."

DRYDEN'S MONUMENT.

Near that of Longfellow is the bust of Dryden, chiefly conspicuous for the simplicity of its inscription. It merely mentions the laureate's name and the dates of his birth and death. There is a sad surrender of this severe simplicity in most of the other monuments of Poets' Corner. The name of Garrick is connected with that of Shakespeare so that they may be made to shine like "twin stars"; one Stewart Mackenzie is said to have had many friends and not one enemy; a duke of Argyle is described as the Great Duke, a general and orator exceeded by none in his time; Michael Drayton is mentioned as a memorable poet who exchanged his laurels for a crown of glory; and to cap the climax of hyperbolic epitaph, the tomb of Abraham Cowley tells a benighted world that he was the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England, and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age. Long enough to entitle a man to a place on the calendar of saints is the list of virtues which bloom in the epitaph of the elegant Addison. Read it: "Whoever thou art, venerate the memory of Joseph Addison, in whom Christian faith, virtue, and good morals found a continual patron; whose genius was shown in verse and every exquisite kind of writing; who gave to posterity the best examples of pure language and the best rules for living well which remain and ever will remain sacred; whose weight of argument was tempered with wit, and accurate judgment with politeness, so that he encouraged the good and reformed the improvident; tamed the wicked, and in some degree made them in love with virtue." Even poor Goldsmith, the faun-like lover of the sunlight and of the woods, the "Goldy" of Dr. Johnson and the "Noll" of his numerous friends, is not permitted to escape the excessive kindness of posthumous friendship. It would have been wiser not to remind the reader of Goldsmith's medical degree, for he did not do it honor, and it always recalls a disagreeable remark of one of his friends. Goldsmith, in an innocent way, said that

although he was a doctor, he never prescribed for any one except a few friends. Whereupon Beauclerc replied: "It would be better to prescribe for your enemies." The inscription tells of his eminence as a poet, philosopher, and historian. That he



POETS' CORNER.

was the most graceful and elegant writer of the eighteenth century is true, that he was eminent as a philosopher depends upon one's view of life, that he was a great historian is not true. His friend Dr. Johnson thought that his chief equipment for

writing the *History of Animated Nature* consisted in his being able to tell a horse from a cow, and beef from mutton when it was boiled.

CHAUCER.

The English people are slow and conservative in putting the national seal of recognition upon anything. Once a thing is so honored, then it were a desecration to change, or to encroach upon, a precedent which crystallizes the wish of a whole people. The origin of the special glory of Poets' Corner dates back to the burial of Chaucer. It was a happy omen that this passionate lover of nature, this illustrious ancestor of a glorious galaxy of English poets, this Morning Star of Song, as Tennyson calls him, should have been the first poet buried in the far-famed Corner. The motives which led to his burial here are not quite clear. It is said that he was laureate to three kings. The claim is set up by no less an authority than the theological poet Dryden, but there is no certainty as to who was the first laureate, and the poetic precursor of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Wordsworth and of Tennyson, was probably put in the Corner as a matter of convenience. No doubt his official position in the royal household would have been an impelling motive to bury him in the abbey.

SPENSER.

But Poets' Corner did not become fixedly a sanctuary of song for almost two centuries after, when the gentle author of *The Faerie Queene* was buried near the grave of Chaucer.

A ROYAL PATRON OF POETS.

The origin of monuments to poets is traced to Richard II. Just a year before the birth of Spenser the present tomb was raised to Geoffrey Chaucer, whose grave hitherto had been marked by a plain slab. This new tribute to the memory of a man who had been dead since 1400 might be looked upon as a promising prelude to the most brilliant age in the annals of English literature—the period to which Queen Elizabeth gave her name.

Before his death Ben Johnson was acknowledged to be the greatest man of letters in England. To-day the swaggering, brutal, learned Ben, who fought in Flanders, married a shrew, mended old plays, wrote new dramas, and was laureate to James I., is now chiefly remembered by an inscription on a

medallion in Poets' Corner. All know the words, "O Rare Ben Johnson"; few know the fortuitous occasion of the memorable inscription. Sir John Young, an Oxfordshire gentleman, was passing through the abbey one day, and he gave a mason who was working there the princely sum of eighteen pence for cutting the immortal epitaph. The inscription occurs in three places in the abbey, and, contrary to the usage of modern writers, the name of Johnson is spelled in all three with an *h*. There is yet more authority for thus spelling the name of this scholarly cynic. For instance, Fuller, his contemporary, writes Johnson's name with an *h* in a work entitled *Westminster*. Unfortunately the weak imitator of Johnson's epitaph appeared, with the result that on the tomb of Davenant are inscribed the words "O Rare Sir William Davenant." Davenant was not rare except in the sense that Oxford rumor set him down as the illegitimate son of Shakespeare, and his chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that he succeeded Johnson as laureate. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been an aid to his epitaph in making the world remember that there once lived such a man as the learned Ben Johnson.

RARE BEN AND SWEET WILL.

Though not expressively appreciative of the Bard of Avon during Shakespeare's life, Ben Johnson paid him a whole-souled tribute after death. He refers to the Sweet Swan of Avon as one who is a monument without a tomb, as a writer who will live as long as people have wits to read, as a versatile genius to whom all scenes of Europe owe homage, as a poet who was not for an age, but for all time. He calls his beloved master William Shakespeare the

". . . Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!"

This appears in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works, printed in 1623. If any man in England was in a position to know whether or not Shakespeare was the author of the plays, it was the poet's ardent admirer and most learned contemporary, Ben Johnson.

AN ODD BLUNDER.

It is strange that such a distinguished traveller as the late Bayard Taylor should have made the mistake of thinking that Shakespeare's ashes are in Poets' Corner, notwithstanding the

prayerful and tearful stanza at Stratford, blessing him who spares "these stones," and cursing him who moves "these bones." The hunter of literary curiosities casts a hurried glance at the figure of Shakespeare—which, according to some, makes the great poet appear like a sentimental dandy—and hastens to read the exquisite inscription and to compare it with the readings in the well-known editions of the plays. The lines are from "The Tempest," and as they appear on the monument read as follows:

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

In all the available editions, at least in the United States, the reading is:

> "And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

I am well aware of the contention of some commentators, that Shakespeare wrote *track* and not *rack*.

GAY'S EPITAPH.

Of the other epitaphs that of Gay attracts most attention, not because of its singular merit, but because of its misplaced flippancy. It was written by himself and reads thus:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

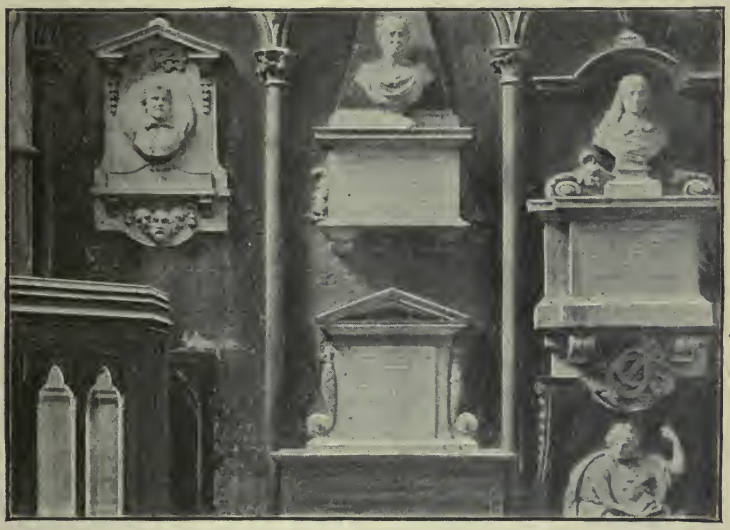
And yet I do not know that the funereal frivolity of Gay is more indecorous than the graveyard virtues and tombstone grief of others are hypocritical.

We naturally miss from this sanctuary of song the names of some who are among the immortals of English poetry. Such is Byron, whose descriptive powers are certainly unsurpassed, and probably unequalled by any of England's long and lengthen-

ing list of poets. Such also is Shelley, who poured forth his soul, always with the satisfying profusion, frequently with the fascinating unpremeditation, of his own "Skylark."

FORGOTTEN LAUREATES.

The laureates of England are not all remembered in Poets' Corner. Some of them have no memorial in the abbey, and indeed did not deserve any. In the dim and distant past, when the two great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge annually bestowed the proud title of *poeta laureatus* on their most successful student in prose and verse, they established a custom



A NOOK IN POETS' CORNER.

which subsequently developed into a laureateship conferred by the court. It is not easy to tell who was the first poet formally crowned by the king. If the laureateship be looked at in a broad sense, no doubt some of the old poets might be called laureates, for they wrote poetry at the bidding of the sovereign and received royal patronage in return. Some say that one John Kays, of the days of Edward IV., was the first laureate. The admirable Spenser of "The Faerie Queene," and the gentle Daniel who wrote sonnets to "Delia," are mentioned as doubtful laureates. Kays and Daniel are never heard of in the schools of literature, and whether they were laureates or not they do

not deserve a memorial in Poets' Corner. Richard Henry Stoddard holds that we may consider Ben Johnson as the first laureate.

Sir William Davenant, Johnson's immediate successor as wearer of the poet's laurel crown, has a grave in Poets' Corner between two men more forgotten than himself. To heap pet phrases upon men who are unable to bear them does not rescue such people from obscurity. Derisive laughter is provoked by reason of the association of ideas formed by the imitative epitaph "O Rare Sir William Davenant"; one can hardly suppress a sensation of anger when he learns that this man was called "Sweet Swan of Isis" because Shakespeare was named "Sweet Swan of Avon."

The next laureate, John Dryden, is also buried in the coveted Corner; but he deserved it, although he was a pronounced autocrat. He liked to pay courtly compliments, he excelled in panegyric as well as in satire, and his verse is full of quotable lines. Let me give a few examples:

> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

> "The cause for love can never be assigned,
> 'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind."

> "Men are but children of a larger growth,
> Our appetites as apt to change as theirs."

Dryden, the theological poet, as he is called, was acknowledged to be a great man of letters in his day.

Thomas Shadwell, the next poet laureate, has a monument in the Corner, but is buried at Chelsea, where he died of an overdose of opium. Nor laurel crown, nor aping of Johnson's style, nor monument erected to his memory by his son, has been able to save Shadwell from the oblivion which the coarseness of his verse so well merited. He is chiefly remembered by reason of the merciless satire in which Dryden represents him as the dull heir to a cruel conqueror of common sense.

Looking over the list of laureates in relation to Poets' Corner, one cannot help being surprised at the fuss which was made recently when there was question of appointing a successor to the late Lord Tennyson. If the problem to be solved were the finding of a poet worthy of wearing the mantle of Tennyson,

then the difficulty were great indeed. But it is not a heroic task to find a poet fit to keep company with the majority of the laureates. Nahum Tate, who succeeded Shadwell, is never heard of, and Poets' Corner knows nothing of him. His successor, Nicholas Rowe, is buried in the Corner, where a pompous epitaph, placing him next to Shakespeare for pathetic power, makes his memory ridiculous. The next five laureates are neither buried nor commemorated in Poets' Corner. Lawrence Euden, who succeeded Rowe, was a parasite rather than a poet. Colley Cibber wrote bad poetry but good prose, although Pope made him the hero of "The Dunciad." Whitehead is forgotten, Wharton was an unpoetic scholar, Pye was never known.

Southey, the next poet laureate, a pronounced improvement upon many of his court-crowned brethren, is honored in the Corner by a bust. Though still remembered as a leading light of the Lake School, and for the universal scope of his verse, his reputation is gradually on the wane. Perhaps the fierce onslaught against him by the ill-starred Byron helped to injure his reputation. In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" George Gordon Byron refers to him as follows:

> "But if, in spite of all the world may say,
> Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
> If still, in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
> Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
> The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
> God help thee, Southey, and thy readers too!"

Wordsworth, the predecessor of Tennyson and the successor of Southey, has neither grave nor monument in Poets' Corner. Fortunately this favored child of song, the admired of Tennyson and of Matthew Arnold, the chief of the Lake School of singers, is not entirely forgotten in England's historic shrine. A statue of him stands in what is called Little Poets' Corner since the days of Dean Stanley. He deserves this honor whether we judge him by his accomplished work or by his accepted mission. The latter is well summed up in these words: "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more securely virtuous."

TENNYSON'S MEMORIAL.

Tennyson, the latest and best of the laureates, is buried close to the tomb of Chaucer and between the graves of Browning and Dryden. Loving hands constantly deck with flowers the grave of him who wrote the two poems which were sung as anthems at his own funeral. I refer to "The Silent Voices" and "Crossing the Bar." England cannot pay too much tribute to the memory of the late laureate. For if we judge him, not by some sweet, soft, school-girl verses which were never intended to be anything more, but by the work of his maturer years, the other poets of the nineteenth century are hardly as moonlight unto sunlight by comparison. His writings are a blessing to humanity, for they are chaste and clean and classic; his ashes are an honor to Westminster Abbey, for none nobler mingle with the dust in Poets' Corner.

In studying this favorite haunt of the tourist one notices that even some of these supposedly select men had the faults and follies of their kind. He recalls or sees evidences of inordinate ambition, permitted poverty, hateful rivalries. Imagine the ambitious spirit of Davenant and Dryden when they undertook to improve "Macbeth" and "The Tempest"! Think of the inscription on the tomb of the author of "Hudibras," showing that his impecuniosity was as chronic as that of a journalist! Look at the deep displeasure incurred by Davenant, the petty squabbles and bitter enmities of Dryden, the cabals formed by brother dramatists against Johnson, the jealous plots against Shakespeare.

As long as poetry is the consoler of human sorrows and the herald of human happiness, as long as its study is considered necessary to reach the climax of literary culture, as long as poetry itself is looked upon as the flower of literature, thus long will this Valhalla of the English poets be the favorite haunt of the tourist whose native land is America.

THE ETHICS OF LABOR.

By Rev. F. W. Howard.

A SEVERE panic like that of last year unsettles all business relations, and the process of recovery from the evil effects of such a revulsion is always a slow one. After the first shock has spent itself, men begin to cast about for a new start, and adapt themselves to the changed conditions of production. An epidemic of strikes is a usual incident in the revival of business, and for some time past we have been afforded ample opportunity to study the phenomena of this modern economic agency. During the throes of the panic courage forsakes every one, and losses on all sides render each one callous to the disasters of his neighbors, as well as indifferent to his own. When men are aroused from their lethargy, they find that wages have been reduced, consumption has been curtailed, demand for labor diminished, and all classes are willing to forego many conveniences which they were formerly accustomed to. We are now recovering from the effects of one of those periodical business depressions, so common in our modern system of production, and strikes, and boycotts, and the so-called "labor troubles" of commercial vernacular are common occurrences at such a time. De Tocqueville has said: "When the people are overwhelmed with misery they are resigned. It is when they begin to hold up their heads that they are impelled to insurrection."

WISDOM AND JUSTICE IN STRIKES.

In our age there is always a great deal of discussion about the wisdom of strikes and the rights of strikers. The discussion of abstract natural rights is the source of frequent error and much confusion in the social sciences. Every reformer bases his reform on some theory of natural rights, and the more repugnant the scheme is to the moral sense of mankind, the greater the insistence on those rights. In the complicated adjustments of human society, and the various dealings of man with man, the great principle of justice is plain: We should give to each one that which is his own. The difficulty, however, is to make the application of this principle to particular concrete cases. It is always better to study the circumstances of each case, and endeavor to make the proper application of the principle of

justice in it, than to discuss the abstract rights which may be involved. The rights of the laborer in one case may be found to be the wrongs of the capitalist in another. By a strike we usually understand the concerted action of individuals for the purpose of compelling the employer of labor to accede to some demand. This demand is ordinarily a demand for better wages, and the laborers in the great majority of instances endeavor to accomplish their purpose by refusing to work.

ATTITUDE OF THE LAW TOWARD STRIKES.

Until lately strikes and other combinations of laborers for the purpose of obtaining an increase, or preventing a reduction, of wages, were regarded as conspiracies in the eyes of the law. The charge of conspiracy even figures very largely in the legal entanglements of the great railroad strike of this year. The right to combine in trades-unions and labor societies was generally acknowledged only after many years of agitation and considerable suffering. The labor societies, particularly in England, fought a long and bitter, but a successful, struggle for existence. It can hardly be said as yet that the public fully concede to laborers the right to strike. The sudden cessation from work of large bodies of men is a grievous injury to commerce, and often causes much suffering to many who are only remotely interested in the contest. The storm of protest, however, which greeted the order of Judge Jenkins in the Northern Pacific Railroad cases indicates that the public, for the most part, accord to laborers the right to quit work severally or in a body. In other words, we may now consider the right to strike as one of the lately-acquired rights of our citizenship.

PLAUSIBLE SOPHISMS.

The point most frequently discussed now is whether those who strike have any moral justification for preventing others from doing what they refuse to do. The assertion is often made that the laborer has a right to quit work, but has no right to prevent another from taking his place;* and at first sight the proposition seems so plainly in accordance with the principle of justice, that it would be hazardous to challenge its substantial correctness. An analysis, however, will disclose to us that the statement needs some modification. The masses are not enamoured of injustice, and they champion it only when it wears the specious garb of virtue. The determination of the exact

*The assertion in the above form was made by Hon. Patrick Walsh in the United States Senate.

rights of each party in questions of this nature is attended with difficulty, and, as we have said, the best results are not to be obtained by discussing the principles, but by studying the facts in each particular case. The principle, that strikers have no right to prevent others from taking the places they have forsaken, is one that may be found not to hold good in certain cases; while the opposite principle, that they have such a right when stated as a general proposition, is false and pernicious. We may suppose a case in which men strike because the wages they receive are insufficient to support them in the standard of living to which they have been accustomed. If another offers to work for the same or for less wages, the striker claims that such a one is injuring him, and that he is justified in resisting. That the striker is injured by the one who takes his place may be granted, and hence the further question is involved, When may a man benefit himself at the expense of his neighbor? Now, the justice or injustice of the striker's resistance depends altogether on the means used to prevent others from taking his place. If he uses physical force, violence, threats, intimidation, opprobrious epithets, or other unlawful means to effect his purpose, there is no justification whatever for his conduct. Such actions are usurpations of the law and defiances to lawfully constituted authority; and they deserve and usually meet with the reprobation of the laboring classes themselves. But it should not be forgotten that there are many other ways of preventing men from taking strikers' places, and these, while not forbidden by law, are far more effectual than unlawful methods. Most men feel that one who takes the place of another engaged in a contest for a just cause is guilty of a dishonorable act; and hence while the acts of strikers are condemned, we seldom hear any defence of the despised "scab." The capitalist courts him in the hour of need, but turns him adrift when peace is restored. Strikers often use persuasion on those who are tempted to fill their places. In street-car strikes men have been known to board the cars and pay non-union men to quit work. Miners, brick-masons, and members of other trades refuse to work with one who has taken a striker's place. There are always excesses in these contests of labor and capital, and we can usually find more in them to condemn than to approve.

ABOUT THE EFFICACY OF STRIKES.

It is frequently asserted that strikes are, for the most part, unsuccessful and injurious. The history of strikes discloses but few notable victories for either capitalist or laborer; but there

can be no reasonable doubt that the determination to cease work has been a powerful agency in the hands of labor for enforcing legitimate demands. The great majority of strikes are unsuccessful, but there is often a resultant good which is not at once apparent. We sometimes read accounts of the great losses incurred in strikes, and are impressed with an imposing parade of figures. The capitalist is the greater loser in many cases. His loss is borne by a few, while the loss of the laborers is distributed among many. And hence that disturbing cry of the professional agitator, so potent in times of such strife, "We have nothing to lose, and may gain much." The wise capitalist dreads a strike, and is disposed to grant reasonable demands rather than suffer the loss occasioned by such disastrous conflicts.

Beyond doubt, strikes are unnecessarily frequent in our country. The great trouble with many labor-unions, and a fact that constitutes a great objection against many of them is, that they are organized for strife and contest, rather than for the purpose of peaceably obtaining lawful objects. Some of the most powerful labor organizations are those in which strikes are least frequent, as, for instance, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Cigar-Makers' Union. A strike should not be resorted to until all lawful resources have been exhausted. It should be the last argument, since it is not the argument of reason, but the argument of force. Too many strikes bring ruin and disaster on all involved. The laborers lost the great Homestead strike, but it was a poor victory for the capitalist. Such strikes are like Samson's act, who pulled down destruction at once on himself and his enemies.

EXAMPLES OF PRUDENCE IN GREAT STRIKES.

Of late years there have been several great strikes. The dock-laborers' strike in England was remarkable in that from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men of the lowest class of labor—in fact, "the refuse of many trades"—showed themselves capable of powers of organization and self-control which had not been expected. The great and honorable part taken by Cardinal Manning in bringing about a settlement of this contest was one of the noblest episodes of his illustrious career; and it showed that mankind were benefited by the goodness of his heart, no less than by the brilliant productions of his intellect. The history of the famous coal strike in England last year is well known, and England was fortunate in having a statesman who appreciated the significance of mere

"labor troubles" and possessed the requisite tact and ability to deal with them. The strike of the coal-miners of America this year also deserves to be reckoned among the famous contests of labor, and it was particularly distinguished by the sagacity of those who conducted it. This strike was a protest against the ruinous competition of those who operate the mines. It is no small matter for congratulation that such a large body of laborers did peaceably lay down their tools and abstain from acts of violence till their claims were adjusted. The men were well organized, their demands were just, and their methods for the most part were peaceable. There was but very little destruction of property, and the unlawful interference of the men with the property rights of corporations were greatly magnified. It is to the great honor of the leaders of the miners that they terminated the contest when the danger line was reached; for had the conflict been prolonged violence would probably have ensued, and the result would have been, as in the Homestead strike, a total defeat for operators and miners.

THE EVILS OF VIOLENCE.

Violence means disaster to the cause of labor. In order to succeed, the great voice of the public conscience must be on the side of the laborer. Violence and infractions of the law alienate public sympathy, and the public are, moreover, prone to exaggerate acts of this kind. The labor leaders of the day are beginning to understand and appreciate these facts, and there is nothing they so strenuously insist on in their advice to their followers as obedience to the civil law. In times of great excitement men do not judge things with that nice discrimination that they are supposed to exercise on ordinary occasions. It is useless to argue with men when they are in the control of their passions. People do not always understand the many causes of provocation that incite men to these deeds of violence. The laborer himself full well understands when too late the injury he has done his own cause, and he can only repent when reflecting on the causes that contribute to defeat in such contests.

> "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
> Loyal and neutral in a moment?"

Strikes are but in their infancy. They will be the mighty force at the command of labor in the future. By means of perfect organization and self-control labor can exercise a power which nothing human can withstand, and this power can be

used for good or for evil. The laborers themselves do not know the vast power they can wield through organization, and perhaps it is well so, for it may be doubted if they would at present make the best use of it. When all the trades of the country are organized into labor-unions, and when each union is itself perfectly organized, labor will have entire control of the industry of the country. There will be no power to resist and no reasonable demand which labor cannot enforce. With society in such a state, a cessation of work in some great industry would mean national destruction. When the laborers of a particular industry come to be perfectly organized they will have a monopoly. It is natural to suppose that they will continue to demand an increased share of the product of their labor. They may even be able to absorb the rent of land, the interest of capital, and the profits of the *entrepreneur*, or employer of labor. After they have obtained all they can possibly get from these sources, they will turn to the consumer; and since they know that they have a monopoly, it is reasonable to suppose that they will demand the highest price they can get for their product. Thus the strikes of to-day are mainly against the capitalist, while the strikes of the future will be directly against the consumer.

AN INFANT HERCULES.

It is the opinion of many wise observers that the masses are the masters of the future. It would be unwise and unfortunate to impel them to assume a power before they are mentally or morally fitted to exercise it. A little reflection must convince any one that they are capable of wielding vast powers through organization. In our country we need more of that conservatism which more than once has saved England from perilous upheavals. The House of Lords has preserved its existence till this day by means of this spirit. The great Reform Bill of 1832 was passed without a revolution. The upper classes have always shown a disposition to yield when convinced that further resistance was useless. It is far better to yield some undoubted rights than to provoke conflict and drive people to desperation. Had there been the same conservative spirit shown in the Pullman strike that we have often seen displayed by capitalists in England, this great contest might have been averted. Capitalists are often short-sighted, and are sometimes so intent on present advantage that they overlook their real interests. Railroads cannot pay dividends and engage in strikes, and if these become frequent the railroads may as a measure of self-protection be compelled to ask the government to operate

their property. We are, moreover, dangerously near the time when the general strike is a possibility, and the magnitude of such a disaster would not be appreciated until it is felt.

OVER-PRODUCTION AND COMPETITION.

To treat all the causes of strikes would require more space than I have at my disposal. The causes of some strikes are about as capricious as any of the acts of human nature can well be. But some strikes—as, for instance, the great coal strike of this year—are founded in the best of reasons. It is often said that over-production causes panics, and thus brings on strikes. There can be no doubt that there are times when industry is unduly stimulated, and relative over-production ensues; but it is idle to contend that men are suffering for the want of material good things simply because too many of these good things have been produced.

There is, perhaps, no cause which contributes so much to bring about strikes as competition. Competition is beneficial in some industries at certain stages of their growth, but not in all. It leads to development of resources, and up to a certain point cheapens products; but after this point is reached its only result is to lower wages. The capitalist rightly claims that he cannot pay higher wages than his competitor and remain in business. Hence results the tendency of wages to a minimum which barely enables the laborer to support his own life and reproduce his kind. And though this is one of those natural laws so much in favor with the political economists, the laborer does not see that natural laws of their kind are so sacred as to merit his respect and command his respectful obedience. The laborers therefore combine to set a margin to this competition, and to serve notice that capitalists must compete by developing nature's resources and not by taking bread from the laborer's mouth. Competition is a word sanctified by many maxims of commercial life, but it is often anything but a blessing. In railroad building it leads to extravagant waste of capital. So, likewise, in telephone, telegraph, gas, and water companies, and other industries which are by nature monopolies. Competition becomes so fierce in industries at times that combination is necessary. Hence the modern trusts, of which there seems to be no end. They are the outcome of excess of competition and the modern tendencies to production on a large scale. The politicians clamor greatly about the trusts, but they are in a quandary what to do with them. They propose dissolution, but this is a very questionable remedy. Senator Sherman not long ago spoke of the Sugar

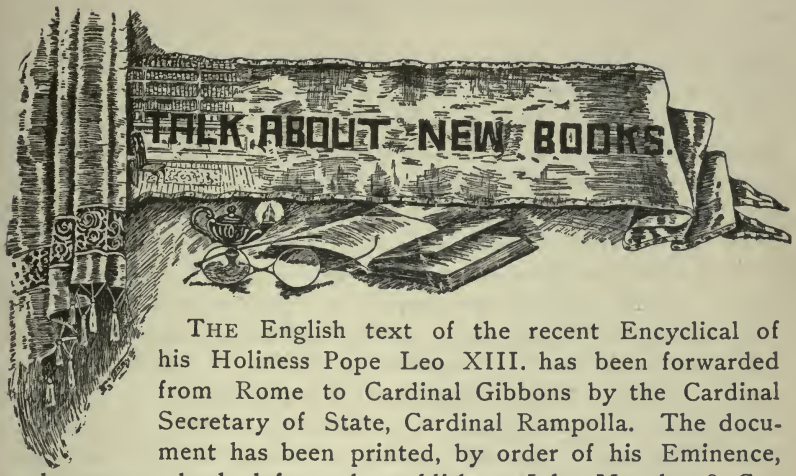
Trust as a corporation with $9,000,000 actually invested and a capitalized value of $75,000,000. It has paid from six to twelve per cent. dividend each year on an enormous over-valuation. If the trust were effectually dissolved to-morrow, however, as the senator would wish, it is very probable that the people would receive no benefit, but might have to pay more after a short time for sugar than before. The only result would be that the great earnings of this corporation would be distributed among a little larger number of people than the stockholders of the trust.

POLITICAL ECONOMY VS. CHRISTIANITY.

In these great questions which confront us to-day, and particularly in those of capital and labor, it is greatly to be deplored that the masters of political economy have not accorded a little more importance to those old-fashioned principles of Christianity which have done so much for humanity in the past, and which, though often obscured, are not altogether obsolete in the present. The Gospel of Political Economy says: "Seek the salvation of society by following your individual interests."* The Gospel of Christ teaches us to seek the salvation of society by loving our neighbor as ourselves. It teaches us to regard all men as members of the same human family, and that God is our Father. Its principle is that the interests of mankind are essentially one. Such a principle is regarded as an absurdity in a system constructed of antagonism. It will be found that the Gospel of Christ is the temporal prosperity of a nation as well as the salvation of the individual. The principles of all the great victories of humanity are found in the Gospel of Christ, and it also contains the principles for the correct solution of all the difficulties that beset us to-day. But there is much hope for the future. There is an honest endeavor for the most part to do what is right. The great wealth of our country is held in conservative hands, and the greatest pride of those who possess it would be to raise our common humanity to a higher level. We should seek that knowledge which will enable us to take a broad-minded view of human affairs. *Instead of standing on the extreme of our rights we should seek to discover the extent of our duties.* Misunderstandings must of necessity occur, but let us hope that the time is coming when every one —both capitalist and laborer—

> "Shall see
> That his interests and his kind's are one,
> Blended in individual destiny."

* This is the express teaching of Adam Smith and Bastiat.



THE English text of the recent Encyclical of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has been forwarded from Rome to Cardinal Gibbons by the Cardinal Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. The document has been printed, by order of his Eminence, and can now be had from the publishers, John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

An addition to the number of histories of the United States comes, in the single-volume shape, from the pen of Professor Allen C. Thomas, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania.* The apology for the appearance of this work is its scope and aim. In size it is midway between the primer history, as we may so style it, and that intended for maturer reading. In the era beginning with the adoption of the national Constitution the author finds the most important field for the historian's labors, and to this period he has devoted most attention. Still the work cannot claim any higher description than that of synoptical, as indeed any single-volume history dealing with the transactions of a vast continent for over a century must be content with. There are many very excellent engravings scattered over its pages. It will be found a very useful book for the filling up of a *précis* paper, but the student who wants to study history at closer range will have to consult earlier and bulkier volumes.

An excellent series of books in French for the use of students in ecclesiastical history is the quartette prepared by the Rev. R. P. Sifferlen, S.J.† They are progressive in their scope, the first and second leaving untouched many points which the more advanced students find necessary. Two are specially prepared for the classes of rhetoric and philosophy. The works are marked by a clearness of style and a directness of statement which make them eminently useful for their pur-

* *A History of the United States.* By Allen C. Thomas, A.M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

† *Cours Complet de Religion Catholique.* Par le R. P. Sifferlen, de la Compagnie de Jesus. Paris: Gaume et Cie, editeurs, 3 Rue de l'Abbaye.

pose. Authorities and dates necessary to their arguments are given in the margin.

An exceedingly handsome and somewhat novel souvenir of college life comes from the establishment at Holy Cross.* It is a volume of poetical work contributed by various members of the Acroama Circle of the college, accompanied in most cases by portraits of the student authors. Of the contributions themselves, their inequality in merit is as great as their variety. Some show great aptitude in composition, not only in English but in Latin; some are good adaptations, some middling, and some do not aspire to originality of idea. But they serve a higher purpose than to fill a pretty book. They show that the young poets have the laudable ambition to do what their right hands find to do, and to do it well if they can. The output of the book is tasteful in the highest degree. Its editor is Mr. George E. Reidy.

Our readers will remember the two clever papers on *The Abraham Lincoln Myth* † which appeared in the pages of this magazine a short time back. They will be glad to learn that the useful little satire has been reprinted in handsome pamphlet form. An excellent portrait of the lamented President adorns the cover.

We do not know what measure of success has attended the starting of the New Irish Library, but we could wish that it were making more promising bids for public support than it has been since its inception. The works which it has already given are not open to the charge of being very ambitious. Beginning with Davis's account of the Irish Parliament of James II.—a very useful thing in its way, but still only a brief historical reference—it followed this up by a collection of Mr. Standish O'Grady's literary sketches, whose reception doubtless encouraged that very anti Irish Irishman to launch his utterly unfair and defamatory parody of Irish history. The republication of the *Spirit of the Nation* was the next feat attempted—seemingly with the covert view of showing that it was not incompatible with the *rôle* of an Irish Lord Chancellor to have been a writer of fiery national ballads in his callow days. Now we have another work,‡ with an introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., a brother

* *Verses by the Acroama Circle, Holy Cross College.* Worcester, Mass.: Press of Harrigan & King.

† *The Abraham Lincoln Myth.* By Bocardo Bramantip. New York: The Mascot Publishing Company, 169 Sixth Avenue.

‡ *A Parish Providence.* By E. M. Lynch. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: P. J. Kenedy, Barclay Street.

patriot of the same period, which may be classified properly as a romance of political economy. It is not an Irish story, although it is by an Irish lady, some of whose literary work has appeared in this magazine—Mrs. E. M. Lynch. It is only right to say that the story is well written and fairly attractive, but in what sense it can claim to be a representative Irish literary work it is not easy to discern. It is a plea rather for a good form of paternal government and a better order of philanthropists than the Irish landed classes have hitherto shown themselves to be. The wonderful things which a philanthropic doctor effected in the *rôle* of "A Parish Providence," amongst the crétins and peasantry of the country about Grenoble form the theme of the story; perhaps were it not for the late strike the deeds of Mr. George M. Pullman would have been handed down to posterity in a similar way. The Admirable Crichtons who serve as models for such historical romances have doubtless as many virtues as their eminent prototype, but they are no more free from human imperfections than the mass of mankind.

There are good women, such as the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Ernest Hart, engaged in very practical work for the elevation of the Irish peasantry by means of industrial employment. It must take years to recover all the ground that has been lost in that direction since the inauguration of the policy which began with the extirpation of the Irish woollen trade and the creation of an absentee proprietary by the enactment of the so-called "Union" with England. Perhaps this little work of Mrs. Lynch's may be helpful in the stimulation of other benevolent people to go and do likewise. If this result were achieved, one might well overlook the literary eccentricities of the "New Irish Library."

The arrival of a little volume of Rosa Mulholland's early short stories, now published in a cheap popular form by Eason & Sons, Dublin, reminds us that it is a good while since the reading public has had anything from the pen of that gifted writer. Since her marriage to Mr. J. T. Gilbert, the historian, nothing, as far as we know, has come over her signature. At a period when there is a good deal of fussing by a mutual admiration coterie over the revival of Irish literature, this is a fact to be deplored. We turn with relief from the efforts of the new realism and the interpreters of the unutterable to the simple and beautiful work of this effortless writer, and find in it a charm none the less delightful from the fact that we have tasted of it before. *Marigold and other Tales* dates from so far

back as the days of Dickens's *Household Words*, and though the work is therefore of the very earliest of the author's it bears the unmistakable impress of that talent which soon found general recognition when exerted in more pretentious effort. Purity of thought and style, graceful humor, tender pathos, are found in turn speaking through these pages, claiming our sympathy or our laughter in an irresistible way. A better book wherewith to while away an hour or two on a journey by land or sea it would be impossible, we venture to say, to find.

*The Wings of Icarus** is a title which few novices in writing books would care to select for a first venture. It is not easy to see the connection between the name and the idea in the prettily bound book in which Lawrence Alma Tadema tells of a platonic incident with a very tragic ending. What the author seemed to aim at was to prove that a man could put himself in imagination in the place of a woman, and tell all the hopes and fears of the feminine mind in a way that would be accepted as feminine. This design seems to be fairly carried out. The ethical point sought to be made is that when a pair of lovers discover that united existence, marital we suppose, is no longer consistent with that perfect truth and sincerity indispensable to nobility of life, the contract should cease. In other words, when either of the lovers discovers that he or she loves somebody else better than the other contracting party, separation must at once ensue, or suicide be resorted to by one or both, or the third party who is the cause of the disagreement. This morbid idea forms the whole *motif* of the novel; and it seems a fair product of the Ibsen school of teaching. The authoress is, we believe, a daughter of the eminent Dutch painter, Alma Tadema. In execution the work is clever as a sample of the introspective method of Marie Bashkertsef, but the effect is decidedly depressing.

To the devout Catholic family the help such a guide as *The Means of Grace*† affords, at moments of trouble and perplexity especially, must be invaluable. In this admirable book the whole duty of a Christian life, for the family group as well as the individual, will be found set out with such examples and illustrations as to make them intelligible to the youngest and simplest. It is an exceedingly comprehensive book, and tells not only of the duties of the Christian life, but explains the

* *The Wings of Icarus.* By Lawrence Alma Tadema. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† *The Means of Grace.* By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D., and Rev. F. J. Brändle. Adapted from the German by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

whole body of the Christian teaching, the sacraments of the church, the things pertaining to the sacraments, and all the forms and ceremonials used in Catholic churches, together with their symbolic meaning and the reasons for their adoption. The volume is the joint work of two German divines, Rev. Herman Rolfus, D.D., and Rev. F. J. Brändle; and the English translation, which is the issue immediately under notice, is the work of the Rev. Dr. Brennan, late of the Church of the Holy Innocents, in this city. The array of archbishops and bishops, German and American, whose imprimatur the work bears is imposing. Externally it is a book worthy of its object, being very handsomely bound and ornamented; and it is embellished by many and choice plates.

As we go to press we have presented to us the Final Report on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, by Rev. Brother Maurelian. In our next issue we hope to be able to refer to it commensurately with its importance.

Dr. Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances* * was the first worthy effort to make the reading world acquainted with the scope and spirit of the ancient legendary literature of Ireland. It is a striking coincidence that the professional story-teller, who plays so large a part in early Oriental culture, should have had for ages his counterpart in Ireland. In both Ireland and Persia the story-teller was for long a regular social institution—perhaps we might almost say a political one. In Ireland it required no common gifts of memory, to say nothing of elocution, to be a story-teller, as one of the very old Celtic MSS. gives a list of no fewer than one hundred and eighty-seven complete tales which the aspirant for the post must prove himself able to reel off as a condition of the appointment. When we consider that Dr. Joyce fills a volume of about four hundred and fifty pages with the rendering of eleven of these singular romances, we may form a vague idea of the sort of mental capacity demanded of an Irish "shanachie," or story-teller, of the olden time.

This is the second edition of Dr. Joyce's work, and it contains but one story in addition to those already translated—namely, "The Voyage of the Sons of O'Conrra." It is a tale full of bright and sparkling fancy in its incursions into wonderland, and withal not without some useful glimpses of primitive Celtic life, showing how remote an origin have some of our modern usages and phrases. For instance, we learn that the custom of players travelling around the country, giving enter-

* *Old Celtic Romances.* By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., etc. New York: Macmillan & Co.

tainments, and with a common wardrobe, musical instruments, etc., was in vogue in Ireland in pre-Christian days, and that the Irish name for such a gleeman, or minstrel, was *crossan*, which afterwards became a family appellation. With every company of *crossans* there travelled a juggler, or buffoon, called in Irish a furseior (pronounced *furshore*). This is uncommonly like our modern word *farceur*, both in orthography and application.

The other romances contained in this book are pretty well known to Celtic students. Of the beauty and pathos of the chief of these, "The Children of Lir," "The Pursuit of Dermat and Grania," and "Oisin in Tirnanoge," it is unnecessary to say anything now; they are recognized as Celtic classics. Dr. Joyce's renderings are universally admired. He has adopted the method of easy translation rather than a close or servile following of the text. A study of this in the original will, however, be the only satisfactory outcome for the diligent student, and when the value of a knowledge of the old Celtic forms is recognized as it deserves, this will be the end for which many students must aim, if they would gain an insight into an interesting but forgotten era, and a national life rich in activity and vivid in chivalry and romance.

I.—A JUBILEE MISCELLANY.*

It is odd, and perhaps startling, to think that were it not for the accident of the occurrence of a silver jubilee we might not have had the admirable volume of religious and literary essays which Father Kiely now gives us. In Brooklyn the author is known widely only to be loved as extensively. He is the zealous rector of the Church of the Transfiguration. If nature has marked him by a gentle and kindly heart, the Muses have not been less gracious in their gifts of silvery tongue and brilliant fancy. These gifts are apparent in the course of the volume with which Father Kiely now favors us. He has chosen a piece from each of the twenty-five years of his ministry since his ordination, and it will be confessed by the searcher after literary style that at the very outset the young Levite possessed a grace of expression which, as time advanced, matured into a habit of ripe eloquence.

The diversity of topics treated in these essays makes it

* *Occasional Sermons and Lectures.* By the Rev. John M. Kiely. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

difficult to single out any individual one for particular study. If it were the object to find which was most to be commended for its practical tone, we should say by all means the "Address to Graduates." In this admirable piece of monition many things will be found which the young man of the present day must lay profitably to heart. It is indeed a most excellent piece of hortation to the young runners in the race of life, full of cheer and noble counsel. "The Music of Ireland" and "The Church and the Fine Arts" are exemplars of literary grace in other lines of thought which deserve more than a passing glance, as they reveal the refined judgment of the scholar and the critic. The volume, taken as a whole, is a souvenir more durable than brass of a bright period in a bright and lovable career.

2.—HON. FRANK McGLOIN ON CARDINAL CHRISTIAN TRUTHS.*

These lectures are the contribution of a thoughtful Christian to the problems of the day. Judge McGloin, known to all Catholics as a foremost organizer of widely extended charity as well as for his zeal for religious truth, here answers the request of many of his fellow-citizens of all creeds to publicly discuss the being of God, the mystery of life, and the end of man. Though not by profession a philosopher, students could hardly desire a better instructor. What is well thought out, plainly said, recommended by eloquence and by the dignity of conviction of an honored leader, is worthy the name of the high art of persuasion.

It is edifying to see Judge McGloin, a man steadily engaged in judicial functions, and no less actively employed in the apostolate of truth and charity, appear on the lecture platform to renew men's souls with thoughts of God's majesty and their own glorious destiny. He is one of the many enlightened lawyers, doctors, merchants, educators, journalists, whose leisure is consecrated to good reading and elevating conversation, and who but await the signal to spring to the assistance of the clergyman and the professor in the noble arena of philosophical dispute. They are like the citizens who, in a nation of freemen, at the alarm of war are instantly beside the regular soldiers. Thank God for our standing army of enlight-

* *Three Lectures on Cardinal Christian Truths.* Lecture first: The Being of God. Lecture second: The Mystery of Life. Lecture third: Belief and Unbelief. By Hon. Frank McGloin. Price for each lecture, twenty-five cents; proceeds to be devoted to charitable uses. New Orleans: Kolb & Lecler, 31 Natchez Street.

ened men and women who ceaselessly battle for truth in their own circle of private friends and neighbors, and who can easily prepare for more public and systematic efforts in a wider range of activity.

We have seldom read a better arranged and more perspicuous series of arguments for the fundamental truths of natural religion than these of Judge McGloin. Certainly there are few published pleas for God, humanity, and immortality so eloquent as they are.

3.—CATHOLIC RITUAL.*

The praise which this modest little book has received in this magazine and in other publications is justified by the demand for a second and revised edition. Its excellence as an aid to the instruction of converts gives it, in our opinion, its chief value, though it is not without other points of utility as a book of instruction.

4.—PHYSICAL HEALTH.†

Of late years the necessity of imparting to people generally a knowledge of how to preserve and improve their health has been keenly felt. The great difficulty has been to afford this hygienic information in a simple way. Doctor Edwards has overcome the difficulty to a very considerable extent by the timely appearance of his *Catechism of Hygiene*. His teaching is based on a thorough study of the question, as well as on experience and observation. Although not an exhaustive treatise, as the author tells us in his preface, the practical information given on hygiene is well adapted to all classes, but especially to children pursuing their elementary studies. The simplicity and clearness of the book, and its absence of all exaggeration, are particularly commendable. Presented in the form of question and answer, and elucidated by examples from every-day life, it is easily understood, without any reference to anatomy or physiology.

We recommend it highly as a suitable and instructive text-book for schools, and as a book which should be constantly used in every family.

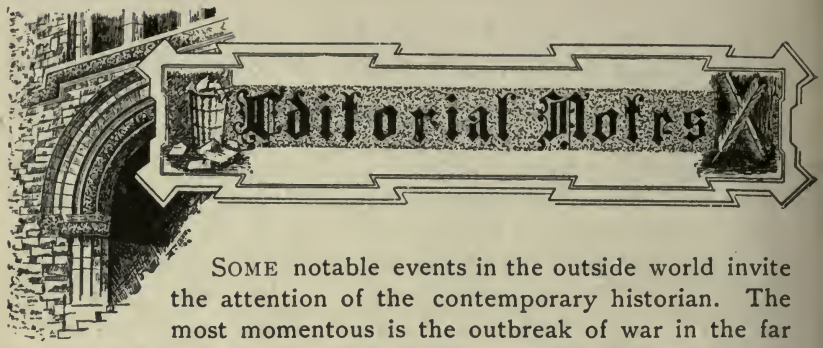
* *Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices.* By Rev. J. J. Burke. Second revised edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *Catechism of Hygiene for use in Schools.* By Joseph F. Edwards, A.M., M.D. New York: Catholic School Book Co.

5.—CHARITY IN HIGH LIFE.*

The letters of the Princess Borghese and the extracts from her Diary quoted in this volume are by far the most interesting parts of the work, and afford a great contrast to a narrative which in its style is as dry and bald and crude as are so many of the Oratorian Lives of the Saints. "Gwendalin never spoke thoughtlessly; she possessed in a remarkable degree the charm of *grâce suave*, as St. Ambrose calls it. Her innate good qualities were strengthened and encouraged by home surroundings"; and so on and on the narrative goes as if it were a catalogue of a sale. The only relief to this extreme of dulness are instances which occur here and there of misconceptions of English life and manners. For example, the author seems to imagine that Lord Shrewsbury used to have retainers like the Talbots which figure in Shakspere; and in his description of the new Alton Towers, the family residence rebuilt in modern times, we are told that although the old fortifications could resist any attack, "yet, as an additional precaution, owing to the unsettled state of the country, Lord Shrewsbury had a fosse dug round to make it even more impregnable, but doubtless unnecessarily, as the family is much venerated"! Why the friends and relatives of the princess have not taken the pains to preserve her memory by means of a more worthy memorial is a mystery. For certainly if this is to be the only record of her life, we have reason to fear that her example will be lost to the world. This would be a matter for regret; for the goodness, the beauty, and the piety of the princess, and especially her practical devotion to the poor, her personal and solicitous care of them, excite our warmest admiration. In our times there are not too many of those who are placed in the loftiest positions of this world and have all its advantages, and yet, while remaining in that position and fulfilling all its duties, devote themselves sincerely, as she did, to works of charity, piety, and mercy; and yet this is the work most needed to remedy present evils. Therefore we would wish that the life of the princess should be as widely read as possible, and that some one with even a vestige of literary skill would undertake to write it. Should the present life be the occasion of such a result it will have served a useful end.

**Life of the Princess Borghese* (*née* Gwendalin Talbot). By le Chevalier Zeloni. Translated by Lady Martin. With additions, extracts from the Princess Borghese's Diary, and letters hitherto unpublished. London: Burns & Oates, limited.



SOME notable events in the outside world invite the attention of the contemporary historian. The most momentous is the outbreak of war in the far East. Little Japan and leviathan China are the belligerents, and the *casus belli* is the question of Corea's suzerainty or independence of China. Little is really known here of the inside facts of this quarrel, so remote from the borders of Western civilization is the theatre of hostilities. One fact, however, demands attention. It is not alone that the unhappy Coreans are scourged with the whips of war, but they are also wasting away under the blight of famine. Failure of crops for two successive years is given as the cause of this visitation. If there were any Christian humanity in the East it ought to be the task of both China and Japan to relieve the suffering country instead of going to war about its government. Several of the European powers have been busy endeavoring to patch up a peace, in the interests of commerce; but the combatants have tasted blood and do not seem disposed to listen to mediation. The first successes of the war seem to have been with the Japanese, and until there has been some compensating advantage to China it is not likely that peace proposals will be entertained.

Political vicissitudes of great rapidity attend the fortunes of Hawaii. The republican form of government is now uppermost, and the formal recognition of its existence by the United States, which took place a few days ago, gives it an apparent guarantee of stability. The chief of the provisional government, Mr. Dole, is the president of the new Republic.

A great Irish measure has been the subject of excited debate in Parliament and outside during the past few weeks. This is a bill introduced by the chief secretary for the reinstatement of evicted tenants. The measure had been forced through the Lower House very rapidly, so that it might reach the House of Peers before the prorogation of Parliament. If it were passed into law it would be instrumental in restoring many thousands

of people to their homes, as its action was retrospective back to the year 1879, when the land agitation first began. The Tories and Liberal-Unionists refused to take part in the passing of the bill, owing to the ruling out of a number of amendments which they had set down with the view of obstructing its passage effectively. But the House of Lords has rejected the measure with jeers, and thus the people of Ireland are face to face with a situation like that which confronted them in 1879, when the Peers rejected the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Mr. Morley says he will reintroduce the measure in the next session.

Before the prorogation of Parliament, the leader of the Lower House, Sir William Harcourt, gave notice of the intention of the government to introduce in next session a bill providing for payment of members of the House of Commons. This would not be an innovation in British usages, as down to the time of Charles II. members of Parliament were regularly salaried.

NEW BOOKS.

P. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Orchids: A novel. By Lelia Hardin Bugg.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Bible, Science, and Faith. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York, Cincinnati, and Ratisbon:

Latin Exercises. By Dr. F. Schultz. *Latin Grammar.* Ibid. *Missale Romanum Ceremoniæ Missarum Solemnium et Pontificalium* (opera Georgii Schober).

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago:

The Nature of the State. By Dr. Paul Carus. *On Double Consciousness.* By Alfred Binet.

EDWARD L. WILSON, New York:

Wilson's Cyclopædic Photography. By Edward L. Wilson, Ph.D.

BURNS & OATES, London:

The Triumph of Charity on Earth and in Purgatory. By Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Divine Worship, and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Connection with it. By Sacerdos. Edited by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. *The Maid of Orleans:* Her Life and Mission. From original documents. Second edition, with the decree concerning the beatification and canonization of the Venerable Joan of Arc. With portrait. *Notes of Spiritual Retreats and Instructions.* By Rev. John Morris, S.J. *Father Faber's May Book.* A new month of May, arranged for daily reading, and consisting of extracts from the writings of Father Faber.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FOR brevity and to indicate the geographical location the name *Champlain Summer-School* is more likely to come into general use than the long official title. The third session, held at Plattsburgh, N. Y., July 14 to August 13, brought together a large gathering of gifted minds representing a wide extent of territory in the United States and Canada. Distinguished scholars in special lines of thought, eloquent preachers, energetic leaders of Reading Circles, patrons of Catholic literature, and successful teachers formed a most select audience, capable of appreciating to the fullest extent the intellectual feast provided by the managers of the Summer-School. No written account can do full justice as an estimate of the social and intellectual advantages of such an assemblage. Every lecture had the right of way at the time appointed. During the frequent excursions on the historic waters of Lake Champlain the audience had opportunities to meet and talk at the lecturers without any formal introduction. Many of those who attended for the first time declared that they never before had a more enjoyable vacation.

Time was when the Summer-School was not welcomed by professional educators, since it came during the time devoted to rest and relaxation. Experience has shown, however, that study and recreation may be combined to advantage amid suitable surroundings and in the company of a chosen band devoted to intellectual pursuits. The *Educational Review* admits that

"The Summer-School is fast assuming its place as an integral part of the American educational system. Several of our higher institutions—notably Harvard, Cornell, and Amherst—have thrown their doors open to students during the long vacation. The schools of method, intended specially for teachers, are now too numerous to mention. It is idle, perhaps, to speculate on the causes of the sudden and rapid growth of the summer-school. Possibly the demand for lectures on all sorts of topics, which these schools are supplying, arises in part from the fact that teachers and others who have several weeks of unoccupied time each year are beginning to realize that it is neither the pleasantest nor the most profitable way to spend it in idleness—that a vacation is altogether more beneficial when pleasure-seeking is seasoned with a certain amount of intellectual exertion. In part, also, it arises from the fact that in this busy commercial age, notwithstanding the multiplicity of books, the American people are not, as a rule, extensive readers, except of novels. They read serious books but little. Hence springs the desire to listen to lectures in which the results of much reading or research are presented *in parvo*. In a modified way the summer-schools are doing for their students, who are appalled by the vastness of printed matter, what the mediæval universities did for their students before printing was invented—presenting to the listening ear what the eye or the hand is unable to reach. This view of the case is strongly supported by the fact that the summer-schools which provide the greatest number of popular lectures are the most crowded.

"Whatever be the cause of the wonderful growth of the Summer-School, the fact is undoubted; and, though the thirst for knowledge be not always satisfied

in a way to suit the exacting pedagogical mind, yet it is most encouraging to discover that it exists, and that it is being satisfied. Were there no popular lecture, those who now listen to it would probably not seek knowledge in any other way. It is also encouraging to find that the most recent—the Catholic Summer-School—while adopting the lecture system, has arranged its lectures in courses, and has endeavored to make each course an inspiration and incentive to further study.

"A summer-school should never, under any circumstances, grant degrees. While the Regents of the University of New York, with their customary liberality, have conferred on the Catholic Summer-School the power to grant degrees, the authorities of that institution are wise enough and conservative enough not to exercise it."

* * *

The University of Paris in the time of St. Thomas Aquinas, the illustrious doctor of the church and patron of lecturers, may be regarded in many phases of its work as a model for the modern summer-school, especially in the absence of aristocratic distinctions and large tuition fees. It has been reserved for Archbishop Corrigan to make the discovery that long before the thirteenth century St. Augustine went from his professorial chair in the city of Milan to a country villa, and in company with St. Monica and his chosen friends established a summer-school for studying the most profound questions. On the occasion of the reception given in his honor the Archbishop of New York delivered an address from which we quote:

"I am reminded of something I read the other day in the ninth book of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine—an account of *his* summer-school, as it were. He had sounded the depths of error before he became a doctor of the church. Like many in our day he had relied upon pure reason for the solution of those life problems that perplex us. He had followed blindly the *ignis fatuus* and had learned to deny everything but the providence of God. Everything else he took up only to put it down in the darkness of doubt and despair. He wandered aimlessly on the sea of uncertainty until finally sheltered in the ark of salvation. Immediately after, giving up his duties as professor in the city of Milan, he was given the use of a country villa, and there, in the company of St. Monica and other friends and disciples, he examined the great questions of life and prepared himself for baptism. Here he sounded the great ethical problems you are sounding in your Summer-School, the future life, the existence of God, the correct solution of which will lead to the home where 'the heart is never old.' As I read of this work of St. Augustine I thought of the work you are doing here with so many advantages. Here you have the whole field of Catholic truth, the treasures of all ages. We were reminded, in the able paper read to us this evening, that the church is the parent of civilization, the preserving power of all that is good in history, science, art, and literature. St. Augustine, groping in the darkness of doubt and unbelief, had to yield in many instances to his mother Monica, as all his disciples had often to do, for she, having the divine gift of faith, knew where they surmised. The church is the great storehouse of all beauties of our faith.

"As the precious stone is pared and polished and fitted into its perfect setting, passing from hand to hand of the different workmen, so the truths of science are manipulated in the church. We are the heirs of the ages. Our minds are trained in truth, the fruits of years of thought and study are lavished on us, the

children of to-day. How pleasant to receive them here, in such beautiful surroundings and in such happy circumstances. Here there is rest for mind and body, for even in vacation time the mind should be refreshed and strengthened day by day by new impressions. Again I am reminded of a saint, dear, quaint old St. Anselm when he uses the familiar comparison of the wax. To make an impression two things are necessary: both agents have to be in good condition, the one to make, the other to receive the impression. If the wax is too warm, the impression does not take; and if too cold, failure follows. Frivolous minds, analogous to the soft wax, cannot retain impressions. Minds too old, like the hard wax, are too fixed in their own ideas to absorb new ones. But when I look out over this fair galaxy of youth, I see minds best adapted to receive the innumerable advantages presented to you in this your Summer-School. This is the best time of life to place before you the treasures of science, literature, art, and religion. Having begun with a saint I will end with one, St. Philip Neri, when he exclaims: 'O happy youth! you have time to serve the Lord. We are old, our minds are formed and cannot wake to new ideas. We cannot undo our past.'

"With pleasure I congratulate you on your fine promise of success. With pleasure I assisted at the grand ceremony of the Mass yesterday and the ceremony performed on the grounds. You were advised this evening of one of the best methods to bring about an assured success—the Reading Circle. There particularly we find great hope for the maintenance and spreading of Catholic truth and influence. There is great need of this Reading Circle movement. We cannot expect simply to hear and absorb in one session of the Summer-School all the benefits we are given here. Preparation must be made beforehand for the reception of the seed, and distribution of the benefit must take place afterwards. These Reading Circles, already doing so much good, will be multiplied; the great truths of our religion will be studied, historical subjects will be considered, and much untold good will be the result.

"I feel that I have trespassed too long on your time and patience, but you must thank your own good hearts for having so touched me that I could not refrain from expressing my appreciation of your kind, enthusiastic reception."

The third session of the Champlain Summer-School will be memorable for the manifestation of active support from the hierarchy, and especially for the direct sanction given in the following brief from Pope Leo XIII., together with the letter of the Apostolic Delegate:

To Our Venerable Brother Francis Archbishop Lepanto, Apostolic Delegate in the United States of North America, Washington, D. C.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction. It has recently been brought to our knowledge that among the many movements so opportunely set on foot in the United States for the increase of religion a Catholic Summer-School, through the co-operation of clergy and laity, has been established on Lake Champlain, at Plattsburgh, in the diocese of Ogdensburg. We have also learned that the school has been affiliated by the Board of Regents of the University of New York and empowered to confer degrees upon those who follow its courses of study. There were many reasons for the founding of a school of this kind; one affecting the good of religion, that Catholics by their

union of thought and pursuits may the more effectively defend the Catholic Church and induce our brethren who are separated from us concerning the Christian faith to make their peace with her; another, that by means of lectures from learned teachers the pursuit of the highest studies may be encouraged and promoted; finally, that through the principles laid down by us in our encyclical on the condition of labor, and by their practical illustration and application, the peace and prosperity of their fellow-citizens may be secured.

We are aware that bishops have been the promoters of these things because they saw that in many ways notable benefits would result therefrom. Moved, nevertheless, by our great desire that the best interests of the people of the United States may be furthered by the constant addition of new helps, we are pleased to give our commendation to the trustees of this Summer-School, and to exhort them not to depart from the road which they have already taken, but to go forward in it with braver confidence. Since we have been informed, also, that in a short time the third annual session of the school will be held, and that bishops, priests, and members of the laity will be present, we send to those who will attend our heartiest greeting, praying God to bless their undertaking and purposes. We trust, Venerable Brother, that in this your aid will not be wanting, and that by constant assistance you will encourage these assemblies of Catholics and see that the largest benefits accrue therefrom to religion and good citizenship. May the Apostolic Benediction, which we impart most lovingly, be an earnest of the many heavenly blessings with which we pray the Almighty to reward your zeal and that of the other bishops, priests, and people.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1894.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.:

REV. DEAR SIR: With no little surprise I find that the letter of his Holiness Leo XIII., commending with highest praise the Catholic Summer-School of America, has come to me. Most undoubtedly the institution over which you preside is one in every way worthy of commendation and encouragement. If, before the session closes, it be possible to visit you, I will give you notice. Meanwhile be assured that I am ready and willing to render your Champlain School any service in my power.

Wishing you a full measure of success, I am devotedly yours in Christ,

FRANCIS ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI,
Apostolic Delegate.

* * *

The establishment of a Catholic Summer-School in England has been postponed for the reasons indicated in the following statement, prepared for publication on behalf of those in charge of the movement:

"We regret to announce that the Catholic Summer-School proposed to be held at Oxford this year must perforce be abandoned. The Summer-School, which had been assured from the beginning of the approbation and personal co-operation of the Bishop of Birmingham, in whose diocese it was to have taken place, has unhappily met with the opposition of his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. We understand that his Eminence bases his objection to the movement on the ground that, Oxford being chosen as the place of meeting, it appears to him to pledge those who take part in it to a

definite view about Catholic university education, for which the time is not ripe and on which the Catholic hierarchy has not as a body been consulted. We certainly did not, and do not, consider that such a gathering, consisting chiefly of elementary school-teachers, held in Oxford under Catholic auspices during ten days of the vacation, could involve the broader issue of either mixed or university education. We have, however, now received the following letter from the Bishop of Birmingham:

"'LONDON, June 5, 1894.

"'MY DEAR MR. PARRY: Since our interview on Saturday last I have been in communication with the Cardinal-Archbishop on the subject of the summer-school. You well know that his Eminence has formed a very definite judgment on this matter as to its bearing on the policy the Holy See has directed us to pursue with regard to mixed university education. So strongly does he feel on the matter, that he has resolved to refer it to the consideration of the hierarchy, and if necessary to invoke the guidance of the Holy See. Under these circumstances I am constrained to appeal to your loyalty and obedience to withdraw the scheme for this year. In doing this, I am deeply sensible of the grievous disappointment this will cause you and your zealous committee, our young Catholic friends among the Oxford undergraduates, the able men who have offered their services as lecturers, and last, not least, our laborious teachers, who are anticipating with much interest the pleasure the proposed holiday would undoubtedly afford them.

"'Believe me, ever yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

"'† EDWARD, *Bishop of Birmingham.*'

"Since we learned by the bishop's letter that his Eminence places his direct veto on the plan we have only frankly to withdraw, content to believe that those in high places have more extended vision than those who are in the plain, and are aware of the danger and objections unknown to us and certainly not of our raising. We take this opportunity of expressing with the bishop our own deep regret at the disappointment which the withdrawal of the project will no doubt cause to so many, and at the same time tendering our thanks to all those who by their generous support and zealous personal co-operation had given such good ground for anticipating a truly successful issue to the undertaking.

"EVERARD FEILDING,
M. SIDNEY PARRY.

"Newman House, 131 Kennington Park Road."

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The Catholic world

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